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THE

CHIEF ACTORS

IN THE

PURITAN REVOLUTION.

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BY

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I.

THREE CENTURIES AGO.

PREFACE.

THIS volume was planned as a whole before the publication of any of its parts; and not one of the fragments, which, with the exception of a preliminary sketch on Laud in *Fraser*, appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, is now republished without important alteration. A considerable proportion of the book is altogether new. My object has been to bring into distinct representation the chief moving forces in the Puritan Revolution. Selecting a certain number of actors in the drama of the period, I have endeavoured to put myself into their position, seeing with their eyes, and, in the exercise of at least dramatic sympathy, feeling as they felt. Should it occur to the reader that the views advanced in one place are not always consistent with those advanced in another, he will do well to ask whether the impression may not be due to the dramatic method which has been deliberately adopted. The judging faculty, however, proper to every writer who discusses historical questions, has not been completely suspended.

One great advantage I have derived from the publication of the draft-studies of the personages chosen for delineation—namely, their being subjected to criticism by

the newspaper Press. My thanks are particularly due to my critics in the *Spectator* and *Academy*. Their observations I have most carefully weighed, and if I have not been able to agree with them, I have not ventured to hold my own without reconsidering my positions.

I have made it my rule to go as much as possible to the men or women themselves about whom I was forming an opinion,—their written words, their recorded conversations. My original researches have been confined to the pamphletary catacombs of the British Museum. Often, by means of a few dingy pages, unread for centuries, I have found myself face to face with the people of the seventeenth century. Having—unfortunately, perhaps—neglected at the outset to retain references to the writings alluded to, and possessing neither time nor patience adequate to their recovery, I determined to sweep my pages clear of all references whatever to original documents. This is the less to be regretted for two reasons; first, because, when I depend much upon a forgotten pamphlet, as on Vane's Letter on the State of Affairs in 1656, or the contemporaneous narrative of the coronation of Charles II. by the Covenanters, I quote *verbatim* what is essential to my purpose; and, secondly, because the Puritan Revolution was not a thing done in a corner, and a just apprehension of its moving forces and cardinal incidents is, after all, to be attained rather by honest and intelligent study of documents, like the Great Remonstrance of 1641, embodying the views of parties, and of books, like those of Clarendon, Whitelocke, and May, and of letters and speeches, like those of Baillie and Cromwell, which are accessible to all the world, than by antiquarian research.

It has been unavoidable that my observations should

occasionally take the form of critical and qualifying comment upon views put forward by previous writers. More or less I take exception to statements made by Lord Macaulay, by Mr. Carlyle, and, though very rarely, by Hallam. It would be a great mistake to infer from this that I do not value the writings of those men on the Puritan Revolution. On the contrary, I regard them with an admiration approaching to reverence.

In the opening chapter, now first published, I endeavour to convey some impression of the dominant ideas of the Puritan period, as contrasted with those of our own time; and indicate, with the utmost brevity, my conception of the deepest meaning of the whole Puritan movement, from the point of view of what Mr. Carlyle and the Germans would call world-history. It must not be inferred from the tone of the first chapter, that there is anything abstruse or theoretical in those which follow.

Among recent writers from whom I have derived assistance, I ought to mention, in addition to the three already named, Godwin, Brodie, Lingard, Guizot, Disraeli, Sanford, Forster, Markham, Bisset, Masson, Goldwin Smith, Gardiner, the two McCries, and Mr. J. Bruce.

CHAPTER I.

THREE CENTURIES AGO.

WITH an abruptness almost startling, the leading phenomenon—the most prominent and massive fact—of the Puritan period announces itself as one which is constantly dealt with by the philosophers of to-day. The fact of impassioned faith in God, too broadly inscribed upon the Puritan period to escape the most cursory inquirer, is one which current philosophies of evolution profess to classify, to interpret, to explain. From our conception of what that fact meant—whence it arose, what it involved—will all our ideas of the Puritan period take shape and colour.

One school of evolutionists declare off-hand that the faith of Cavaliers and Puritans alike was a foundationless dream. If there is no Universal Spirit—if man is but part and parcel of a "stupendous and inexorable" mechanical process—it is mere mental disease, mere folly and frenzy, to be haunted by belief in God. According to this school, the abstract and brief chronicle of human history is, that man emerged from ignorant, unworshipping animalism, fell under the influence of spectral illusions, has continued under their influence, except in individual cases, until this day, but will ultimately cease to believe in lies and tremble at ghosts, and will develop into a knowing and philosophical, but again unworshipping, animal. Human progress, therefore, has been from belief

in delusion to belief in mechanical necessity; all religions have been rooted in lies, and have blossomed into lies; and the right thing has always been not to dig about and dung them, not to graft or prune them, but to burn them up.

The other school of historical evolution—at the head of which are Goethe and Carlyle—hold that man signalised his elevation above the animal world by recognising himself as the Child of the Infinite. The truth dawned upon him early, but at first the dawn, though glorious, was faint, inexpressibly faint; as those tremblings of light on the waves which Dante and Beatrice saw afar on the horizon when they had left behind them the kingdoms of despair, —as those first steps of the morning, blood crimson and fiery gold, which Turner saw and painted, high above the brow of the Rhigi. According to this school, all religions have been rooted in truth, and have blossomed, more or less, into blessing and beauty; but no religion has ever embodied, or can ever embody, the whole truth. Nor is it in religion alone that man's relationship to the Infinite is attested. In art and in philosophy man reaches after the Infinite, and so soon as, in either, he ceases to aspire to an ideal perfection, he dwindles and pines. Even in politics he is inspired by the vision of a social heaven. No noble picture ever consisted of mere foreground, and without an opening to the Infinite the whole landscape of human life becomes petty. But the foreground has also its inexorable claims. All grandeur of aim, all elevation of character—all the sublime in history—depend upon the vividness with which man realises his relation to the Infinite: all earthly success, all material prosperity, all passionate enjoyment of the threescore years and ten, with reasonable prospect of making them fourscore and ten, depend upon clear recognition that things visible and tangible, from political and religious institutions down to

paving-stones, from conceptions of God enshrined in sacred books down to street ballads, are imperfect, and ought to be improved, and that man has unlimited sovereignty over the second causes of nature, assured, without reservation, that God approves of his welfare, and of the regulation of his life in accordance with his ascertained needs and capacities. It is possible to overdo either of these mighty tendencies, which combine to constitute the eternal law of progress. If man feeds too much on sublimities, he goes mad, beautifully and graciously mad, like Saint Theresas and Saint Xaviers, and perhaps like some of our Puritan friends, or grimly mad, like inquisitors seated round an *auto da fé;* if he feeds on bread alone, he retrogrades into a beast.

It does not startle evolutionists of this type to be told that the ideas entertained respecting the Universal Spirit have at any particular period been crude. Imperfection must be admitted on both sides; the point at issue is whether imperfection has been the partial perception of a truth, or whether it has been the partial deliverance from a lie. If the heart of all true religion has been consciousness of relation to the Infinite, it is certain, from the obvious circumstance that the finite cannot comprehend the Infinite, that every religion which we can observe in the past will be more or less defaced by error. The worshipping creature, be its object of worship but a stock or a stone, has passed into a different order from that of the wolf or the ape, which does not worship at all; but the highest-mounted mind cannot, in image graven with the hand in silver or gold, or in image graven far more subtly and richly by the idealising faculty of the soul, or in creed or formula or theological system, set forth the Almighty to perfection.

These considerations may strike some as speculative and unsubstantial; but to such I would remark, first, that in our day fundamental questions are discussed, nor neces-

sarily discussed with frivolity (for no one habitually talks about what he has no care for), at dinner-tables and in widely-read novels; and, secondly, that I do not know any way in which the historical phenomenon called the Puritan Revolution can be understood so well as by contemplating it as primarily a readjustment of conceptions and arrangements arising out of man's relation to the Infinite. Thus alone can we philosophically classify it among the revolutions of history.

All embodiments of the Infinite, all forms of creed and worship, being necessarily tentative and imperfect, there comes a time when each successive embodiment is first vaguely felt to be imperfect, then to be intolerably and wickedly imperfect, and, lastly, to be a thing that must be broken away from and shuddered at as idolatrous. Mankind have always recoiled from the two extremes of atheism on the one hand, and idolatry on the other. The recoil from atheism has been natural and intuitive. A process of what may be called, according to the estimate formed of it, philosophy or sophistication, is necessary to overpower those imperious instincts of the reason and the conscience which enjoin man to seek a First Cause as the source of matter, and a Supreme Will as the fountain of morals; therefore atheism has always been the creed of a few. Those few have, for obvious reasons, been persons of exceptionally vigorous mental constitution, who make themselves visible and audible to an extent altogether disproportionate to their numbers, and, as clever, talking people have invariably done, take the arguments which convince themselves to be irresistible by the race, and "think their little sect mankind." But nature is against them—human nature; if they choose to call it human folly, that will not alter the fact of its stubborn tenacity. Atheism has never been anything but the harbinger of change in religion. The atheists of antiquity had com-

pleted their demonstrations when a religion of slaves and paupers came up to possess the world. Our modern atheists write clever essays, which many persons sit at home to read in preference to going to church. But the Mormons and the Spirit-rappers make more converts in a week than Positivists make in a year; and that, although Mr. Harrison and Mr. Congreve pathetically endeavour to heighten the attractiveness of atheism by calling it a religion. I desire to speak with the respect I sincerely feel for Comte and his brilliant disciples; but their system does not satisfy the cravings which connect man with the Infinite, and therefore it lacks the element that gives potency to even the rudest religion. Modern atheists will do sapping and mining work in the service of Ultramontanism, Mormonism, and other soaring or crawling *isms;* but they will not recast the nature of man. Whatever estimate is formed of religion by the philosopher, the historian recognises it as a colossal fact. In his closet the philosopher may satisfy himself that it is mist; looking out on the world, the historian sees that it is mountain.

Opposition to idolatry, however, is not natural and universal in the same sense as the recoil from atheism. Since it is impossible for the finite mind to comprehend the Infinite, and since the very highest and most difficult act of the human intelligence is to believe in an unseen and unimaginable Spirit, worship has, in all ages, had recourse to symbols of the Divine; and only at intervals, and through the impulse of individual men, has discontent with these symbols—opposition to idolatry—revealed itself with sufficient power to become an important force. At intervals, however, it has thus made itself manifest. All religious founders and reformers, all prophets and poetic seers, have been, strictly speaking, not asserters of the existence of God—that they held it practically impossible for man to disbelieve—but purifiers of worship, breakers of images,

denouncers of idolatry, and promulgators of more elevated conceptions of the Infinite Spirit. Such was Moses against the idolatries of Egypt; such was Mahomet against the idolatries of Mecca; such the Reformers and the Puritans declared themselves with a thousand voices to be against the idolatries of Rome, and of the imitators of Rome. The progress of mankind has resulted from the development of religions, the removal of their excrescences and defacements, the blooming out of the less perfect into the more perfect, not from the obliteration of faith. That produces the landscape of Sahara—clear as crystal, flat as a grave-stone, leafless for ever.

The recoil from idolatry, the breaking of graven images, the recasting of creeds, has always been a difficult, painful, delicate, and tragical business. To reverence the embodiment of the Divine, for the sake of the Infinite Spirit it represents, is a duty; to abandon the embodiment when, from palpable inadequacy, it is felt to *mis*-represent the Infinite Spirit, is also a duty. How apt are the two to clash! "O sacred be the flesh and blood to which she links a truth Divine!" is the petition, addressed to the iconoclast, on behalf of the feminine devoutness which clings to symbols hallowed by reverent use, by the poet of a time when refinement, intelligence, and gentleness abound; but iconoclasts have not generally observed this rule. They have been men of great force of character; they have acted under intense emotional excitement; and they have taken their own lives in their hands. They have believed themselves to act in obedience to an imperative mandate, which, in most instances, they expressly regarded as the inspiration of God, and which they dared not disobey. Their temper has been that of Mahomet when he told his judicious, expostulatory uncle, Abu Thaleb, that, "if the sun stood on his right hand and the moon on his left, ordering him to hold his peace, he could not obey."

They have had slight respect for feminine scruples. Image-breaking, symbol-changing, has always hitherto been a terrible business, with music of thunder-peals, the battle of the warrior, and garments rolled in blood. It was so in the Puritan period.

That it must of necessity remain always so were a hard conclusion. In past time, the iconoclast—notably the iconoclast of the Reformation and Puritan period—has practically combined with his impassioned energy in destroying one embodiment of the Divine a persuasion, equally impassioned, that the embodiment which he proposed to put in its place was perfect and unchangeable. The symbol, the formula, long believed to be infallible, was found to be fallible, pernicious, despicable; but another infallibility was put in its place, and he who dared to call in question the new infallibility was thought worthy of death. If we would understand the actors in the religious revolutions of the past—if we would know how they felt, and penetrate the secret of their self-respect—we must firmly apprehend this circumstance. They were confident that they had reached perfection, and woe to him who laid a sacrilegious finger upon the ransomed ark. But men of all shades of opinion have, in our days, become familiar with the idea that perfection is not the likeliest thing for any generation to attain; and the clear and calm admission that there will always be room for new approximations to truth, and that there cannot possibly be sin in candidly investigating and judiciously modifying old forms of faith and worship, has at length furnished a basis, at once broad and logical, for toleration. Knowing that the Infinite cannot be perfectly embodied in finite symbols, we are not tempted to think that to alter the method of its embodiment is to blot out the sun from the sky. We are inexcusable if, not content with walking in our own way to heaven, we try to force our neighbour to

take the same track; but our ancestors had more excuse in falling into this egregious error. A good proof that we have escaped this danger will be afforded, if we can put ourselves into the position of our fathers with true dramatic sympathy, and, divesting ourselves of prepossession, deal out justice even-handed to antagonistic parties.

Happily this even-handed justice has become a habit in the intellectual high places of our country and time. Perhaps the most eloquently fair and appreciative estimate of Calvin in the English language is from the pen of a writer who, in theology, holds with Servetus; and the moral nobleness of the Reformers and Puritans has been energetically acknowledged by one who, if I understand him aright, believes that even Mr. Mill was too much disposed to theistic compromise. "To what quarter," says Mr. John Morley, "in the bright historic firmament, can we turn our eyes with such certainty of being stirred and elevated, of thinking better of human life and the worth of those who have been most deeply penetrated by its seriousness, as to the annals of the intrepid spirits whom the Protestant doctrine of indefeasible personal responsibility brought to the front in Germany in the sixteenth century, and in England and Scotland in the seventeenth?" The bold spirits in question stand in close intellectual and moral relationship to ourselves; for the United Kingdom is now what the battlings of the seventeenth century made it; and those who know England well affirm that, after all superficial changes—Ritualist revivals, Broad Church eccentricities, philosophical gyrations—the backbone of the population continues Puritan and Biblical.*

There are periods in the history of nations as of men which determine their future—periods of transition, of

* I observed lately an opinion to this effect in a shrewd leading article in the *Times* newspaper.

crisis, of difficulty, of conflict—in which, like "iron dug from central gloom," they are

> "Heated hot with burning fears,
> And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
> And battered with the shocks of doom
> To shape and use."

Such, for England, was the Puritan period, and this is probably the chief reason why it has been commonly considered the most memorable in English history.

From the fourteenth century, or earlier, there was Puritanism in England, in the sense of dissatisfaction with the religion of the Church. Whether as represented by men eminent for ability and culture, like Wicklyffe, or as embraced by the people, Puritanism was chiefly, if not solely, a resistance to the doctrine and practice of Popery,—to the idolatry by which the spiritual truth of Christ's religion was said to be corrupted and obscured,—rather than to the government of the Church by the Pope. In other words, it was primarily spiritual and personal, comparatively indifferent to theories and organisations, and laying stress upon the life rather than upon the raiment. Curious it is to observe how, amid change of names and badges, the character of a nation will remain substantially unchanged! This quality of indifference to system and insistence upon the thing practically wanted, accompanies us through six centuries of the history of popular religion in England. Wicklyffe translated the Bible, preached to those who would hear him, sent out his evangelists, without troubling himself about formal modification of the government of the Church. Cromwell we shall find setting up his Court of Triers, cutting straight to the essential business of putting good ministers in and turning bad ministers out, exactly as he would have set about procuring efficient officers for his Ironsides, and continuing obstinately blind to the beauty of Episcopal system on the one hand, and

Presbyterian system on the other. Bunyan wrote the Pilgrim's Progress, which all innocently-devout persons, even if they call themselves Papists, like to read, and preached to immense audiences, without giving a hint of his ecclesiastical whereabouts. Whitefield and Wesley were great preachers and teachers; and, even when organising, thought not of the organisation as sacred in itself or as of any importance except as subservient to the main work.

Wicklyffe was glad of assistance from the Crown to shield him from the Pope, and the early Puritans in general leant to the side of the civil authority, not because they were more willing to obey the King than the Pope, if the King had wanted them to deny the truth, but because it was the Pope who made his sway irksome to them. Even when the King ordered them to the stake, it was the Pope and his instruments, the bishops and priests, who set him on. Hatred of Popery was thus literally burnt into the heart of the English commonalty and middle classes. It was as the sweet glimpse of dawn after murkiest night for the Puritans when the English sovereigns, who, indeed, had from of old been frequently in trouble with the Pope, came to an irreparable breach with Rome. Henry VIII. and the councillors of his son, Edward VI., took in hand the remodelling of the Church, and converted it into the Anglican Establishment. Henry annexed the popedom, so far as that could be done within the realm of England. All who speak with authority on the point—that is to say, all who are not pledged to partisanship by professional honour as Anglican advocates or divines—have treated it as an indisputable proposition that the English Crown, in constituting itself head of the Church of England, absorbed *all* the authority previously wielded by the Pope, spiritual as well as temporal. What can be averred on the other side is that the Church, when in deed surrendering her liberties to Henry, attempted, by an evasive word, to retain Crown

rights for Christ. This fact will always furnish a basis for the contendings of a hierarchical party in the Church, and was likely, when a weak monarch and a strong priest (say Charles Stuart and William Laud) came into conjunction, to have consequences. But the surrender was, in fact, complete.

Even the right and function of ordaining bishops, as Lord Macaulay unanswerably showed in controversy with the late Bishop Phillpotts, was explicitly appropriated by the Sovereign. The actual ordainers—those who transmitted the mystical influence that had descended from the finger-tips of the apostles—were commissioned, under Edward, to ordain, not by permission of, not even by authority of, but "*vice*," in the person of, the King. And on no point did the Parliamentary majority, when the day came for their taking to themselves the prerogatives of the Sovereign, entertain clearer ideas than on this. No Presbyterian charming, no pious generalship by the Puritan Synod of Westminster, could for one moment mystify Cromwell and the Long Parliament as to the complete and absolute subordination of the Established Church of England to the civil power.

Having assumed the rights and functions of the Pope, the English monarchs gradually began to find that they might encounter difficulties peculiar to their new capacity. The tremendous agitation of the revolt against Rome, heralded by Wicklyffe and Huss, assisted by the scholars of the Renaissance, and, in point of fact, reaching its high-water mark rather than commencing, in Luther's defiance of Leo, had shaken to its foundations the ecclesiastical system of the Middle Ages, loosened every joint in the framework of feudalism, and filled all men with the fiery wine of new ideas. The slumbrous old time, when the Commons had to be kept up by fines to the tiresome duty of serving in Parliament, was past. Taught

by the Reformers to think for themselves in matters of religion, and to read their Bibles without leave asked of Pope or priest, people began to think on all subjects, and to be conscious of political as well as of religious personality.

Theological as the impulse imparted by Luther primarily was, its influence corresponded to the large nature of the man in being a general revolt against superstition, against mental servility, against moral sickliness, against all artificial and monastic sanctities, and in favour of simplicity, industry, free thought, home-bred affection, and innocent enjoyment. He protested against sacerdotal domination in the name of God and of God's good gifts, *Wein, Weib, und Gesang;* and it may prove that this first form of the great Protest of the sixteenth century was, after all, its deepest and will be its latest.

But the large-hearted German did, as a matter of fact, in so far as the west of Europe was concerned, only prepare the way for a Frenchman, not so large-hearted as he, but of still more astonishing quality of brain. Calvin exhibited in combination all the greatest traits of the French character, unfortunately not also all its best, for, like Pascal and Robespierre, he lacked its gaiety, and was too dreadfully in earnest. But he had its finest courage, its tenacity, its intensity, and its superb capacities of logical method. The extent of his influence throughout Europe is unquestioned. Hooker's eloquent attestation has made it familiar to all readers. "His writing but of three lines," Hooker tells us, "in disgrace of any man," was "as forcible as any proscription throughout all Reformed Churches; his rescripts and answers" were "of as great authority as decretal epistles." But the nature of his influence is now little understood, and the majority of educated Englishmen have probably no idea connected with him except that he burnt Servetus, which it is absolutely certain he did *not* do.

He exerted himself to procure a capital sentence against Servetus, and he succeeded; but he tried to have the mode of execution changed to decapitation. This is expressly admitted by Dr. Willis in his panegyrical biography of Servetus recently published. Language does not furnish words too strong to express the vehemence with which all men ought to disapprove of putting one to death for theological extravagance; but in relation to Calvin's character and influence, the death of Servetus has no specific importance, except as illustrating his austere sense of duty and his belief in the infinite malignancy of theological error.

It may seem a paradox, but it is the expression of a fact, that the nature of Calvin's influence is obscured for us by what we see and know as Calvinism. We think of a creed, a framework of dogma; a very different thing it was to have that creed in the form of burning enthusiasm and contagious fervour. The creeds and dogmas of modern Calvinism are as the slagg and lava, cold and hard, lying round the crater of a volcano that has gradually been filling itself with snow. Or you may compare Calvinism, when the glow of its spiritual enthusiasm in Western Europe was at its height, to the illumination of a city by ten thousand jets of fiery light, and Calvinism, when the glow died off and the dogmas remained, to the metal framework along which ran the lines of lambent flame, when the illumination is over. In Calvin's letters, and in his Institutes of the Christian Religion, we still feel the throb of that moral fervour which was the secret of his power. His letters form the best example of religious inspiration which the world has seen since the letters of St. Paul. The Institutes are in all, save metrical form, a great religious poem, as imaginative in general scheme, and as sustained in emotional heat, as Paradise Lost, though, of course, not to be compared, for beauty of language or picturesqueness of detail, with Milton's poem. Calvin treats, in four successive books, of

Christ the Creator, Christ the Redeemer, Christ the Inspirer, and Christ the King; if he had written in verse, avoided argumentative discussion, and called his work The Christiad, it would have been the most symmetrical epic in existence.

The grand principle of Calvin is contemplation of the universe in God revealed in Christ. In all place, in all time, from eternity to eternity, Calvin saw God. Such faith will be infinitely appalling or infinitely consoling, according to our conception of the Divine character. If God is cruel, capricious, arbitrary, it will be appalling; but if God is infinite justice, infinite love, infinite truth, blended in one indivisible ray of whitest light, then the thought of God's all-embracing sovereignty merely is that the universe sleeps in the arms of God as a babe in the arms of its father. The modern believer in the doctrine of universal mechanical necessity assumes that the God of the Calvinist was arbitrary and capricious. But this is a mistake. The God of the Calvinist was, by hypothesis, absolutely perfect, absolutely unchangeable. Given the universe: the mechanical fatalist says that its order is the order of physical force, how originating we know not, whither tending we know not, but fixed and unalterable, and therefore annihilating man's free will; the Calvinist said that all things have been fixed from eternity by an infinitely wise intelligence, and that therefore man's free will is an illusion. It seems, *primâ facie*, a more sufferable theory that all things are immutably arranged by infinite intelligence, than that all things crash along in everlasting struggle of blind forces according to no principle of order that can be indicated in language; but, practically, the two systems issue in surrender of man's free will; and on man's free will, as an ultimate fact, attested by consciousness and verified by experience, though, of course, limited by the conditions of human existence, it is necessary to insist against both. We *know*

mind as a principle of order; our primary conception of matter is of something not ordering, but ordered: there is, therefore, more rationality in absolute submission to Infinite Mind than in absolute submission to infinite matter; but the free spirit of man need be enslaved to neither.

The shadow-side of Calvinism is not its doctrine of God, which is sublime, but its doctrine of man. It removes all difficulties on the heavenward side by postulating infinite perfection—faultless justice, boundless love—on behalf of the Creator, and by simply announcing that He cannot be judged by the creature; but it reduces man, except in the case of the elect, to a condition of piteous abjectness and desolation. It is one of the problems of history and of human nature—not, I think, insoluble, but most interesting—how a faith so appalling in its conception of the lot of all except God's chosen people, should have been embraced with intense enthusiasm and by immense multitudes. Is it that man is so thoroughly religious a being—so profoundly penetrated with the instincts of faith and worship—that he cares more for the character of his God than for his own, and arrives much sooner at that point of right and rational audacity which will question the justice of all earthly beings and governors, than at that which dares to apply the most rudimentary tests of justice to what he has been taught to accept as the proceedings, in relation to mankind, of the Supreme Power? I think so.

Admitting that reverence for what is above us is a worthy and honourable feeling, we moderns nevertheless cannot but wonder at the delight with which, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, audiences listened to sermons and readers pored over books, in which they were told that they came into the world like "the eggs of the asp" which "are justly broken," and "serpents new bred" which "are justly killed, though they

have poisoned none." To inquire firmly into the fairness of such an arrangement was to be "wickedly acute." "If any of us," says a distinguished French theologian, whose work was translated into English and published in London five years before the meeting of the Long Parliament, "should crush to death an ant with his foot, no man would lay to his charge an action of injustice for it, although the ant hath not offended him, although he hath not given life to the ant, although he hath destroyed another's work which cannot be restored by man, and although between man and it there is no infinite inequality, but a kind of certain and finite proportion. But man hath grievously offended God, and yet God hath given life to man, and there is no proportion between God and man, but as infinite a distance as between a finite and infinite thing. If, therefore, God shall crush those sinful men, which He is able to save; if, patiently tolerating the vessels of anger, He shall make them the matter of His glory, shall any man expostulate with God, or think goodness wanting in Him, or accuse His justice?"

The insensibility of the age when this was written is curiously illustrated by the assumption that no one could possibly waste a thought on the crushing to death of an unoffending insect. The reference to the infinite distance between God and man is a matter which plays a part of immense importance in the theological speculation and in the religious life of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is the idea which, more than any other, gives the key to an intelligence of human thought and human action in those years. "I have sinned against the Infinite God," thought the devout monk in his cell before the days of Luther. "Unless I can make amends and obtain pardon, I shall be burnt alive to all eternity. What shall I do to be saved?" "Mortify the flesh and multiply good works," said the old Church. He set about it. He flagellated him-

self, half-starved himself, and spent what energy remained in works of charity. In the days of comparative intellectual dormancy, this served well enough; but from the time of the Renaissance, Europe had no longer the mind of the child; and the thought pressed in with agony upon a devout young Bernardino Ochino, a devout young Luther, that, since he had offended the Infinite Being, his debt was infinite, and no addition of finite quantities could bring him nearer to the sum. The thought seems never to have occurred, or to have been shrunk from as blasphemy, that the sin must be measured by the capacity of the sinner as well as by that of the offended Deity; and yet no thought could be more obvious, more reasonable, more irrefragably just. The *farther* the distance in intelligence between a wise and kind father and his child, the more allowance will the former make for the latter, nor will he fail to recollect that even the apprehension of that dignity, belonging to himself, which the child offends by disregarding, is precluded if the child is of extremely slender faculty and the parent superlatively wise. All men who let reason and conscience speak within them are now agreed that the essence of sin is conscious intention, and that guilt is absolutely limited by the faculties of the sinner. No man now fancies that it is irreverent to say that, if he was born a quart, God will never damn him for not holding a gallon. Any such idea, however, as this would have been deemed atrociously wicked in the sixteenth or seventeenth century; the devout Luther or Ochino, burdened with his sins, toiled through one severity of penance after another, in the vain effort to make a finite chain infinite by mere addition of links; and it is when we realise how, in this effort, the ingenuous soul might be brought to the verge of death, madness, or despair, that we understand the burst of inexpressible joy, the lighting up of the soul with the very resplendence of heaven, which

took place when the doctrine of salvation by free grace, through faith in Christ, flashed upon the mind. Christ had paid the infinite debt! Being the Son of the Infinite God, He could produce a ransom of infinite preciousness. Works were nothing, faith was all, or, rather, Christ was all; and the believer, the Luther, the Bunyan, the Cromwell, raised from the blackness of despair into transports of grateful joy, was able to do, in sheer enthusiasm for his Saviour—"no longer in the bondage of law, but in the life of love"—even greater works than when, in spasmodic anguish, he had tried to build up, from the bricks and slime of his own merits, a tower that should reach to heaven. We may reverently, and with immense profit, entertain an entirely different conception of the nature of sin and the character of God from that upon which this mental experience depended; but if we are too frivolous to enter with earnest sympathy into the feelings of the myriads who passed through such a crisis, and who, in the strength thus attained, recast the civilisation of Europe, we shall not comprehend the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

That Calvinism, imputing everything to God and really divesting the human personality of all attributes except recipiency, should have been more popular with the great body of the people than Arminianism, which set man again on his feet, administers a shock of smart surprise to the modern; but if we understand that the very glory of the Reformers was to have substituted God's grace for man's work in the business of salvation, we may be able to see how an abandonment of the sublime simplicity of the affair by reintroduction of human agency might appear to be a compromise of man's infinite gain and an ungracious haggling about God's infinite bounty.

At all events, the men of those times thirsted for the supernatural, and then, as always, the power of the

religious instinct, the consciousness of relation to the Infinite, roused men to transcendencies of impassioned feeling, which no consideration of mere mundane interests ever produced. It was not the softly-eloquent voice of Erasmus that awoke Europe, but the rugged accents of Luther and the mighty inspiration of Calvin. It was no merely fascinating exhibition of the charms of freedom in thought and action that was required in order to break the spell under which the priesthood had for a thousand years held the conscience of Europe. The essential thing was that the spell should be broken. Doubtless you may say that Calvin, with his Genevan discipline—sterner than that of Plato's Republic—and his shuddering persuasion that the heavens must fall unless Servetus were condemned to die, sought no emancipation for the human mind, and unlocked one prison gate merely in order to convey the captives to another. Calvin, like all reformers in the past with the sole exception of Christ, fell into the error of finality. If we have apprehended the truth peculiar to our own age—and, therefore, the most important and obligatory for us—that evolution is the law of the finite universe, the Infinite alone being changeless and perfect, we shall appreciate Calvin's mistake in thinking that the perennial fermentation of the Christian leaven, the immortal growing of the Christian tree, could be consistent with the transference of faith from one infallibility to another infallibility. But evolution at the same time teaches that the essential question in respect to any development is not whether it is final and absolute, but whether it is of the growing kind, whether there is genuine vitality in it. The healthy leaf of May is not the leaf of June; but because it is all that the May leaf is required to be—not the leaf of April clinging shrivelled to a dead branch—it plays its part in the orchestral melody and beauty of summer. Calvin's fiery insistence on submission, by men and nations, to God's moral law, was, in the

essence of it, noble, supremely noble, vibrating in true sympathy with the purest heroisms the world has ever seen.

It has been the way with prophets to lay unmeasured emphasis upon their own message, and perhaps even to exaggerate their own importance. A prophet in his rages will be as unreasonable as a mob, and the moody and melancholy fit in which Elijah forgot the seven thousand men who fought Baal as honestly as himself, though not with equal capacities of bringing down fire from heaven, has been characteristic of modern as well as of ancient prophets. One cannot help saying, though the remark is a digression, that the habit of overlooking, or rather of furiously assailing, the seven thousand, is more deplorably characteristic of certain modern prophets, inspired at least in the glory of their language, than it ever was of prophets before; although Goethe, the greatest of recent seers, was radiantly exempt from the slightest taint of it. Stern Calvin, with that eye of his in which the intensity of the lightning seemed constant, would have been much surprised to learn that Servetus, for all his obstreperous quarrelsomeness and Voltaire-like audacity, was yet, in virtue of that deep-lying faith and courage which forced him, at the risk of his life, to print his book, of the order of God's prophets. But he was.

Be all this as it may, Calvin's word, at the time it was spoken, was the word on which the emancipation of Europe from sacerdotal thraldom depended. If he turned from a so-called infallible Church to an infallible Book, he did so at least in the name of truth, and he called upon every man to prove, on the testimony, not of the priest, but of his own conscience, and of the inspiration of the Almighty in his own soul, that the Bible was the Word of God. He based the Church upon the foundation of the truth, no thought in the world being farther from his mind than that

of founding a sect, no aspiration of his soul being more ardent than that for the spiritual unity of Christendom; but, as he told the king of France, in words with the ring, or rather the trumpet-blast, of true prophecy in them, the Church is where Christ is, on the mountain, in the wood, in the dungeon.

Had the Reformers done nothing more for Europe than change the mediæval priesthood into a pastorate, their service to civilisation would have been inestimable. Only a Mr. Buckle, manufacturing history out of formulas in a logic mill, could have committed the stupendous blunder of instituting any parallel between the priesthood of Spain, dispensing mystically the treasure of salvation to a torpid people, and the pastorate of Scotland, dependent for its influence, for its very existence, on its representing the religion, the culture, intelligence, and national feeling of a peremptory and strong-witted race.

Arousing intelligence throughout the West of Europe, the Reformation suggested new bonds of community between peoples, and particularly between the peoples of England and of Scotland. The party of the Reformation in Scotland was avowedly and enthusiastically the English party. McCrie justly remarks that to have silenced the Scottish preachers at the time of the Armada would have been to do as much in favour of Spain as to land ten thousand invaders in the little kingdom. It was not until an English Episcopal dignitary cruelly assailed the Protestantism of Scotland, more thorough-going and democratic than that of England, that this feeling began to be damped. When Bancroft's more formidable successor, Laud, attempted to arrest the Reformation both in England and Scotland, and to make the Reformed Church, instead of the daughter of God newborn, a mere shadow of the Church of Rome, the fiery spirit of the Reformation, in England and in Scotland alike, defied him, and the

Puritan Revolution began its course. To look at that Revolution from various points of view, by impartial and sympathetic identification of ourselves, for the time being, with a few of the principal actors—the chief embodied forces—in the business, will be our effort in the succeeding chapters.

II.

THE TRANSITION PERIOD.

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JAMES THE FIRST.

THE "fractions" of a book on James I., which Leigh Hunt rescued from Mr. Carlyle's Waste-Paper Bag, are so picturesque in style, and so illuminative as to the history of the period, that one regrets they are fractions only. Carlyle could have given us a rare book on James. In the piebald character of the man, and in the tragi-comic medley of events in his reign, he would have found exercise for dramatic sympathy and sardonic humour, and he would have had ample opportunity, in the course of the work, of indicating the "deep presaging movement" of those forces which were to convulse English society during that Puritan revolution, of which his biography of Cromwell is our best literary monument. The reign of James, which we may roughly look upon as occupying the first quarter of the seventeenth century, was essentially an historical introduction to the life and times of Charles I.

Carlyle evidently demurs to the verdict of mere contemptuous execration which has commonly been pronounced upon James. "His Majesty," he says, "as I perceive, in spite of calumnies, was not a coward." He will have it that James's discretion was of a kind not incompatible with courage. "He knew the value, to all persons, and to all interests of persons, of a whole skin; how unthrifty everywhere is any solution of continuity, if it can be avoided! He struggled to preside pacifically over an age

of some ferocity much given to wrangling." We seem to detect a spark of positive enthusiasm for James in Mr. Carlyle when he speaks of his good nature and his "shining examples of justice."

And yet the evidence is strong that James was both cowardly and unrighteous. It has generally been admitted to have been no shining example of justice that he gave in the case of Raleigh. It has never been denied that it was the reverse of a shining example of justice that he gave in the case of Somerset. The truth is, he was an aggregate of confusions and incongruities. He was a spoiled child, in a deplorably literal sense, before he was born. Nature's intention with him seems to have been to produce the ablest Stuart that ever graced the line since it sprang from the daughter of Robert Bruce; but what Mr. Carlyle might call "black art" intervened to defeat nature's intention; and the child born three months after the shock received by Mary Stuart from the drawn swords of Rizzio's murderers was physiologically a wreck—damaged irretrievably in body and mind. To revile James as a coward because he shuddered at the flash of the cold iron is as thoughtless as it would be to scorn him because he could not stand on his legs till he was seven years old. Though damaged, however, in mind and body, he was destroyed in neither. His limbs shook; his nerves were those of a hypochondriac; yet he had physical toughness enough to enjoy field sports. His tongue was too large for his mouth; he stuttered and sputtered; but he was a loud, voluble, vivacious talker. His mind, like his body, had been shaken into grotesque incoherence. Will and intelligence, instead of being in closest conjunction, like good sword in steady hand, had been flung apart. He saw with piercing clearness what it was best to do, and with streaming eyes, stammering and whimpering, wished to do it, and was not able. He would negotiate about a matter for years, fail in his object, and

then sum up with the adroit shrewdness of his friend Bacon, in form of an apophthegm, the cause of his failure. "The wisest fool in Europe," Sully called him. There is nothing in Shakespeare wiser than the sayings, or foolisher than the doings, of Polonius.

It was one of the fixed ideas of Englishmen in the first half of the seventeenth century that Queen Elizabeth had been a great and glorious sovereign, and that it was well with England in her time. Knowing the Virgin Queen better than the men of that generation knew her, we can keep our admiration for her within bounds; but from the day of her death until the day when Charles II. returned from his travels to ascend the throne, the reign of Elizabeth was looked back to with enthusiasm by the great body of Englishmen. Eliot and Pym attested the fact in their contendings with James; Charles I. knew it, and declared, in opening the Long Parliament, that his wish was to see "all things reduced to the good order and practice of Queen Elizabeth, which, by the people of England, were looked upon with the greatest reverence;" and it was one of the fundamental notions of Oliver Cromwell, who, to his second Parliament, used these words, "Queen Elizabeth of famous memory—we need not be ashamed to call her so." Imperious, proud, penurious, ambitious to do good to her people and be the crowned servant of England—with one hand on the money-bag and one on the sword—persecuting Papists and bidding her own bishops know their mistress—she was the kind of queen Englishmen could love. Arbitrary and over-bearing, no doubt; but Poyser could forgive his wife for being a termagant in consideration of her efficiency in minding the house, managing the dairy, and snubbing Squire Donnithorne. Elizabeth snubbed the Pope, stood forth frankly as the head of the Protestant interest in Europe, fostered the Reformation in Scotland, befriended the Dutch, smashed the Armada, and did it all uncommonly cheap.

She was neither too bad, nor what would have been quite as fatal, too good, to be the ideal sovereign of the great body of Englishmen.

James thought far too much of himself to learn anything from Queen Elizabeth. His political notions, even if abstractly wise, were hopelessly irreconcilable with those of Elizabethan Englishmen. Account for the fact as we may—whether it was that he wished to shield himself from assassination, or that he honestly desired to be fair and friendly to all his subjects—he was disposed to tolerate Roman Catholics. The fact is an honour to him in our eyes, but it grieved his own subjects. His foreign policy gave no more satisfaction than his domestic. He was the first advocate of the doctrine of English non-intervention in Continental politics; the head and, so far as appears, the tail and the body, of the Bright and Cobden school of his day. "Let us mind our own business! Why should not the two great maritime powers, England and Spain, having the broad spaces of the sea for roadway, make room for each other? We shall be Protestants; Spaniards will be Papists; but why should we injure each other for that? Why should we not rather be allied in those cases where our interests are identical?" This was the gist of James's non-intervention logic. The present generation, with its insular and pacific maxims, can hardly cast a stone at him. Advice, political or theological, he was ready to give to all lengths and breadths; but whether people would hear, or whether they would forbear, he was not the man to strike. Not Lord Palmerston in all his glory could have had firmer faith in the potency of Great British exhortation than James. Persons have been met with in our own time cynical enough to sneer at the substitution of constitutional syllogisms and well-aimed quotations, even when fired off by Lord Russell in his finest attitude, for cannon batteries and bayonet charges; and a similar scepticism was pre-

valent in the time of James. Reckoning up the succours forwarded to the distressed Elector Palatine, his son-in-law, the wits declared that Denmark had sent a hundred thousand herrings, Holland a hundred thousand butter-boxes, and the king of England a hundred thousand ambassadors. The ambassadors did less good than the herrings.

James's subjects were eminently disqualified to appreciate anything but the eccentricity of his pacific opinions. They were fierce, impatient, irascible, and inspired with burning hatred both of Popery and of Spain. It was the avowed belief of the ablest Protestants, in the seventeenth century, of men as statesmanlike as Pym and as ardently progressive as Milton, that peace could not be kept with Rome or toleration granted to Romanists, because the Pope claimed to be above all monarchs and all laws. Jesuitism was in the heyday of its powers, and Jesuitic Popery, which, until Prince Bismarck once more treated it as a reality, had become, for statesmen of the nineteenth century, a reminiscence or a shadow, was regarded by the great body of intelligent Englishmen as a menacing and tremendous force. It had been revealed to them in the massacre of St. Bartholomew and in the Gunpowder Plot. Commanding the armies of Catholic Europe, it was soon to be engaged in internecine struggle with Gustavus Adolphus, the champion of Protestantism, who called all true Protestant hearts to his banner—a call heard and obeyed by many a brave youth in England and Scotland. "Those only," says Isaac Disraeli, "who have read the letters of the times can form any adequate notion of the agonising and universal interest which pervaded the English people at every advance or retreat of the Austrian Tilly, the Danish Christian, and the Swedish Gustavus." It was not long-winded arguments, but steel-clad squadrons, that James's subjects wished him to contribute to the Protestant cause.

He had been ten years on the throne of England before

his policy fully evinced its difference from that of Elizabeth. In 1610 the dagger of Ravaillac reached the heart of Henry of Navarre. Though he had formally joined the Catholic Church, Henry's schemes were generous towards Protestantism and obnoxious to the Jesuits, and they were commonly believed at the time to have planned the assassination. The general policy of James in relation to Continental Protestantism had been influenced by Henry, and the death of the French king removed one of his leading lights. For about ten years, also, he enjoyed the services of Salisbury, the judicious minister of Elizabeth.

It was in connection with the troubles of his son-in-law, the Elector Palatine, that James's distinctive and unpopular policy became conspicuous. The marriage itself had been enthusiastically approved in England. According to Tillières, the French ambassador, Elizabeth Stuart, James's eldest daughter, was "honoured and beloved" by the English people, whereas her brother Charles was "despised and hated;" and they were well pleased when she was given in marriage to a resolutely Protestant prince. The Universities had got out their jingling apparatus, and produced the amount of Latin verse required to celebrate the occasion. Among others chosen at Oxford to do the jingling creditably to the University were two men, one in the prime of manhood, the other in the bloom of youth, who have become known to history—William Laud and John Hampden. Stranger juxtaposition than that of Laud and Hampden in the composition of a love-song is hardly to be found in the drama of history, full as it is of sly humour and striking situations. Their epithalamium contained this prayer, with reference to the marriage: "That a progeny might thence arise unequalled by any land or race." Curious! Had Hampden's prayer *not* been granted there would have been no Prince Rupert to lead the Cavaliers on Chalgrove field, where Hampden fell; but there would

also have been no female branch from the Stuart stem to ingraft on the Brunswick stock, and to yield an heir to the British throne when the male branch, against which Hampden fought, had been finally cut off. It is worth remembering that Prince Charles of Culloden stood not one whit nearer to James I. than his Brunswick cousins, and that Queen Victoria has in her veins that best stream of the Stuart blood which flowed off with her whom our fathers affectionately called "the Protestant Electress." Her Majesty inherits the throne of Great Britain as the Protestant Stuart; and one may almost wonder that the Earl of Beaconsfield has not suggested a recurrence to the name of that ancient family, whose memory his father so fondly vindicated.

The Elector Palatine was ambitious beyond his strength of wing, and, by hawking at the crown of Bohemia, lost both it and his patrimonial Palatinate. Had James been a man of war, tens of thousands of Englishmen would have gladly followed him to redress in arms the wrongs of Frederick and his wife. But James hated war, and there were other considerations besides his love of peace which might well disincline him to a warlike expedition. The old feudal array of England had fallen to pieces, and could not be pitted against the standing armies which had arisen on the Continent. Fond of war in general, and eager for war in behalf of Continental Protestantism in particular, James's subjects had the vaguest ideas as to where the necessary funds were to come from, and became critically cool in a moment when told that, if the thing were to be done effectually, the cash must emerge from their own pockets. The feudal sovereigns had done their wars on the revenue of their landed estates and the contributions of their vassals and nobles, with small supplementary subsidies from Parliament. This method had now become impracticable; but the modern system of finance had not

taken its place. The grand misfortune of the Stuarts was that they came to the throne of Great Britain in that period of transition between feudal and modern history, when the weapons of feudalism had rusted in the hands of sovereigns, but the duties of feudal kingship were still, vaguely yet importunately, demanded of them. Had James and Charles been men of ambition, energy, and military genius, they might have overcome all difficulties, conducted military expeditions into Spain or Germany, won great battles, and played a part in the seventeenth century as shining and perhaps as vain as that played in an earlier age by the conquerors of Crecy and of Agincourt; but in that case, whatever we might have had in modern England, a Cromwell Protectorate, a Bismarck militarism, a Republic, French or American, it is highly improbable that we should have had that unique and perhaps inimitable institution—Parliamentary Kingship.

James believed, besides, in the Divine right of kings; he furiously detested the doctrine of the Divine right of peoples. It was by the Bohemian people that Frederick had been called to the throne, and he had stretched out his hand against his liege lord, the German Emperor. James, therefore, was averse to the idea of fighting for his son-in-law; but he would negotiate for him to any extent; and circumstances provided him with a field in which he could prosecute negotiations, as he thought, with a prospect of substantial results.

His son Henry had died. His son Charles, whose cast of character suited him better, required a wife. Inasmuch as James was wise, he had discerned before leaving Scotland, and had written down in his Basilicon Doron, that the heir to the English crown ought to marry a Protestant; but inasmuch as he was only a wise fool, he played the traitor both to his own sagacity and to the interests of his country and his race, by making it his

grand object to marry Charles into one of the Catholic dynastic houses. It was so much finer to rank with the monarchs of Spain, France, and the empire than to hold out the hand of fellowship to the mob of princelings who headed the mixed multitude of Protestant Germany! The Spanish Infanta was of the age at which those luckless beings, the princesses of old dynastic houses, are chaffered for by kings and ministers. Baby Charles and the Infanta —this was the scheme of James—should marry; England and Spain should be cordially allied; and the preponderating influence of the Spanish throne should be used at the Imperial Court for the restoration of the Palatinate to Frederick. Bristol, James's ambassador in Spain, whose talent, experience, and general ability to judge are beyond debate, made up his mind that the project was feasible, and that, in the event of the marriage, Spain would honestly exert herself to replace Frederick in his seat as Elector Palatine. Though they might hate the English and love the Pope, all sensible Spaniards felt that it was of extreme importance to Spain that such Englishmen as Raleigh, Frobisher, and Drake,

> "Adventurous hearts who bartered bold
> Their English blood for Spanish gold,"

should leave Spanish commerce alone. They were willing, therefore, to pay some price for a stable peace with England. Under those circumstances it was natural that Spain, though perhaps insincere in the earlier stage of the negotiations, should consent to the marriage of the Infanta to Charles; and if this is granted, it can hardly be disputed that James, holding a very bad hand, played as good a game for the Elector as was on the cards.

The Spanish negotiation reached a crisis in 1623. Prince Charles had lately come of age. Buckingham was assiduous in his worship of the rising sun. Suddenly the Baby and Steenie, as James called Charles and Bucking-

ham, announced that they were going to Spain in person. James expostulated, gesticulated, cried; but he had himself, in his hot youth, crossed the sea to pay his addresses to Anne of Denmark, and as "the sweet lads" insisted, the "dear dad and gossip" of course gave way. Taking the names of Tom and Jack, Charles and Buckingham crossed the Channel, and proceeded *viâ* Paris to Spain. Of Buckingham, perhaps the most interesting variety of that extensive species, the royal favourite, that ever appeared, it will here be appropriate to say a word or two.

Queen Elizabeth had inherited from her father the faculty of knowing and valuing a man when she saw him. An incurable and offensive flirt, she liked handsome and pleasant men, but knew that their agreeable qualities went no farther than to make them good playthings, and had strength of will to keep them in their place. James was not without discernment of intellectual defect in fascinating personages; but knowledge, here and elsewhere, was not, in James, synonymous with power. Against Somerset he appears to have fairly maintained his mental independence; but Villiers, far more brilliant, ambitious, and daring than Carr, was resolutely bent on making him a slave in all respects. That Buckingham was a fool is nearly as certain as that his sovereign was; but as James was a wise fool, Buckingham was a fool of genius. Felton's knife put an end to him at thirty years of age, before the nature and reach of his capacity could be finally estimated. That his figure was handsome and his face beautiful; that he was splendidly accomplished, and that his manner "flung hovering graces o'er him;" that his courage was steady and placid in the moment of general danger, and foolhardy when only his own life was at stake; that he was active, adventurous, and speculative, in the style of the old English voyagers;—all this may be regarded as proved. He enter-

tained schemes of conquest in South America, which he got Gustavus Adolphus to sanction, and on which Cromwell, who became possessed of his papers, is thought to have founded an expedition. Equally certain is it that he was vain, unprincipled, irascible; that his prodigality was outrageous; that his arrogance and audacity verged on lunacy. Writers speak of his white velvet dress, hung with diamonds to the value of eighty thousand pounds, which he shook from him in his path, as a lion shakes the dew-drops from his mane. Such a lion among ladies was likely to be a most dreadful thing. Buckingham, the beautiful, madly arrogant Englishman, when he returned from France, some two years after his excursion to Spain, on the occasion of Charles's marriage by proxy to Henrietta Maria, dared to throw love-glances at Anne of Austria, the young French Queen, and thus drew upon himself the dangerous frown of Richelieu. When lion meets lion, then comes the tug of conflict. The Cardinal, whose fine genius seems to have had the advantage (with a view to success) of being as untrammelled by religious scruples as that of Frederick of Prussia, or Voltaire, was himself a lover of his Queen. His sacred character as a bishop, his eminence as a theologian, would lend flavour and piquancy to such forbidden fruit. The Queen is understood to have been not insensible to the charm of having fascinated the two most fascinating and prominent men in France and England respectively. All things are said to be lawful in love, and Richelieu, who was seven years older than Buckingham, and now no longer that dapper ecclesiastic, that "creature of porcelain"* whose ambition had first found wings in the service of the French Queen-mother, absolutely forbade his rival's presence in Paris. The destructive wrath of Buckingham, prompting him to make his way into France at the sword-point and force the world

* Michelet.

to own that he, not Richelieu, was the better man, became an important factor in the political evolution of the time.*

Such was the Buckingham in company with whom Charles, after having seen and remarked at the French Court the vivacious, dark-eyed, captivating Henrietta Maria, pursued his journey to Spain in quest of the Infanta. When Jack and Tom turned up in Madrid, the excitement among the Spaniards was great. Charles had touched the romantic nerve of the people, and it vibrated in vivid response. To a lover so frank and intrepid what could be denied? Philip declared that he would put his sister into Charles's arms, and that, if the Pope refused his sanction to the match, it should be dispensed with. The Princess wished to marry Charles, but her confessor vehemently opposed the match. Tormented by the conflict between inclination and duty, she was growing ill. "The friar," says Disraeli, "might have baffled all the intrigues of both cabinets, but they presented him one morning with a fatal cup of chocolate." Bristol was satisfied that the prospect of success was good. Then Buckingham spoiled all. Jealous of Bristol, insolent to the Spaniards, acting as a petulant and capricious fool, he resolved to defeat the projected match. The facile Charles was persuaded that he was being played upon, and that the delay which occurred was due to Spanish treachery. Philip and his ministers seem to have been falsely accused; Buckingham frustrated the negotiation from pique and passion: but when the Duke returned to England, bringing back the Prince, and it became known that he had been chief actor in the business, the nation rushed to the conclusion that Protestant ardour had been his motive, and he rose to the

* On the relations between Buckingham and Richelieu I regard the testimony of Disraeli as conclusive. It is exactly on such a question that Isaac Disraeli was an accomplished expert.

zenith of popularity. The joy of all classes at receiving back Charles from the perils of the sea and of Popish Spain was unbounded. Such a clamouring and cackling of delight from shore to shore of England, especially in the loyal city of London! As if the affections and hopes of all the hens in the farmyard had been embarked with one adventurous duckling on the horse-pond, and now the inestimable creature was once more safe on land! If we were to receive back our Prince of Wales after having been sealed up for a winter in the Polar ice, we could not make greater fools of ourselves.

Our ancestors called themselves free, and, in a deep sense, were so. They understood that no king had a right to crumple up the written law in the shut fist of a despotic will. The prerogative of the Crown was, they vaguely conceived, the blazon and the buckler of the people. But an anointed king was for them a sacred personage. There was something preternatural about him. Superstition was still a colossal power, even in Protestant countries; men believed in witchcraft and astrology as firmly as we believe in dividends; and royal touch was still held to be miraculously potent in the cure of epilepsy. In its noblest form Shakespeare entertained this reverence for kings, and expressed it perfectly and imperishably when he spoke of the "divinity that doth hedge a king." If you would realise the difference between the antique England of the Jacobean period and the England of the Victorian age, first read Macaulay's impatiently contemptuous sketch of James,—"his awkward figure, his rolling eye, his rickety walk, his nervous tremblings, his slobbering mouth,"—and then turn to the following lines, in which Shakespeare, who was a subject of Elizabeth and of James, eulogises both:—

> "As when
> The bird of wonder dies, the maiden Phœnix,
> Her ashes new-create another heir,
> As great in admiration as herself;

So shall she leave her blessedness to one
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fixed: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him."

It is not reasonable to say that, in these lines, Shakespeare was a mere Court flatterer. The reverence for kings that pervades his historical plays was infinitely deeper than Court flattery. What he wrote about James was as natural, becoming, and right, in the eyes of his generation, as what Mr. Tennyson has written about Queen Victoria is in the eyes of ours. If Shakespeare had told James that his throne was "broad-based upon the people's will," he would either have received some serious mark of the royal displeasure, or, if James had happened to be in his best mood, would have been sent for and treated, on his knees, to a sputtering lecture, an hour long, on the sacred and imprescriptible rights of the Lord's anointed, while courtiers stood round in gaping admiration and archbishops declared in lowly accents that the cascade of nonsense was inspired by God.

James welcomed back Charles and Buckingham with transports of delight. "I wear Steenie's picture," wrote the slobbering nondescript, "in a blue ribbon under my waistcoat next my skin." But his days were henceforward to be full of sorrow. It was not possible for him to extinguish his intellect so far as to be, in political matters, Buckingham's unconscious or happy slave. Steenie had made Baby Charles quite his own, and they were in a league to keep James in the dark. Their plan was never to let him be for five minutes out of sight of one or both of them. But every ambassador of that time who understood

his trade was a master in the art of intrigue; and Marquis Ynoiosa and Don Carlos Caloma, the King of Spain's head men in England, contrived to reach the ear of James. Three months long they had watched for an opportunity, baffled by the vigilant favourite and the cunning prince. At last Caloma managed to engage the attention of Charles and Buckingham in one part of a room while Ynoiosa slipped a note into James's hand, telling him, doubtless, by a glance of the eye, that it was to be put into his pocket. The Prince and Buckingham were told, in the course of the afternoon, that, on account of a bitter cold and rheum, the King would be confined to his chamber, and could not see them. In the evening Carendolet, secretary to the Spanish Legation, was introduced into James's room, and assured him that he, James, was surrounded by spies and informers, that no one dared to do his commands or to tender to him advice, except by the permission of Buckingham; in one word, that Buckingham was king. James promised secrecy, and next day, when Charles and the Duke met him as he drove in his coach, he took in his son but shut the door against the favourite. His majesty had escaped, then? Not he. The Bishop of Lincoln, shifty, eloquent Welsh Williams,—indefatigable in the pursuit of useful knowledge, and alert to make the most of both worlds,—had Carendolet's mistress in his pay. The secretary told the mistress, and the mistress told the Bishop, and the Bishop told the Prince, and the Prince told Buckingham, and James was recalled to a sense of the difficulty of emancipating himself from the yoke of his poor slave and dog by an ironically sympathetic question from said slave as to that rheum with which he had been troubled the other evening.

For intrigue was one of the arts carried to a high state of perfection in that religious age. The meshwork in which it encircled personages of importance was complicated in its ramifications and fine in its threads. A clever ambassador,

a Bristol, for instance, would be better served by the body-guards of the Spanish King than the Spanish King himself; would have keys that could open Philip's most secret cabinets; and would boast that he could furnish James with copies of documents before they were read by Philip in council. Buckingham, Bristol's great rival, proved, for his part, that two could play at this game, by keeping a spy in Bristol's own house. The most fervently pious men, the Puritan Cromwell, for example, would have no misgiving as to the maxim, *licet uti altero peccato*, would dispense the necessary pieces of silver to the domestic Judas, and would leave the conscientious question to the latter. Under these circumstances, a liberal-minded Charles II., conning the lessons of adversity in threadbare coat in Holland, would testify his filial affection by his gratification at the fact that Dr. Dorislaus, who had taken part in the trial of his father, or Manning, or Ascham, had been assassinated.* And so the endless tragi-comedy, act after act, went on, and the whirligig of time kept moving, and at length a free Press and Baron Reuter began to manage the intelligence department for irresistible Opinion, without, it may be hoped, much need of liars, assassins, and traitors, and surely with comparative advantage to all parties.

James had not succeeded in breaking the yoke of Buckingham, but it galled him to the quick. The Earl of Bristol, eclipsed and supplanted by the Duke, had returned from Spain, and a persuasion gradually diffused itself that people had been misled as to what caused the wreck of the Spanish match. Having nursed that project as a pet lamb in his bosom, James learned, with feelings which may be imagined, that it had been frustrated in mere capricious wilfulness by Buckingham. Knowing how deeply the King had valued the Spanish alliance,

* I do not undertake to say that Charles was directly concerned in all these lynchings; he certainly was privy to some of them.

Bristol doubtless calculated that Charles and the favourite could not permanently hoodwink him, and hoped that the Duke would fall, and that himself would regain power. He knew that James could not dispense with a favourite, but his notion, strange to say, was that Somerset, a convicted murderer, might return to Court in that capacity. James actually had an interview with Somerset, under cloud of night, in the garden at his palace of Theobald's, where he hugged his old favourite, and cried over him.* It was believed by close observers at the time that Buckingham held his place by an extremely precarious tenure. The unhappy King was the centre of a coil of inextricable intrigues—Buckingham plotting against Somerset, Bristol plotting against Buckingham, Baby Charles and Steenie plotting against the dear dad and gossip; Spanish interest, French interest of the Court and Richelieu party, French interest of the Huguenot party, interest of the Elector Palatine, interest of the Puritans and patriots of England; all pulling and wrestling and whirling as in delirious dance round James. It was enough to tease a poor old nondescript wise fool to death. And it did. Volumes might be written to trace the conflicting influences and describe the warring passions of the scene; but the game would not be worth the candle, and we ought to be thankful that oblivion, which, like death, is often kind, has spread over the whole its pall.

* Somerset's interview with James, which has recently been called in question by an eminent historical critic in the *Academy*, is pronounced by Brodie "scarcely credible." Hallam, however, accepts it on grounds unknown, apparently, to Brodie. "King James," says Burnet, "in the end of his reign was become weary of the Duke of Buckingham . . . . and so resolved to bring the Earl of Somerset again into favour, as that Lord reported it to some from whom I had it. He met with him in the night in the garden at Theobald's: two bedchamber men were only in the secret: the King embraced him tenderly with many tears: the Earl of Somerset believed the secret was not well kept, &c." This evidence is not unimpeachable, but it agrees so well with collateral circumstances, and with the tenor of the document alluded to by Hallam, that I cannot help thinking Burnet had got hold of a fact.

The main historical facts which it is important for us to note are, first, that the Court was steadily growing in unpopularity during the last years of James's reign; and, secondly, that this unpopularity directed itself more against Buckingham and Charles than against the King. The popularity which the Duke had earned by bringing back Charles unmarried from Spain was short-lived. It was whispered that, whatever might be his motives for opposing the Spanish match, they implied no dislike of Popery, inasmuch as he had in Spain declared himself prepared to become, if need were, a Papist. He was soon the best hated man in England, and the Prince, intimately associated with him, could not but share his unpopularity. The most important consideration of all, however, to explain the coldness with which the nation regarded Charles's accession to the throne, is that he identified himself more closely than his father with certain theological influences and tendencies, now coming prominently into view, which the majority of the people and of their representatives in Parliament regarded with bitter hostility.

We may shut the book of England's history in those years unless we apprehend the interest taken in theological questions. That interest was fervent and universal. Landed proprietors, farmers, shop-keepers, nay, apprentices and farm-labourers, cared more about abstract theological propositions than people now care about big loaf or free breakfast table. And, strange as it may seem, it is a fact which will be questioned by no one acquainted with the literature of the period, from the writings of Owen, Baxter, and Milton, down to street broadsides and municipal petitions, that the theology which had been embraced with passionate intensity by the great body of the English people, was that which can be briefly and practically described as absorbing, beyond any other theological scheme, the human into the Divine. The fundamental

position of Puritan theology was that defined by St. Paul when he represents God as the potter and man as the clay. This will now strike many readers as a doctrine of utter slavishness; but all can understand that, if attainment of infinite benefit and escape from inexpressible calamity were believed to be connected with absolute submission to the Divine will, a resistance proportioned to the strength of this conviction would be presented by those entertaining it to any attempt to prevent them from submitting themselves implicitly to God. It has been demonstrated again and again in history, that under no influence does man become more terrible *as a force* than when he feels himself a mere instrument in the hand of God. Take three historic names, with all they stand for, to prove this fact—the Hebrew David, Mahomet, Cromwell. "Certainly man," says Bacon, "being backed with Omnipotency, is a kind of omnipotent creature." The Puritan, ever in the great Taskmaster's eye, penetrated with the faith that his whole individuality was taken possession of by God, presented a front of fierce opposition to the Papist on the one hand, and to the Arminian on the other. The Papist put the Pope and the Church between the soul and God; the Puritan would hear of no created mediator. The Arminian ventured to assert, from the bosom of the Reformed Church itself, the rights of the human personality; the Puritan recognised essentially but one right, one fate, for the finite being, to be irradiated eternally with God as light, or to be consumed eternally by God as fire. In the history of spiritual civilisation and of European progress, Arminius and his followers take an honoured place as daring to stem the current of tendency in their time, and to maintain, with their lives in their hands, that the clay, if it ceases to be clay and becomes human, has a personality not to be extinguished by God Himself—a personality involving rights which, if justice admits of any definition whatever, can be

and ought to be, reverently but firmly, pleaded against power even when infinite. But religion, if it has often been expanded and ennobled by the serene light of reason, has generally, if not invariably, been thereby weakened as a force; and whatever Arminianism may have done to promote in the largest sense the liberty of the human spirit, it is unquestionable that the cause of practical freedom, as against priest or despot, was in the seventeenth century mainly vindicated by the inexorable determination of the Puritans to be untrammelled in obeying the law of their God. Assailed by the Puritans, the Arminians leant naturally upon the State for protection, and while the historian of philosophy classes them as advocates of freedom, the historian of constitutional liberty must pronounce them politically servile. Moderating their jealousy of the civil power, they moderated also their hatred of the Papacy, and naturally cast in their lot with those Protestants who had least objection to the doctrine, ritual, and episcopal government of the old Church.

If the importance of these statements in relation to the history of England in the first half of the seventeenth century has been appreciated, it will be understood that it was a great point for James, in respect of popularity, that his theology was Puritan, and that it was a strong point against Charles that he allied himself from the first with the Romanising and Arminian party. James's brain had been taken possession of in his youth by the Augustinian system of theology as repromulgated by the greater Augustine of Geneva. He came from Scotland sound as a bell on the five points of Calvinism; and so late as 1618 his representatives in the Synod of Dort were instructed to side with the Calvinists. He ravished the hearts of fanatical Calvinists by arguing that, since the Arminians represented God's eternal decree as dependent on man's faith and perseverance, "which they make flow from the free-

will of changeable man," they were logically bound to believe God to be "a composed substance of subject, and true accidents, no more an absolute simple essence, and so no more God." Of course, therefore, they were atheists. This argument, which will probably be unintelligible to most modern readers, was quite in the manner of seventeenth century scholasticism, and gloriously conclusive in the eyes of the Puritan clergy. It is indeed true that James much preferred bishops to presbyters, and that the English Puritans gained no favour in his eyes by reminding him of those Caledonian ecclesiastics who, whatever their faults, were never accused of sycophancy. They had told him that he was "Christ's silly vassal," and lectured him and snubbed him without mercy. No doubt they told him also that he was the Lord's anointed, and James had wit enough to extract a good deal out of this. The prophet Samuel, striving to check the monarchical tendencies of the degenerating Jews, warned them that, once their king was anointed, they would be compelled to submit to him, however afflictive he might be. James knew he had been anointed, felt that he was afflictive, and asked whether any subject pretending to logic could dispute the duty of submitting to him? The "stubborn kirk" clung to its notions as to the supreme right of the people, and would lend no countenance to despotic theories. Even those English readers who, while true to the national instinct of justice in other respects, cherish a curious grudge against everything Scotch, may be expected to acknowledge that there is a refreshing sense of moral erectness in the plain speech of the Presbyterian churchmen to the king, as contrasted with the adulation of his bishops. Mr. Buckle himself, though his habit of turning the living men of the past into terms of a pedantic theorem, made him generally incapable of historical sympathy, and therefore of historical insight, gets into something like a glow of admi-

ration at the intrepidity of Andrew Melville. It was heaven for James, after having been called a silly vassal by gaunt presbyters in serge, to be told by surpliced prelates that he spake as an angel of God. But so long as his bishops said this, he liked them to be theologically in sympathy with the Reformation, and out of sympathy with the Church of Rome. And with his subjects this was an immense point in his favour.

While Puritan theology reigned in Court and Church, the Puritan revolution, in so far as it was a religious revolution—and its central force was religious—remained impossible. Revolutions are not made by trifles; men do not really shed their blood in resistance to *tolerabiles ineptiæ*. Neither the bishops nor the ceremonies would have occasioned civil war if they had continued to stand for that for which they stood in the days of Elizabeth and in the early days of James. At that time there was no irreconcilable breach between the Church of England and the Church of Scotland. English archbishops could find admiring audiences north of Tweed, and young Mr. Laud, preaching at Oxford, got himself sharply rebuked by his University superiors for his new-fangled high-Anglican notions, so well fitted, he was told, to sow dissension between the Church of England and the Reformed Churches. John Knox, though he refused a bishopric, had been prevented by no scruple of conscience from ministering in an Episcopal church. The symbols about which the Puritans fought had been of comparatively small consequence until they became typical, or were believed to have become typical, of the main issue between Rome and the Reformers. Then, indeed, the Church seemed to be once more interposing between God and the soul, and the palladium of Protestantism to be in danger. "Some men," says Hume, "of the greatest parts and most extensive knowledge that the nation at this time produced, could not enjoy any peace

of mind because obliged to hear prayers offered up to the Divinity by a priest covered with a white linen vestment." As if one should appraise in money worth the thin pole and torn rag for which men struggle in battle, and wonder how they can sell their lives for ninepence!

The man to whom the portentous change which had taken place was chiefly due has been already named. William Laud was about thirty years old when James came to England, but, though he was already possessed with the idea which had given him a place in history, he did not, for many years, occupy a highly important position. His advance was slow but sure. No man ever understood better than he the art of stooping to conquer and cringing to subdue. Bishop Williams, possessed of a random generosity which enabled him to do a kindness to men he despised, held out his hand to Laud and helped the "urchin" to Court. Williams had intrigued boldly and shiftily, as we have seen, for the favour of Buckingham, and had probably reckoned on making the haughty Duke his friend; but the brilliant, wily Welshman found himself sharply repelled, while Laud, who seems never to have suggested to Buckingham that he was anything but his, the Duke's, humble slave, "became," says Abbott, "the only inward counsellor with Buckingham, sitting with him sometimes privately for whole hours." Laud stepped as softly as an incarnate idea; which, indeed, he was—the Anglican idea in flesh. Consumed by his one passion, he knew no friendship, no mere mundane fidelity or gratitude. He undermined his benefactor Williams, and sent him first to the seclusion of a country diocese and then to the Tower. Buckingham and Charles never imagined that they were being dominated by Laud, but the influence of the idea stole over them, and for Charles it became an enthusiasm, an inspiration, a doom. Laud, in the cast of his theology, was an Arminian and a Roman. He believed

in episcopacy by Divine right, in the radical distinction between clergy and laity, in the mystic efficacy of sacerdotal functions and sacramental rites; and attached immense importance to the symbolism and ceremonial of worship.

The sagacity which lay, hidden but indestructible, amid heaps of topsy-turvy rubbish behind James's goggle eyes, told him that Laud was dangerous, and Steenie and Baby had a good deal to do before James, the wise man, yielded, and James, the fool, took Laud into comparative favour. It need not be doubted that the ecclesiastic made way considerably with the old King. Buckingham's mother was a Papist; it was arranged that Laud should lay siege to her. He engaged, in her presence, in controversy with Jesuit Fisher, and had an opportunity to display the exquisite advantages of his system: how it had all the attractions of the Church of Rome and none of the drawbacks of the Reformed Churches; how it disallowed the jurisdiction of a foreign ecclesiastic in England, but exalted the native primate and the native king; how it rejected sundry errors of the Romish theology, and yet afforded the stay of Church authority to diffident souls, and priestly succour and absolution to those who trembled at the thought of face to face intercourse with God. Here was a plan for reconciling discrepancies, for solving problems that seemed insoluble! Could James but accept it, he might smite Jack Presbyter hip and thigh, from the Dan of Church government unto the Beersheba of dogma. The lady declared herself converted, and Laud plumed himself on his conquest, although she returned to her old faith. It seems probable that, between the date of the Synod of Dort and his death, James learned to look with much less alarm and repugnance on Laud than he had previously done; but the change would not be observed by the body of the people, whereas the devotion of Charles to Laud and Arminianism was undisguised.

Though Bristol, Somerset, Ynoiosa and company were skilful intriguers, and though James was painfully sensible of his enslavement, Buckingham and Charles prevailed, and he never broke their toils. To the last his subjects tolerated him, or more than tolerated him. He got credit for what was good in him, and Buckingham was debited with the failures of the Government. The national pride was grievously wounded by the disastrous issue of the expedition despatched in 1624 for the recovery of the Palatinate. We may be very sure that James had in his heart distrusted and disliked the enterprise, and when it failed, this would be remembered. The calamity had been great and ignominious. Twelve thousand foot and two hundred horse, under command of the renowned Count Mansfeldt, had embarked. When they reached the French coast, they were not permitted to land. Sailing for Holland, they were there also bidden to stand off. While they tossed on the grey seas that chafe against the Dutch dykes, their provisions began to fail, and the men sickened and died. The English at home shuddered at hideous details of corpses washed ashore and eaten by hogs. Half the army having perished, a landing was effected, but the force was now too weak to accomplish anything decisive. In pacific enterprises into which James really threw his heart, he had been successful. His policy in connection with the "plantation" of Ulster was judicious and public-spirited.

There was something about him personally which, in spite of his repulsive characteristics, must have been likeable. He was sprightly, fond of anything like a joke, never moody or morose. His verses on the expedition of Buckingham and Charles to Spain are vivacious, containing the fine thought that love is like Spain with its alternations of burning plain and snow-crowned hill; and the versifier was fifty-six years old.

He possessed a kind of shrewdness, which accounts for

the fact that men like Bacon could, without irony too obvious to be safe, speak of him as a Solomon. His hallucinations on the subject of witchcraft, which strike the present generation as a mixture of piteous imbecility and revolting cruelty, were no impeachment of his wisdom in the opinion of his contemporaries. He delighted in exercising his sagacity, and sometimes did so with excellent effect in unmasking quacks and baffling conspirators. A creature called Haddock afforded him an opportunity of the former kind. Haddock had been afflicted to an extreme degree with stammering in his speech, and, with a view to conquering the infirmity, had tried the plan of waking up in bed, after his nerves had been composed by a first sleep, and delivering sermons to an imaginary congregation. He was overheard talking loudly and solemnly in the dead of night, and the pious listeners, prone to believe in signs and wonders, concluded that he was preaching in his sleep under the influence of supernatural inspiration. He became a notoriety, and many persons visited his shrine, doubtless to their edification and his own substantial comfort. At last his fame reached James, and the King went repeatedly to hear this new message from on high. Haddock's way was to commence his performance with a sermon, delivered as if he were asleep, then to groan portentously, to yawn, and finally, to affect to wake. James made his observations, and communicated the result to the audience. Dreams and visions, he remarked, were commonly irregular, but in Haddock's sermons part always fitted in with part; the discourses improved in quality, also, in proportion to the number of the hearers. In short, there were unmistakeable traces in the sermons of their being prepared beforehand, and the preacher showed himself alive, while delivering them, to the circumstances under which he spoke. His Majesty's reasoning proved victorious, and Haddock confessed that his whole exhibition had been a trick.

Wise as we conceit ourselves, it may be doubted whether Mr. Sludge, the medium, would have had a much easier time of it in the seventeenth century than he has in the nineteenth.

To still better purpose did King James show that he had a way of his own of looking into matters, in the case of the infamous conspiracy against the Countess of Exeter. Lady Lake and her daughter produced a letter, which they swore to be in the hand of the Countess, confessing incest, witchcraft, and other crimes. They brought forward their maid, who stated, on oath, that she had seen the Countess, in her mansion at Wimbledon, write the letter, and had subsequently heard her read it aloud. The Countess stood, said the witness, at a window, while she, hidden behind the tapestry, herself unseen, saw all and heard all. The evidence seemed conclusive, and the Countess of Exeter had the prospect of a violent and ignominious death. James went, with some attendants, to the chamber at Wimbledon where the whole was said to have happened, measured the distance from the window to the tapestry, placed himself where the witness swore she had stood, told his gentlemen to do the same, and established, in the first place, that no one, standing there, could distinctly hear the voice of a person reading at the window. He then called attention to the position of the tapestry. It hung two feet above the ground. Any one lurking behind it must inevitably have been seen. "Oaths cannot confound my sight," cried the staggering Solomon, transported with a sense of his own cleverness. The diabolical plot was frustrated, and the conspirators were severely punished. Facts like these prove that James was not devoid of the princely instinct which finds joy in doing good.

Far from intelligently or steadily kind-hearted, he was in an extreme degree *soft*-hearted, and a reputation for soft-heartedness goes far with the crowd. Scotts'

delineation of him in the Fortunes of Nigel is as trustworthy as the best history, and when we leave the garrulous matchmaker over his cock-a-leekie, we feel how impossible it would be to get up indignation against so amiably preposterous a tyrant. We must say, also, that, unless his portrait by Vandyke, now at Windsor, is a mere lie, he could on some occasions look dignified enough; and the likeness drawn of him by Macaulay may be something of a caricature. The ambassadors of foreign Courts, resident in London, doubtless found that their employers liked to be supplied with bold caricature sketches of the Britannic majesty, with elucidative comments, spiced as highly as might be with Court scandal; and it is perhaps due to this circumstance that moderns have heard so much more about James's absurdities and faults than his virtues. The Londoners called him Old Jemmy, laughed at him, grumbled at him, endured him, and when, in 1625, he died, were inclined to be furious with Buckingham for having, as they imagined, murdered him. The idea is not so extravagantly absurd as it may appear to this generation; it was entertained by clever men at the time, for there were shrewd observers who believed that James would by a desperate effort rid himself of the Duke, and Buckingham was not a man to be scrupulous in extremity; but we may safely believe that the King had no fouler play than that of being worried to death by vexation and intrigue.

II.

THE ANGLO-CATHOLIC REACTION.

CHAPTER III.

THE ANGLO-CATHOLIC REACTION.

WILLIAM LAUD.

MENTION has already been made of Laud, but it will be necessary for us to look at him carefully before going further, as there is no understanding the Puritan Revolution without accurately apprehending what he was and what he did. If, however, the reader will find Laud an instructive personage in various respects, it may be frankly confessed at once that an account of his character and performance offers little in the way of entertainment. Laud produced an immense effect in history, but he was one of the most uninteresting and unpopular of men. In his lifetime few loved him, multitudes hated him with perfect hatred, and there were many dry eyes, few wet ones, when he died on the scaffold. He has continued unpopular with posterity. The party which, after a struggle of nearly half a century, brought him to the block, has continued powerful, and, whether within or without the Church of England, has maintained its antipathy to Laud. Almost no one has any enthusiasm for him. Which of us, unless the matter has happened to come specially in his way, knows that, four years ago, occurred what, in the jargon appropriated to such occasions, would be called the Tercentenary of Laud? Whether the day was commemorated with solemn joy and prayerful searching of heart in select Ritualist circles, I cannot tell; but there certainly was no such weeping or exultation in

the camp of the Anglo-Catholic Hebrews that the Egyptians of Protestantism heard it. Busy England did not pause for an hour to recall the fact that, on the 7th of October, 1573, in the quiet country town of Reading, the apostle and martyr of Anglo-Catholicism—for such honour belongs to Laud more definitely even than to Charles I.—was born. But the history of the last three hundred years would have been very different if the Reading gossips had not on that day congratulated the paternal Laud, an innkeeper of the town, on the birth of a son.

It is not improbable that some reader, who has but a vague acquaintance with the subject, may be startled by the assertion that a part of prime importance in the history of England was played by Laud. It seems an offence alike to patriotism and to common sense to assign such work to a man whom one of the most widely known and persuasive of English authors has written down a driveller. Lord Macaulay was never dishonest, and his information on most matters connected with English history was extensive; but he was not without strong prepossessions, and while his rapidity of judgment carried him quickly to decisions as to character, his confidence in himself precluded his revising those which had been hastily and passionately made. He dismisses Laud with impatient scorn as a "superstitious driveller," compressing into a few sharp sentences what he deems satisfactory evidence that this is an adequate account of him. The whole of that evidence is drawn from Laud's Diary. It is as follows:—"We turn to his Diary, and we are at once as cool as contempt can make us. There we learn how his picture fell down, and how fearful he was lest the fall should be an omen; how he dreamed that the Duke of Buckingham came to bed to him, that he saw Thomas Flaxney in green garments, and the Bishop of Worcester with his shoulders wrapped in linen. In the early part of

1627, the sleep of this great ornament of the Church seems to have been much disturbed. On the fifth of January he saw a merry old man with a wrinkled countenance, named Grove, lying on the ground. On the fourteenth of the same memorable month he saw the Bishop of Lincoln jump on a horse and ride away. A day or two after this, he dreamed that he gave the King drink in a silver cup, and that the King refused it, and called for glass. Then he dreamed that he had turned Papist; of all his dreams, the only one, we suspect, which came through the gate of horn. But of these visions our favourite is that which, as he has recorded, he enjoyed on the night of Friday, the ninth of February, 1627. 'I dreamed,' says he, 'that I had the scurvy; and that forthwith all my teeth became loose. There was one in especial in my lower jaw, which I could scarcely keep in with my finger till I had called for help.' Here was a man to have the superintendence of the opinions of a great nation!"

Is this not too summary a method of proceeding with a celebrated man? Laud may claim to be judged by his waking moments, not by his dreams. Lord Macaulay presumably enjoyed sound sleep, and we all set less store now-a-days by our dreams than our ancestors did. Science has entered even dreamland with disenchanting step. But it is a curious land, let science say what it will. The incidents and sayings of waking existence are therein transposed, distorted, turned topsy-turvy, tossed and heaped together as the materials of a wild grotesquerie, now terrible, now fantastic, now humorous, generally trivial and absurd. It is as if a crew of mischief-making, fun-loving imps, who delight, like Puck, in things "that fall out preposterously," had got possession of the brain when reason and will were dormant, and had followed up the graver business of the day with broad farce or monstrous pantomime. The antics of the dream-imps, if not obliterated

from the memory by the flash of dawn, furnish the lightest chat for our breakfast-tables, and are then put out of mind for ever. A man who should at present jot down his dreams, unless they were very remarkable dreams indeed, or unless he hoped to derive from them some useful hint of a psychological nature, would be thought extremely foolish. But this way of taking the affair is of yesterday, and from before the days of Homer until after the days of Laud, dreams were regarded with profound and eager interest by mankind. In the time of Laud high importance was still generally attached to dreams. Clarendon devotes four pages to an account of a phantom which appeared three times, at dead of night, to give warning, some months before the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham, of the danger to which he was exposed. And how many men of genius, energy, and vigilant shrewdness might be named, who would be reduced to the rank of imbeciles and drivellers, if some one personal trait, some perversity, hallucination, or crotchet, were made the test of their mental calibre! Wallenstein was a dreamer of dreams, or at least a believer in dreams, as well as Laud; Hobbes maintained with fierce dogmatism that he had squared the circle; Voltaire was vainer than a school-girl; Goethe filled volumes with an absurd theory on light; Ticho Brahe used to have recourse to an idiot in hope of supernatural instruction. The list might, of course, be extended indefinitely, but may as well be closed with two instances, each of which can be adduced in Macaulay's own words. Napoleon was "not exempt from the influence of that most pernicious of superstitions, a presumptuous fatalism." Dr. Johnson, "incredulous on all other points, was a ready believer in miracles and apparitions. He would not believe in Ossian; but he was willing to believe in the second sight. He would not believe in the earthquake of Lisbon; but he was willing to believe in the Cock Lane ghost." And yet

Johnson's waking fooleries were never thought by Lord Macaulay to give proof of that imbecility which we are to find demonstrated by Laud's dreams! If the follies and weaknesses of eminent men are to be made the standards of their strength, and to neutralise the positive evidence of their capacity, it will indeed be true that no man can be a hero to his valet.

To judge of Laud's ability from his Diary is a great mistake; but the Diary is in its way a noteworthy document, and those who form their ideas of its contents from Lord Macaulay's samples will be much in the wrong. His quotations are not false, but, from being thrown together, instead of spread over a number of pages, they produce an erroneous impression. There is no dream mentioned in the Diary till Laud is fifty years old; he lived some twenty years longer; his visions, if such trivial matters deserve the name, extend over that time; and Lord Macaulay has found room in his half-page for almost all that would strike a modern reader as peculiarly silly or ludicrous in the narrative of the twenty years. If you thought it worth while to make a record of your dreams at all, you could hardly fail, in the course of twenty years, to set down as much nonsensical dreaming as Laud's. Absurd as the Diary is apt to seem to a modern reader, I venture to say that the right and intelligent spirit in which to regard it is emphatically not that of impatient scorn. Its vein of what the rudely practical man calls childishness, and what in some sense is childishness, affects one in a kindly way to the old Bishop. He enters memoranda of the weather, of the tides, of the time when harvest was gathered home, in a way which distantly reminds us of White of Selborne. The comparative absence of reference to great affairs is conspicuous. Laud rarely touches on them with a pen-stroke. May the cause not have been that, in this wholly private and personal document, he jotted down only or chiefly

those "unconsidered trifles" which had an interest for a wifeless and childless old gentleman who, in more tranquil times, would have delighted to watch the habits of robins and dormice, or to puzzle Mr. Lewes or Professor Bain with questions as to the influences which act upon the nerves, and set in motion the delicate machinery of fancy, when thought is suspended by sleep?

Sometimes the juxtaposition of incidents infinitely unimportant with events which, directly or indirectly, affected the course of European history, is amusing. "I dreamed that I had lost two teeth. The Duke of Buckingham took the Isle of Rhee." The wound inflicted on the national pride of England by the issue of the expedition to the Isle of Rhee was one of the express causes which led to the revolution that cost Laud and his Sovereign their lives. The entries as to the weather have an interest from the vividness with which they bring back upon us the old time, which, as argued about by historians, is so apt to seem a mere abstraction. "June 16th, 1624.—The great dry summer." "August 24th, 1630.—Extreme thunder, lightning, and rain. The pestilence this summer. A great dearth in France, England, the Low Countries, &c." "January 1st, 1631.—The extremest wet and warm January that ever was known in memory." The following June is "the coldest June clean through that was ever felt in my memory." And the harvest is "not in within forty miles of London after Michaelmas." This was certainly late; and when we hear again of "barley abroad within thirty miles of London at end of October," we call to mind that farmers in the seventeenth century did not understand their business so well as in the nineteenth.

We meet with hints as to the state of the roads which might do something towards silencing those imaginative writers who are always decrying their own time. "My

coach had been twice that day overturned between Abermarkes and my house" at Aberguille in Wales. In Scotland he is as insensible to the picturesque as Nicol Jarvie himself. On the 1st of July, 1633, he crosses the Forth at Burntisland, on the 2nd he is at St. Andrews, on the 3rd he is over the Tay to Dundee, on the 4th he is at Falkland, on the 7th at St. Johnston, on the 8th at Dunblane and Stirling; and the impression left upon his mind by his tour through this region of romance is to be guessed from the single sentence in which, as with a sigh of relief, he sums up the matter: "My dangerous and cruel journey crossing part of the Highlands by coach, which was a wonder there." Here is a jotting quite in the manner of White of Selborne:—"December 1st, 1635. Many elm-leaves still upon the trees, which few men have seen." In the preceding November the afternoon tide was the greatest ever witnessed; it "came within my gates, walls, cloisters, and stables at Lambeth." This is the incident of the robins:—"Two robin red-breasts flew together through the door into my study, as if one pursued the other. That sudden motion almost startled me." Archbishops then brought their coach and horses to their Lambeth Palace by the ferry-boat, and sometimes, it appears, there were mishaps. "When I first went to Lambeth, my coach, horses, and men sunk to the bottom of the Thames in the ferry-boat, which was overladen, but, I praise God for it, I lost neither man nor horse." It is but fair to Laud to add that many passages in the Diary evince a quietly fervent piety; that he by no chance says anything more bitter of his enemies than that he prays God to have mercy on them; and that the references to servants who died in his employment have a warmth of affection which it is not easy to think compatible with the "diabolical temper" that Macaulay imputes to him. "Mr. Adam Torles, my ancient, loving, and faithful servant, then

my steward, after he had served me full forty-two years, died, to my great loss and grief."

Professor Masson, whose exhaustive biography of Milton embraces a careful and elaborate study of Laud, sees that Lord Macaulay's hypothesis of superstitious imbecility is untenable, and brings forward a theory of his own to account for Laud's elevation. "Perhaps," suggests Professor Masson, "it is that a nature does not always or necessarily rise by *greatness*, or intrinsic superiority to the element about it, but may rise by *peculiarity*, or proper capillary relation to the element about it. When Lord Macaulay speaks of Laud as intellectually an 'imbecile,' and calls him 'a ridiculous old bigot,' he seems to omit that peculiarity which gave Laud's nature—whatever its measure by a modern standard—so much force and pungency among his contemporaries. To have hold of the surrounding sensations of men even by pain and irritation is a kind of power; and Laud had that kind of power from the first." This is interesting, ingenious, and not without practical use to the student of Laud's career. There can be no doubt that he had hold of the sensations of most men by "pain and irritation." All witnesses, including Clarendon, assert or admit that he was an eminently disagreeable person. His voice was raspy, his manner abrupt and repelling. He was to the life the kind of man whom that limner, whose pen tells more than Titian's brush, had in eye when he wrote of men

> "Of such vinegar aspect
> That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
> Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."

Laud was one whom, unless you were of his own set, you would have walked a good many miles to miss. His bite was bad; his bark made you expect that his bite would be worse than it might turn out to be. He refers, in a letter to Strafford, to his having been said to have fangs, and his

physiognomy in moments of irritation must have had no very distant resemblance to that of a rat. The most headstrong of men was likely to think once, twice, thrice before making Laud his enemy, and nearly the same amount of hesitant reflection might be engaged in before making him very much of a friend. Still, no man succeeds merely by making people wish to get out of his way; and before granting that Professor Masson's hypothesis is quite satisfactory, we should require better proof that the problem of Laud's ascent to power and predominance yields to no simpler solution.

The real state of the case is that Lord Macaulay's account of Laud as a drivelling simpleton, and Professor Masson's more subtle theory of its being, of two disagreeables, the *less* disagreeable to succumb to Laud than to face and fight him, really do little more than present the problem of his advance in its most difficult form. If such a man *could* become eminent, it certainly would have been easier for a man who was *not* superstitious and not personally irritating to have done the same. Look broadly at the facts to be accounted for. An Oxford student, son of a Reading innkeeper, without connection, without wealth, without brilliant parts, without pleasing manners, makes his way, step by step, in the hierarchy of a Church in which blood or money seem as necessary to promotion as oxygen to life, until he is Primate of all England, and by many degrees the most powerful Primate that had ruled the Church since the breach with Rome. To explain this and more, we are told that he was so silly as to write down his dreams, which were of much the same texture as other people's; that he was morose, choleric, unable to take a joke or penetrate a hoax, or help being disagreeable. Why, this is as if you tried to prove the *weakness* of an eagle's wing-bones and muscles by saying that, when it flew to the rock-shelf yonder, a thousand yards in air, it carried at its

feet a hundred-weight of carrion. When Hazlitt, in the almost sublime insolence of transcendent spite, remarked that we could not believe Julius Cæsar to have been an able man if his face had been like that of the Duke of Wellington, he forgot that, if young Arthur Wellesley had looked supremely dull, there would simply have been one more difficulty in the way of his winning, or ever having a chance to win, the battles of Assaye, Talavera, and Waterloo. In like manner we reply to those who enlarge on Laud's imbecility or disagreeableness that, unless he possessed some elements of positive and energetic efficiency, some strength potent enough to overpower those adverse forces and fling them beneath his wheel, this famed Archbishop of Canterbury, this Cyprian of the Anglican Church, would have lived and died the most despised of college pedants or of country parsons.

After all, there is no superlative difficulty in the case. Laud is a type—a remarkably pure type—of a kind of man that always goes far. Early in life he became possessed with the Anglican idea. He comprehended it with symmetrical completeness, embraced it with his whole heart, lived in it, died for it. If this absorption, this devotion, in the degree of intensity which characterised Laud, is to be reckoned as genius, he was a man of genius; otherwise he was not. He assuredly had none of those qualities, frequently annexed to genius, which impede success. He did not diffuse or dissipate his energies; he was not fitful, impulsive, negligent, desultory; he concentrated his whole soul in one purpose. Punctuality, accuracy, indefatigable patience were his methods. These generally lead to success.

Authors have extolled the genius and energy of Strafford, and none of them more warmly than Lord Macaulay; but, carried along in the torrent of his own rhetoric, his lordship does not stop to ask how Wentworth, with his

capacious intellect, his sagacity, his knowledge of men, should have found his friend of friends in a "ridiculous old bigot." Strafford's letters to Laud are replete with evidence that the statesman profoundly respected and entirely trusted the divine. Strafford solemnly assures Laud that he "reverences" him "more than any subject in the whole world," that he will sooner "lean and trust" upon Laud's judgment than upon his own. "I have here enclosed," he once writes, "wherewith I will not trust any man on that side but yourself, with whom I am resolved to communicate every secret, concern it honour, life, or what else concerns me most." "In sadness," he says again, "I have wondered many times to observe how universally you and I agree in our judgment of persons, as most commonly we have done ever since I had the honour to be known to you." These are not the words of convention or of compliment. To represent them as such is to call Strafford the most despicable of liars, the most vulgar and coarse of flatterers. If any should persist in taking this view, let them read Strafford's letter to Laud of 27th September, 1637, and Laud's reply of 24th October in the same year. Strafford's is couched in terms of enthusiastic trust and confidence. He pours into the ear of Laud all his difficulties, and recites the accusations with which he is assailed. Laud's reply is firm and manly. Of maudlin sentiment, of effusive unconditional sympathy, there is none; and the combination of firmness with tenderness, of frankness with delicacy, of judgment sound and shrewd with earnest sympathy, goes far to prove that Laud was not unworthy of the trust reposed in him by Strafford. The impression derived by me from the correspondence as a whole is much stronger than is likely to be conveyed by the preceding quotations. The writers are drawn towards each other by sympathy in one grand aim, clearly apprehended, resolutely adopted

by both. Laud was in the Church what Strafford was in the State.

Laud's letters to Strafford are throughout those of an able man. It is he, rather than his correspondent, who takes the leading part in the colloquy, the deference and respect on both sides being great, but those on the side of Strafford more marked, I think, than those on the side of Laud. Passages taken apart from the context can convey but a partial idea of the capacity shown by the writer; but the following could hardly have been penned except by one who understood affairs and was a shrewd judge of men. Laud, as his manner frequently is, plays the part of Mentor to Strafford, who was twenty years his junior:—"My Lord, when I say the less assistance the more merit, I did not put you off with a compliment, for my answer was real. 'Tis true, able and well-affected men are brave associates, and great services are done at ease by such instruments. But wot you what? Where many are employed at once, and all very able, there usually proves to be in some a fretting canker-worm of ambition, and that for particular aims makes such a division as gives far greater impediment to the greatest affairs than any want of sufficiency can make; and, therefore, by your Lordship's leave, the conceit which you express, of all able, and all hearty, and all running one way, and none caring for any ends so the King be served, is but a branch of Plato's Commonwealth, which flourishes at this day nowhere but in Utopia, and thither I have no purpose to send your Lordship." It is inconceivable that Strafford should have graciously and gratefully taken schooling like this from Laud, if he had not believed him to be intellectually his fellow. There is nothing in Strafford's part of the correspondence to suggest that he had any consciousness of writing to an ecclesiastic. He speaks as statesman to statesman, imparting to Laud all his ideas,

apprising him of all his plans, solicitous of his approval, and valuing his advice.

Strafford was exerting himself to the utmost to put the King in possession of an efficient military force. Not only in Ireland did he prosecute this object, but he took measures to have drilling pushed forward in that English county in which he had formerly presided over the Council of the North. He thus writes to Laud upon the subject:—"Those that I sent into Yorkshire to exercise those trained bands, out of desire, I fear, to be back again, write me word they are all become perfect in their motions and postures. But I believe no miracles, and I have so much of the soldier in me as to know to make such a number of men serviceable will require much more time than they have spent amongst them, which makes me write unto them to stay there all this winter, and perfect what they have begun. Indeed, my Lord, the trained bands of England will never be considerable, till the King and the Lords of the Council take it to heart, till they roundly call the lieutenants and their deputies to the discharge of their duties, punish severely all neglects in the officers, all disobedience in the soldiers, and in them that ought to find the arms and do not."

To these characteristic sentences Laud replies in terms not only of cordial sympathy, but of exact appreciation. Strafford's letter is dated November 27th, 1638; Laud answers on the 29th of the following December:—"I see your Lordship's care hath extended further into your government in Yorkshire; and your judgment is as right there for the stay of the officers which you have sent to exercise the train-soldiers. For I believe as few miracles as you do, and in a military way least. And for the train-bands of England, I am clearly and have been long of your opinion, and it hath exceedingly troubled me to see the carriage of these businesses at the Board. And which is

worse, I have no great hope to see it better. For even upon this great occasion, I do not find so serious and vigorous proceeding as I could wish."

Ecclesiastic though he was, Laud did not require to wait to be instructed by Strafford either as to the importance of putting the Crown in command of a powerful army, or as to the means by which that end was to be secured. Oliver Cromwell himself could not have written with more accurate discernment of what was the essential thing to be done, with more masculine insistence upon the necessity of not talking about it, but doing it. That is the way in which Laud habitually writes, and Laud's habits of action were in keeping with his habit of speech. Clarendon mentions that, at one period, his official duties included certain functions connected with the commerce of London, such as now fall to the Board of Trade, which brought him into relations with the merchants of the City, and that, instead of discharging them in a formal and perfunctory manner, which, in an ecclesiastic with so much ecclesiastical work on his hands, could hardly have occasioned surprise, he made a point of thoroughly investigating and mastering mercantile questions. Such was Laud's manner in every instance; and this is the man whom we are asked to dismiss as a contemptible driveller because, in an altogether private and personal record, amid notes of the weather, the tides, the number of leaves on the elm-trees in December, he jotted down his dreams! A smile of sympathetic humour—that, and no more than that, is what the absurdest parts of Laud's Diary deserve from an intelligent historian.

But if we are bound to admit that Laud was no more a fool than Strafford was, we are by no means called upon to approve of the scheme which they cherished in common. Had they succeeded in their main aim, the current of English history would have been changed, and those who

believe that, all things considered, the change must have been very much for the worse, will rejoice that they failed. Fundamentally they wished to reinforce the Church and the Crown, and the Church and the Crown could not have been reinforced in that age without the establishment in England of a comprehensive and searching despotism. It is possible, by ingenious suppression or *de*pression of parts of the truth—by clever setting in juxtaposition and comparison things which may be made to look very much alike, but are essentially different—to represent the difference between Strafford and Laud on the one side, and Hampden, Pym, and the Patriot party on the other, as slight. Stated in words it might be so; but indeed and in truth it was vital. In order to blight and kill a whole forest of Australian timber it is not necessary to fell every tree, but only to inflict a few cuts upon each, and thus to perform the operation of barking. In process of time you behold, in place of what was once a leafy, waving forest, a skeleton army of bare and haggard stems. In like manner the wounds may seem slight which destroy the sources of a nation's independence, the springs of its crescent vigour; but if they are inflicted at a critical period the evil done is irreparable.

The question of that age, in Spain, in France, in Great Britain, was whether privilege in State and Church—privilege in the State commanding the army and dispensing all civil patronage, privilege in the Church dealing out to the laity exactly so much knowledge as suited the views of the dominant powers—was to be supreme, and all national progress to have this supremacy as its absolute condition; or whether nations were to be permitted to *grow*, as living things must, if they are to continue in a state of health. In Spain and in France, privilege triumphed, and the People were put beneath its feet. The result in Spain is thus described by Mr. Motley:—"A vast mass, entirely un-

educated, half-fed, half-clothed, unemployed, and reposing upon a still lower and denser stratum—the millions namely of the 'Accursed,' of the Africans, and last and vilest of all, the 'Blessed' descendants of Spanish Protestants whom the Holy Office had branded with perpetual infamy because it had burned their progenitors—this was the People; and it was these paupers and outcasts, nearly the whole nation, that paid all the imposts of which the public revenue was composed. The great nobles, priests, and even the hidalgos, were exempt from taxation." The result in France was the implacable embitterment of the popular mind against king, noble, and priest alike, the squandering of the national energies in wars so foolish and so wicked as those of the Grand Monarque, and a frightful paroxysm of intoxication, with natural accompaniments of blood and blasphemy, when at last the nation attempted to drink the cup of freedom. It is part of the inexorable logic of fact and nature that you cannot have the growth of the living creature, plant, animal, man, nation, seriously injured in the growing time, and then set right in subsequent years. The stunted tree, the starved child, the crushed and spirit-broken nation, bear the marks of their injury to the end.

We have under Strafford's own hand a statement of his intention. "Now I can say," he writes from Ireland, "the King is as absolute here as any prince in the whole world can be, and may be still if it be not spoiled on that side." "The debts of the Crown," he says again, "being taken off, you may govern as you please; and most resolute I am that may be done without borrowing any help forth of the King's lodgings." There you have Thorough in a nutshell. He desired to put into the hand of the King an irresistible armed force, and permanently to relieve him from the necessity of applying to Parliament for supplies.

Strafford found in Laud, and Laud found in Strafford, the exact complement of the particular view of each.

Strafford embraced the general project of despotism in its temporal aspect, Laud in its spiritual bearings. Laud never, so far as I have been able to discover, had any hope of gaining over the people, or the Parliament which represented the people. There had in that time been no discussions of the constitution of Parliament, no foreshadowing of the suffrage controversies of our day. The general impression was that all law-abiding subjects, all who paid their way, and had sense enough to be interested in public affairs, had a right to take part in selecting the men who were to speak for England at Westminster; no one doubted that Parliament correctly represented the public sentiment of England; and successive Parliaments had been more and more determined in their opposition to Laud's Anglo-Catholic policy. The Commons were enthusiastically Protestant, impatient of all coquetting with Rome, suspicious of clerical pretensions; and Laud, knowing that, though extremely powerful in his influence upon individuals, he had no hold upon masses of men, acted upon the conviction that his Anglo-Catholic scheme could be carried out only by means of the King. He could magnetise a man—none better; but he had not that massive greatness towards which nations gravitate. Of Charles he had entire possession, and if Charles, head of the Church, should prove able to make light of the opposition of Parliament, his own rule, more or less masked by the Royal authority, would, within the pale of the Church, be absolute. He had, therefore, the most intelligent apprehension of the importance to his plans of Strafford's efforts to secure a military basis for that government by Royal will and pleasure, which he wished to substitute for the ancient government of England by a monarch controlled by law and checked by Parliament.

Strafford, on the other hand, having sat by the side of the Puritan patriots, and shared their counsels,—knowing the inflexible resolution and the dauntless courage that lay

beneath the thoughtful brow of Hampden, the combination of the spirit of independence with the spirit of religion in Pym,—was perfectly aware that the success of Laud in the Church would vitally promote his own success in the State. Sacerdotalism in the one was, he instinctively felt, the natural and most efficient ally of despotism in the other. To the eye of the historian, trying to penetrate to the essential truth and nature of things through their external shows,—to see what theological controversies and ecclesiastical revolutions really mean,—one decisive proof that the Reformation was in closer harmony with the religion of Christ than the Papacy lies in the fact that, wherever the movement held its natural course, it associated itself with the great body of the nation, and was the cause of the people. Apart from all theories about it—inscribed indelibly in those records, whatever may be their character otherwise, which depict the life and detail the death of the Teacher of Nazareth—Christianity is the religion of the common man, of the many, of the poor; and when two systems, both calling themselves Christian, ask us to decide between them, there can be found no better test of their claims than the question whether they take the part of the privileged and predominant few against the many, or that of the many against the few. The Papacy, though its comprehensive and marvellous system is fitted with elements well adapted to act upon the sympathies of masses, has, on the whole, since the uprising of the Western nations against it in the sixteenth century, been on the side of kings and nobles against peoples; and this is an overwhelming presumption that it is not what the Galilean Carpenter intended His Church to be. Rome has found it easier to come to terms with kings than with peoples. The Churches of the Reformation have, on the whole, leant upon peoples rather than upon kings. In the Anglican Church, indeed, the democratic tendency of the original

movement of the Reformation was gradually checked, thwarted, reversed. But in that great Puritan phalanx in which marched the Presbyterians and Independents, the followers of Calvin, the soldiers of Cromwell, there appeared from the first, and has continued to the last, the sturdiest sympathy with civil freedom.

During that period of transition from feudalism to modernism, when all which continues vitally free in modern political institutions struck root, it was a sturdy sympathy with freedom that was needed—a sympathy prepared to fight for liberty to the death. On this point, the testimony of Hume is entirely conclusive. He was thoroughly informed as to the facts, and only the evidence of irresistible facts could have prevailed with him to admit that religion, except as a synonym for philosophy, had ever been a source of great benefit to nations. "In that great revolution of manners," says Hume, "which happened during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the only nations who had the honourable, though often melancholy, advantage of making an effort for their expiring privileges, were such as, together with the principles of civil liberty, were animated with a zeal for religious parties and opinions. Besides the irresistible force of standing armies, the European princes possessed this advantage, that they were descended from the ancient royal families; that they continued the same appellations of magistrates, the same appearance of civil government; and restraining themselves by all the forms of legal administation, could insensibly impose their yoke on their unguarded subjects. Even the German nations, who formerly broke the Roman chains and restored liberty to mankind, now lost their own liberty, and saw with grief the absolute authority of their princes firmly established among them. In their circumstances, nothing but a pious zeal, which disregards all motives of human prudence, could have made them

entertain hopes of preserving any longer those privileges which their ancestors, through so many ages, had transmitted to them." Speaking of England, and remarking that the character and administration of James favoured the party intent upon establishing a free constitution, he adds these memorable words:—"But, notwithstanding these advantages acquired to liberty, so extensive was royal authority, and so firmly established in all its parts, that it is probable the patriots of that age would have despaired of ever resisting it, had they not been stimulated by religious motives, which inspire a courage unsurmounted by any human obstacle." Those who have any difficulty in understanding how Strafford could take a special interest in the manipulation of the Church by Laud will do well to ponder our next quotation from Hume, the last we need take from him for the present:—"The same alliance which has ever prevailed between kingly power and ecclesiastical authority was now fully established in England; and while the Prince assisted the clergy in suppressing schismatics and innovators, the clergy, in return, inculcated the doctrine of an unreserved submission and obedience to the civil magistrate. The genius of the Church of England, so kindly to monarchy, forwarded the confederacy; its submission to Episcopal jurisdiction; its attachment to ceremonies, to order, and to decent pomp and splendour of worship; and, in a word, its affinity to the tame superstition of the Catholics, rather than to the wild fanaticism of the Puritans."

Strafford, who recommended whipping as a suitable mode of treatment for Hampden when he appealed to the law against the King, was not likely to undervalue Laud's efforts to tame the Puritans. On Laud's appointment to the Primacy of England, he congratulated his friend in high spirits, exulting in the prospect of those great things which his confederate would now, he hoped, be able to achieve. Laud, looking gloomily across the Irish Sea,

reminds Strafford, with a melancholy whine, of the trammels in which he is held by the Common Law, of the indecision of the King, of the little that one can do, however willing, to break this England to unaccustomed servitude. Here is a letter which, unless we are far gone in the cynical contempt or the settled indifference with which it is now fashionable in so many quarters to regard our national liberties, we can hardly read without a tremor of agitation:—"I must desire your Lordship not to expect more at my hands than I shall be able to perform, either in Church or State; and this suit of mine hath a great deal of reason in it; for you write that ordinary things are far beneath that which you cannot choose but promise yourself of me in both respects. But, my Lord, to speak freely, you may easily promise more in this kind than I can perform: for, as for the Church, it is so bound up in the forms of the Common Law, that it is not possible for me, or for any man, to do that good which he would or is bound to do. For your Lordship sees, no man clearer, that they which have gotten so much power in and over the Church will not let go their hold; they have indeed fangs with a witness, whatsoever I was once said in passion to have. And for the State, indeed, my Lord, I am for *Thorough*, but I see that both thick and thin stays somebody, where I conceive it should not; and it is impossible for me to go thorough alone."

Who the "somebody" here alluded to was does not admit of question. It is a most important point in favour of Charles I., who has perhaps received hard measure from Lord Macaulay, that the pace of Strafford and Laud was too heavy for him. Had there been a *third* in England capable of choosing despotism as end and lawless force as means, with the unflinching determination of Strafford and Laud, and had that third been Charles, even Pym and Hampden, Vane and Cromwell, might have

failed to withstand the realisation of Thorough. But Charles was not the man to go third with Laud and Strafford.

With or without allies, the men sufficed for each other. As we read their celebrated correspondence, we seem to behold the two artists at their work, cunningly shaping a sword for the destruction of their country's freedom. They saw eye to eye, and joined hand to hand. They stood in that position which is best of all fitted to secure agreement—their aim the same, their conception of means and methods the same, their spheres of operation so distinct as to obviate all risk of collision. Other men might support this or that despotic project; Laud and Strafford threw their souls into the scheme of despotism as a whole, took their lives in their hands, and went in "thorough and thorough." Like two ravens, they answered each other, croak for croak, across St. George's Channel, the sympathy of each cheering the dark soul of the other, and smoothing its dusky plumage till it smiled. Laud was in eloquence and brilliancy the inferior man of the two; but in industry, in zeal, in intensity of application and steadfastness of purpose, he could not be surpassed. He made his soul like unto a wedge. He knew neither doubt nor scruple, turned neither to the right hand nor to the left, paused for no recreation, and was never caught slumbering. Like Robespierre, he believed every word he spoke; his devotion to his Anglican idea and to his ecclesiastical order may be compared, for simplicity, fervour, sincerity, and disinterestedness, to the devotion of Robespierre to the idea of human perfectibility and to the cause of the unfriended multitude. It is this kind of man who, as Mirabeau said of Robespierre, goes far; and it is by no means an inexplicable circumstance that many of Laud's shining contemporaries, starting along with him in the race, found themselves thrust aside or left behind by the wiry, sleepless zealot, all iron and dull-burning, but unquenchable fire.

Laud's rise into importance was not rapid. At St. John's, Oxford, where he was chosen scholar in 1590 and fellow in 1593, his career was that of a careful, diligent, capable man, not that of a man of brilliant genius or splendid parts. He soon gave proof of Arminian leanings in doctrine, and anti-Puritan leanings in Church government and discipline. He early displayed that faculty for making himself useful to his friends, and bearing hard upon his enemies, which is one of the knacks of men who get on. Small in stature, forward, confident, strenuous, with his eyes always about him, and his activity never at fault, he was a valuable ally and a dangerous foe. He courted Neile, Bishop of Durham, who became his zealous patron, and to whom, if we may believe Dr. Abbot, he told tales of "all the honest men" about the University whose discourses savoured of Puritanism. It was this Bishop Neile who, when King James propounded at the dinner table the question whether he had not the right to take his subjects' money if Parliament obstinately refused to grant it, made answer, "God forbid you should not, for you are the breath of our nostrils." Laud was a self-constituted spy both upon books and men. When he suspected a man of too cordial sympathy with the Reformed Churches, he set his black mark upon him, in order that Neile might take note of it, and speak a word to King James in his prejudice.

He took kindly to the part of spy; and there was in him more than a trace of the sycophant. He would stretch a point to secure the favour of a great man. His marriage of Charles Blount, Earl of Devonshire, to the divorced wife of Lord Rich, is an instance in point. Blount, when the mere younger brother of Lord Mountjoy, had wooed, and, so far as affection went, had won the Lady Penelope Devereux, daughter of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex. The Essex family declined the match, and married her to

Robert, Lord Rich, a man of wealth, estate, and title, whom she did not like. She bore him, however, seven children, but in the meantime renewed her intimacy with Blount, and had children by him also. Blount distinguished himself in Elizabeth's Irish wars, inherited the title of Lord Mountjoy by outliving his brother, and became also Earl of Devonshire. Finding Lady Rich divorced, he resolved to marry her, with a view to doing justice both to her and to his children by her. It was manifestly the right and honourable course to pursue. Laud performed the ceremony, appealing to Catholic, Lutheran, and Reformed doctors in defence of the step. Had he stood manfully by this vindication of his conduct, we might have regarded the transaction as telling in his favour, and as pleasantly relieving, by its fresh and bold outflow of human sympathy, the arid ecclesiastical desert of his life. But he did not dare to drink of the waters of nature which had gurgled up at his feet. His tone of reference to the affair is that of one who had done what he repented of and had regretted. He kept the 26th of December, the day of the year on which he married the Earl, as a day of fasting and humiliation. We are forced, therefore, to believe that, unless a change took place in his opinions on the point, which seems most unlikely, he did for a patron and a great man what he would not have done if reason and conscience had not been under a certain amount of constraint.

King James was much offended by Laud's conduct in this matter. He was displeased also with the impatient zeal of Laud in pressing for an enforced conformity of the Scottish Church to the Anglican model. It struck James that there was something dangerously restless about Laud, an incapacity to let well alone. It is a fact not without significance for one who studies the characters of James and of Charles, that the former never took heartily to Laud, whereas the latter grappled Laud to his soul with hooks of

steel. James, with all his absurdity, had in him an inextinguishable spark of sagacity, of native Scotch prudence and canniness, which kept him from such fatal mistakes as ruined his dignified, accomplished, and, in all superficial respects, superior son. James was a blundering, babbling man, whom an instinct of what was safe and what was fatal kept always from the irretrievable step. We may liken James to an Irishman, far gone in drink, making his way by moonlight through the familiar bog, staggering, tumbling, bemiring himself, but always avoiding the hole in which he would drown; Charles to a self-confident traveller, furnished with lantern and all the apparatus of a prosperous journey, but who mistakes the quaking scum of the morass for firm, green turf, trusts his foot to it with impulsive haste, and sinks to rise no more. King James would never have attempted to seize the five members in the House of Commons, or staked his life on the success of Hamilton's invasion of England. James's weaknesses and defects were on the surface; he was less a fool than he looked: Charles was, in all practical affairs, essentially an incapable man, with shows of ability that deceived others and half-deceived himself.

True to his climbing, cat-like nature—for if he had the strength of the tiger, he had the wariness and wiliness of the cat—Laud attached himself to Buckingham, and, while doing his best, by purring flattery, to assuage the hostility of the reigning monarch, courted the heir apparent. The accession of Charles, in 1625, dates the attainment by Laud of a position of commanding influence. King James, though he had fretted and fussed against the Puritans, and liked a Church that would fool his vanity to the top of its bent, could not, with that instinct of practicality of his, muster up any right enthusiasm for so fine-spun a faith as Anglicanism. The zeal of Charles for Anglicanism soon equalled that of Laud himself. The part played in history

by this system has been so notable that it is worth comprehending; and if we would truly comprehend it, we must understand its strength and feel its beauty, as well as fairly recognise its defects.

The Anglican conception of the Church of Rome, in the first place, whatever might be the verdict of a severely scientific criticism upon its essential rightness, is more large and liberal, and appeals more powerfully, both to our intellectual and our emotional sympathies, than that of the Puritans. For these the Church of Rome was Antichrist. Such an idea is truly appalling. It seems to sweep God's sunlight for a thousand years from the face of the world. We shrink in horror from the thought that the mediæval Church, penetrating with the fine reticulation of its common Christian sentiment into recesses of the German forests, and into valleys of the Caledonian hills, in which the Roman legions never made good their footing, binding Europe into a unity of Christian brotherhood finer and deeper than the unity of the empire of the Cæsars, was but a masterpiece of devilish organisation; that the Crusaders, who shed their blood to rescue the sepulchre of Christ from the infidel; the monks and nuns, whose prayers arose night and day in Alpine valleys, their table spread for the wayfarer by day, and their unquenched taper guiding his steps in the darkness; the bishops and abbots and preaching friars, who, amid countless instances of failure and of falsity, on the whole, comforted the poor and taught the ignorant—that each and all of these were the subtly-hoodwinked emissaries of the spirit of evil. The strictly sequent corollary to the Puritan view of Antichrist—namely, that the Church of Christ, rightly so-called, had in all those ages been represented by a trickling streamlet of questionable orthodoxy, giving drink to minute sects, Berengarians, Albigenses, and the rest, and swelling into a mighty river only in the days of Luther and Calvin,

—is a notion which seems to stagger to its foundations all trust in human progress. When, therefore, from the vantage ground of the nineteenth century, we contemplate impartially both the Anglicans and the Puritans of the seventeenth, we can well understand how, in firmly maintaining against the Puritans that the Church of Rome, whatever her faults, was a Church of Christ, and not the synagogue of Satan, Laud and his Anglicans would have ground of potent appeal to expansive minds and generous tempers.

Looking back with affectionate reverence upon mediæval Christendom, Laud and his Anglicans qualified their acceptance of the Reformation with profound regret that Catholic unity had been broken, and with intense desire that it might be restored.

"I cannot but wonder," said Laud, preaching to Parliament, "what words St. Paul, were he now alive, would use, to call back unity into dismembered Christendom. For my part, death were easier to me than it is to see and consider the face of the Church of Christ, scratched and torn till it bleeds in every part, as it doth this day; and the 'Coat of Christ,' which was once spared by soldiers because it was seamless, rent every way, and, which is the misery of it, by the hand of the priest. . . . Good God! what preposterous thrift is this in men, to sew up every small rent in their own coat, and not care what rents they not only suffer, but make, in the coat of Christ? What is it? Is Christ only thought fit to wear a torn garment? Or can we think that the 'Spirit of unity,' which is one with Christ, will not depart to seek warmer clothing? Or, if He be not gone already, why is there not unity, which is wherever He is? Or, if He be but yet gone from other parts of Christendom, in any case for the passion and in the bowels of Jesus Christ I beg it, make stay of Him here in our parts."

It would not be fair to Laud to say that he put uniformity into the place of unity. But he held that uniformity is a safeguard, one of the most important safeguards, of unity. In the Epistle Dedicatory to Charles of his Disputation with Fisher, the Jesuit, Laud defines his position in these words:—"I have observed, further, that no one thing hath made conscientious men more wavering in their own minds, or more apt and easy to be drawn aside from the sincerity of religion professed in the Church of England, than the want of uniform and decent order in too many churches of the kingdom; and the Romanists have been apt to say, the houses of God could not be suffered to lie so nastily, as in some places they have done, were the true worship of God observed in them, or did the people think that such it were. It is true, the inward worship of the heart is the great service of God, and no service acceptable without it; but the external worship of God in His Church is the great witness to the world that our heart stands right in that service of God."

He protested against the conclusion that, because the Church of Rome had "thrust some unnecessary and many superstitious ceremonies upon the Church, the Reformation must have none at all;" and maintained that "ceremonies are the hedge that fence the substance of religion from all the indignities which profaneness and sacrilege too commonly put upon it." Laud's reference to the "nastiness" of some of the churches touches upon a remarkable feature of English life in those times. St. Paul's was for a long period a thoroughfare and common lounge, serving many of the purposes of the modern Exchange and the modern Club; and Mr. W. Longman, in his monograph on the Cathedral, mentions that similar desecrations occurred elsewhere. This was a subject on which Laud waxed very hot, repelling with sharp indignation the

charge of superstition, when applied to his reverence for holy places. "This is the misery," he cries out, in a speech to the Lords of the Star Chamber; "it is superstition nowadays for any man to come with more reverence into a church than a tinker and his bitch come into an ale-house; the comparison is too homely, but my just indignation at the profaneness of the times makes me speak it." *

If we deal justly, or, at all events, if we deal generously, with Laud, we shall admit that his main idea in connection with ceremonies and the beautifying of the worship of God, was more massive than that of our modern Ritualists. He does not seem to have gone much upon sacramentarian symbolism, or to have been spasmodically vehement on Apostolical succession. "The Catholic Church of Christ," he says, in the exordium of one of his sermons, "is neither Rome nor a conventicle. Out of that there is no salvation, I easily confess it. But out of Rome there is, and out of a conventicle, too; salvation is not shut up into such a narrow conclave. In this ensuing discourse, therefore, I have endeavoured to lay open those wider gates of the Catholic Church confined to no age, time, or place; nor knowing any bounds but that 'faith which was once'—and but once for all—'delivered to the saints.'" There is a masculine tone in these words, a manly preference of faith to form, which warrants us in saying that Laud would have regarded, with something of impatience, the fastidiousness of those modern Ritualists, for whom agreement in belief, as distinguished from participation in some imaginary benefit of Apostolic descent, or sacramental virtue, or priestly dress, is no claim to ecclesiastical recognition or brotherly sympathy.

Once more, however, we must throw in a modicum of qualification. That last quotation shows Laud at his best.

* Harl. Miscell. vol. ix. p. 212.

When we see him converting his theory of Ritualism into practice—consecrating, for example, the church of St. Catherine Cree in London—we are at a loss to understand why, if he had in view chiefly the rational decoration and seemliness of worship, he should have proceeded as he did. The ceremonial consisted in what, for some part of it, at least, we can only define as regulated antics, bowings, steppings, jumpings backward and forward, according to number and measure, without any discernible principle of beauty or impressiveness. "As he approached the communion-table"—thus proceeded the consecration in its most solemn stage—"he made several low bowings; and coming up to the side of the table, where the bread and wine were covered, he bowed seven times; and then, after the reading of many prayers, he came near the bread, and gently lifted up a corner of the napkin wherein the bread was laid, and when he beheld the bread, he laid it down again, flew back a step or two, bowed three several times towards it, then he drew near again, and lifting the corner of the cup, looked into it, and, seeing the wine, let fall the cover again, retired back, and bowed as before." It has been calculated that Laud bowed here some two dozen times, with interspersed skippings and pacings. When we recollect that, by the account of all his contemporaries, he was a diminutive, red-faced man, we can hardly help feeling that there was more of grotesque pantomime than of the beauty of holiness in such a performance. It is still more difficult to believe that Laud was not, more or less, conforming to some model of ritualistic symbolism.*

But if Laud himself had little in his composition except the stiffest prose, his theory on the subject of ceremonies and church-decoration opened a door for all the poetry of

* Mr. Gardiner thinks that the account of the St. Catherine Cree consecration relied upon at Laud's trial was exaggerated. His observations on the subject have much weight, but are not, I think, conclusive

Anglicanism. The devout Anglican of modern times may pardonably represent him to the imagination as a poet-priest, giving adoration wings of solemn beauty, on which to rise to heaven, trimming the lamp of sacrifice that its light might stream more radiantly towards the feet of God, and fill with more reverential illumination the temple upon earth. Whatever there was for Laud, there was for George Herbert true poetry in the choral chant, in the coloured window, in the hallowed altar, in the hushed and glimmering aisle. In Herbert's church of Layton, which was "for workmanship a costly mosaic, and for the form an exact cross," there, indeed, ministered a poet-priest. While Herbert prayed and mused upon the beauty of holiness, *The Temple* arose in solemn colour and grave, sweet melody, to his rapt imagination. Reflecting on the harshness and baldness of Puritan worship and Puritan church architecture in England until the most recent time, and contrasting with these all that has been done to invest the worship of the Church of England with lofty imagery and melting grace, we learn to appreciate the spell which Laud's enthusiasm for the beauty of holiness laid upon many of his contemporaries.

It is certainly a mistake to suppose that Laud favoured Popery, as distinguished from the Catholicism of the Latin Church. "The Pope," he says in a sermon from which we have already quoted, "which Bellarmine hath put into the definition of the Church, that there might be one ministerial head to keep all in unity, is as great as any, if not the greatest cause of divided Christianity." He wrote to Strafford in March, 1633, "You must turn out the insufficient [schoolmasters], and especially those which train up the youth in Popery." He was tolerant of Papists to an extent which the Puritans condemned, but his tolerance would in the nineteenth century be called persecution. We hear of his causing to be brought up from Winchester "a Popish

schoolmaster and a Popish innkeeper, in whose house many gentlemen's sons of the western parts were bred up." The schoolmaster and the innkeeper were "at the Council-table," as the Rev. G. Garrard informs Strafford, in a letter of April 28, 1637, "put down" by Laud. A book was published by the Popish party in which "praying to Saints and to the Blessed Virgin Mary" was sanctioned; Laud had it called in and burnt by the hangman.

His Anglicanism was the typical Anglicanism of the *via media*, the Anglicanism of Bishop Andrews. In his Diary, Laud styles Bishop Andrews "the great light of the Christian world." In opposition to personal Papal infallibility, this school might have gone almost step for step with the Puritans. One of the theses which Andrews undertakes to maintain against Cardinal Bellarmine is, "that it may be probably gathered from the second chapter of the second epistle to the Thessalonians that the Roman Pontiff is Antichrist." The theology of Anglicanism, according to Laud, is essentially Roman; but it is a vital point in the system to decline submission to the Pope. The Church of England "is," says Laud, "in a hard condition. She professes the ancient Catholic faith, and yet the Romanist condemns her of novelty in her doctrine; she practises Church government as it hath been in use in all ages, and all places where the Church of Christ hath taken any rooting, both in and ever since the Apostles' times, and yet the separatist condemns her for Antichristianism in her discipline. The plain truth is, she is between these two factions as between two millstones."

Every reader of practical sagacity must see that, though the exact theological analyst and the carefully-just historian of opinion may succeed in distinguishing between Anglicanism and Romanism, and in understanding the sincere anti-Popery of Laud, the mass of men were and are sure to fall into mistakes on the subject. Anglicanism is a

faith for the library, in which the divine sits composing his treatise, or for the clerical conclave, where nice ecclesiastical distinctions have a professional interest; but it is a bad working creed, and its passionate devotees have, with significant uniformity, been not laymen, but clergymen. There is an organisation so fine of fibre, and so exquisitely strung, so delicately poised between Popery and Protestantism, that it can balance itself, like Blondin crossing the Falls of Niagara, on the thin aërial line of the *via media* between Rome and the Reformation. But ordinary mortals have difficulty even in comprehending how the feat can be performed. It seems to have puzzled the Pope himself, for he offered Laud a Cardinal's hat. It misled the Popish Queen of Charles, who took Laud for an excellent Catholic. Possibly, indeed, Anglicanism may have drawn nearer to Popery in the days of Laud's ascendency than it had done in the period preceding the death of Bishop Andrews. Not only did Laud receive an offer of a Cardinal's hat, but he did not at once and peremptorily reject it. He took it into consideration; he consulted the King about it, and it was made to him a second time before being finally dismissed. Could such an offer have been made to a Bishop who held, with Andrews, that the Pope was probably Antichrist? "It must be confessed," says Hallam, "that these English theologians were less favourable to the Papal supremacy than to most other distinguishing tenets of the Catholic Church. Yet even this they were inclined to admit in a considerable degree, as a matter of positive though not Divine institution; content to make the doctrine and discipline of the fifth century the rule of their bastard reform." In our own day we have seen Anglicanism, revived in the purity of the Andrews type, develop into a flagrancy of Roman doctrine which would certainly have startled Laud.

Need we wonder, then, that simple, unsophisticated men have been unable to lay a firm grasp upon the difference between Anglicanism and Romanism, or that the practical consequences of their inability have been serious? An Anglican sister of mercy, with a little higher elevation, a sentiment of devotion rather more subdued and ethereal than those of her associates, becomes a Roman nun; an Anglican doctor, with a keener intellectual fire-edge and a more original, strenuous, and turbulent personality than the melodious Keble or the meditative Pusey, becomes a Roman Newman. Such a faith can scarce be read by one who runs. Rugged, impetuous Cromwell, much in prayer and often in tears, for whom the clear shining of Gospel light was the sole beauty of holiness, might fail in appreciating the symmetry of its perfection; austere Prynnes, their ears twice sawn from their heads, might be excused for not hearing its music of the spheres. "It must be confessed," says Hume, a cool, shrewd, and impartial witness, "that though Laud deserved not the appellation of Papist, the genius of his religion was, though in a less degree, the same with that of the Romish: the same profound respect was exacted to the sacerdotal character, the same submission required to the creeds and decrees of synods and councils, the same pomp and ceremony was affected in worship, and the same superstitious regard to days, postures, meats, and vestures."

In point of fact, when we turn to the Puritan side of the question, we find that there was one grand obstruction to their acceptance of Laud's beauty of holiness. That obstacle was compulsion. Laud, when he drew theological distinctions in his chamber at Lambeth, might have a delicate hand, like that of a great artist striking the line of a face; but it was a mailed hand he brought down upon all who did not conform to his regulations in public.

His idea was Anglican uniformity in England, Scotland, and Ireland; and any breach of this uniformity produced in him a fierce and keen irritation, like that physical irritation which we might fancy to be produced by the sting of a wasp in a spot where one had been flayed. He would not tolerate even the worship of foreign Protestants resident in London; if they did not conform he worried them out of England. The Anglican discipline and worship were imposed upon English regiments in foreign countries, and upon the foreign factories of English trading companies. Scudamore, the English Ambassador to the Court of France, was ordered to withdraw from fellowship with the Huguenots. This desertion of their struggling Continental brethren went to the heart of the English Puritans. Large numbers of Englishmen took refuge in America; but it vexed Laud to see them thus escape him; and though it has been doubted whether at his instance Hampden and Cromwell were detained in England, there can be no doubt that the emigration of Puritans was checked. He even stretched out his rod over the colonial Churches, trying to bring them, too, into conformity.

A few zealous Puritans founded an association in the last year of James's reign, for the purpose of buying up tithes which had been seized by laymen, and applying them to the support of preachers, or, as they were commonly called, lecturers, who agreed with Laud neither as to doctrine nor as to ceremonial. The head-quarters of the society were in London, and Oliver Cromwell, then an energetic farmer of Huntingdon, whose spiritual experience was very comforting to his friends, was one of its ardent supporters. "Building of hospitals," wrote Oliver, pleading for assistance to one of the lecturers, "provides for men's bodies: to build material temples is judged a work of piety; but they that procure spiritual food, they that build up spiritual temples, they are the men truly charitable, truly

pious." The Association, both on account of the Puritan doctrine of its lecturers and the dependence of the whole affair on the laity, was offensive to Laud. The leaders were brought into the Star Chamber and condemned to pay a severe penalty. The scheme was broken up. England, Scotland, and Ireland were to have Laud's religion or none. It made the matter only the more exasperating that, in the placidity of his theological comprehensiveness, Laud could speak of ceremonies as indifferent. Was that which was indifferent for him to be wrought into links of iron wherewith to bind other men's consciences? Milton's ire against the Bishops reaches its intensest glow when he speaks of the indifferent things out of which they framed their intolerable *impositions*.

Never has a system of persecution been put in operation better adapted to tease into fury a proud and rugged nation than that of Laud's. To provoke to fury—not to subdue. It was not that tremendous terrorism by which Rome has sometimes steadied her tottering throne. When the simple alternative was prostrate submission or death by fire, and there was power in the oppressor to enforce it, human nature gave way, the spirit of a nation was broken, and perhaps the most pernicious blunder and the most heinous crime of which man is capable were consummated. This was the case in parts of Italy and of Spain. Laud's tyranny produced a universal, fretting irritation, the few instances of severe personal punishment inflicted upon ecclesiastical delinquents being just sufficient to stimulate indignation to the highest pitch, not sufficient to quell a brave and stubborn race. Such instances were the mangling and branding of Dr. Alexander Leighton, father of the far-famed and much-loved Archbishop Leighton, of Dunblane. He was whipped, set in the pillory, branded with red-hot iron. His nostrils were slit, his ears cut off, the infliction taking place with an

interval of a week, one nostril being slit and one ear cut off at a time. He was then thrown into prison, where he remained until the "general overturn." This was in 1630. In 1637, Prynne, a lawyer, Bastwick, a doctor of medicine, and Burton, a clergyman of the Church of England, were subjected to similar manglings. Prynne's ears had been cut off once before and sewn on again; this time they were grubbed up by the roots. The men were all heavily fined and sent to imprisonment in remote castles. It cannot be doubted that the language printed by these men was studiously offensive to Laud, the Bishops, and the Court; but the injury which their words could have occasioned to the Government were scarcely appreciable as weighed against the influence of their torturings, in presence of a large and sympathetic crowd.

It has been said that Anglicanism in its pure type has no direct or necessary affinity with Popery. But as a matter of fact the *via media* has been always thronged with proselytes from the Church of England to the Church of Rome. In their main position, that Laudism was calculated to bring in Popery, the Puritans were in the right. For one Romanist who has taken refuge in Anglicanism, as affording him a comparatively free and comparatively purified Catholicism, five hundred Anglicans have passed into the Church of Rome. Appearance rules the world; and if two Churches are like each other in appearance, it is their appearance, not their hidden and intrinsic qualities, that will influence men. The very best trap you can devise to bring an escaped bird back into confinement is the cage from which it has flown. The new freedom is agitating, perplexing; there are perils and difficulties, not a few, in finding a livelihood among the wild forest boughs, tossing in the wind; and the accustomed perch, the well-filled trough of seed, the water sparkling in its glass, seem so alluring as they are placed full in view. The bird that

will be free must cast no lingering look backward upon the sweets of servitude; its safe course is to fly at once out of sight of the cage.

Common sense also, and the stiff logic that prevails in practical life, will insist that the Puritans, in demanding that the severance between England and Rome should be complete, and that the Church of England should frankly and irrevocably cast in her lot with the Churches of the Reformation, had a right to judge Rome by what she was in the days when Luther and Calvin rose against her, not by an ideal past to which she had miserably given the lie. If her past was that of united Christendom and St. Bernard, her present was that of Monk Tetzel and the Inquisition. The fires of Smithfield and the massacre of St. Bartholomew were nearer to the Puritans in 1630-40, than the Reign of Terror of 1793 is to us in the present day; and it is not too much to say that the political history of England has been throughout the whole of this century, and is at this hour, powerfully influenced by the results of the experiment of pure democracy made by Robespierre and his friends in 1793. It is right and beautiful that the spirit of the past, in all that was immortal of it, should be transfused into the present; but it is after all the spirit of the present that ought to rule the present, not the spirit of the past; and even if we grant that what was noble in mediæval Christianity, its valour, its reverence, its aspiration, its piety, its capacities of obedience and renunciation, ought to have been carried over into the Reformed Churches, we may still maintain that Anglicanism attempted to bring into the modern time not only the kernel but the husk of mediævalism. And it is a law which modern science, with each new advance, shows with new emphasis to be inexorable and universal, that Nature casts away her husks and never takes them up again. All resuscitated religion, like all resuscitated art, wants the breath of life. The ordi-

nance of death is irrevocable,—there is no use, less than no use, in resisting it. Will you insist on doing so? Will you by violence discrown the King of terrors? Will you wrest from his arms the form that was so beautiful, that you loved so well? Quick, then; rend the tomb; bring your embalming apparatus, bring your spices, place the dear one yet again in the accustomed chair. What have you? Does the heart beat, do the eyes overflow with light to meet your welcome, do the lips wear the old smile? No. It is a mummy. This is artifice, not life. Commit it again to the grave; and let gentle memory and reverent imagination, working with spiritual colours that have no place or name, keep fresh before your mind's eye the living form that alone can be the companion of your spirit.

Protestantism might or might not do as great things for the human race as Mediævalism had done, but it could do its own work only on its own basis. At this day, when we see Ultramontanism and progress arrayed in mortal conflict, we behold the latest confirmation of the assertion of the Puritans that the breach with Rome ought to be decisive.

Laud has been justly called Charles's bad genius, and it is when we appreciate his influence over Charles that we understand in its deepest malignity the evil thing which Laud represented for such men as Hampden and Vane. He, more than any other, nursed Charles in that worship of his kingly office and himself which was his ruin. In preaching before Charles and his Parliament upon "the pillars" of the world spoken of in the seventy-fifth Psalm, Laud proceeds thus:—"God doth not say here, 'I bear up the earth' and the 'inhabitants' of it, though He doth that too, and they cannot subsist without Him; but as if He had quite put them over to the King and the great governors under him, He saith, 'I bear up the pillars,' and then I look, and will require of them, that they 'bear up'

the State and the people. 'Let me speak a little boldly,' saith Gregory Naziazen; 'show yourselves gods to your subjects;' gods and no less. 'Gods'; why then you must do God's work. And God's work, ever since the Creation, is to preserve and 'bear up' the world. Therefore, as God bears up you, so you must bear up the earth and the people. God retains His own power over you; but He hath given you His own power over them."

This, if uttered in our day, might safely be interpreted into the infinitely great in sound, ofttimes infinitely little in sense, of pulpit rhetoric; but it meant more in the seventeenth century, and above all it meant more for Charles. This was the kind of thing which blundering, stuttering James, pleased, doubtless, to have his ears tickled with it, would discern to be moonshine. But into the sickly mind of Charles, prone to illusions and mysticisms, it came like a delicious, enervating, soul-entrancing syren-song. Passive obedience to an anointed king became, in his fixed persuasion, a sacred duty. The anointed and mystically-endowed creature was of unspeakable value to his people, was almost incapable of being criminal if his own glory and defence were to be promoted, and would probably be guarded by special interposition of Providence from the fate which might overtake ordinary mortals. Such was the web of fallacy and fantasy in which poor Charles was, to his destruction, involved. Had Laud succeeded in conforming England to his ideal as completely as he conformed Charles, the very fibre of the national character would have mortified; and the spirit of the English race, known from the days of Froissart as high and proud, would have become that of the slave. In all the weight of meaning which inspired men have thrown into the term, an England after Laud's own heart would have been an *idolatrous* England. Putting phantoms of a diseased imagination for real things, it would have bowed down in maudlin reverence before

foolish or vicious kings, calling them sages and saints, Solomons and Hezekiahs. Such a nation, mistaking the dusky air in the charnel-houses of superstition for the pure light of religion, would have lost those erect and ruddy virtues which dwell with health of mind and body, and would have crept between heaven and earth in basest thraldom to the priest and the tyrant.

Having been aided in his rise by the patronage of ecclesiastics and courtiers, having all his life haunted Universities and Courts, with no gift of familiarity or sociability, Laud's whole nature was antipathetic to the mass of mankind; and while he rested on Strafford, and hoped in the King, and rejoiced in the decisions of the Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission, he was profoundly ignorant of the England that lay at his feet. Strafford was more feared than he; but Laud was the most unpopular man in the three Kingdoms. The comprehensiveness of his unpopularity is, in one respect, greatly to his credit; for he was resolutely honest in enforcing ecclesiastical discipline upon the upper as well as the lower classes. "Persons of honour and great quality," says Clarendon, "of the Court and of the country, were every day cited into the High Commission Court, upon the fame of their incontinence, or other scandal in their lives, and were there prosecuted to their shame and punishment." He was a man of a perfectly honest and intrepid spirit—that must be said for Laud; and it is something to be set against the obsequiousness of model ecclesiasticism in our time. Laud's utter fearlessness, however, tempered as it was by no prudential tact or masculine sympathy with his kind, was a fatal quality for him. As James had half-prophesied, his scheme of ecclesiastical uniformity was shattered upon the resistance of the Scotch. The attempt to introduce the Laudian service in Edinburgh in 1637 occasioned a riot, and the riot swelled into a revolution.

When, after fifteen years of tyranny and misgovernment, the patience of the English people was exhausted, and the Long Parliament met, Laud was, at the same time with Strafford, placed under arrest. He said that his arrest exceedingly surprised him, and this may very well have been the case, for he lived in a vain show, fancying that to take the ears off Prynne was to change the mind of a nation, and unaware of the mighty wrath that England was nursing against him in her heart. The tables were now turned, and Prynne became the implacable and unscrupulous persecutor and prosecutor of Laud. Hated by all Puritans, he was most of all hated by the Scotch, and it may be doubted whether even the intense and unweariable enmity of Prynne would have procured his death if the Scots, whom, in 1644, the English Commons were anxious to propitiate, had not urged that he should die. Mr. Darwin tells us that, in the general conflict of nature, the war between species closely resembling each other is most severe. It was in Laud, on the one hand, and in the Covenanting Scots who hunted him to death, on the other, that the idea of ecclesiastical uniformity as supremely desirable was held with most impassioned fervour. Laud sought Anglican uniformity, the Scots sought Presbyterian uniformity, throughout the three Kingdoms. Neither idea could be realised; and the Scots, when they had trampled on the dust of Laud, found that they had still to reckon with Oliver Cromwell, John Milton, and other formidable persons for whom imposed and enforced uniformity, whether Anglican or Presbyterian, was once for all insufferable. Laud was beheaded in January, 1645. He defended himself with the courage and pertinacity that had always distinguished him, and he died bravely and gently.

It was seemly that he and Strafford should die. The question whether their death was just is not to be answered by reference to this statute or to that, to this or to that tech-

nical definition of high treason, but by considering whether the purpose and effort of their lives—not only theoretically embraced, but, to the utmost of their ability, practically carried out—amounted to a capital crime against all that, during the last three hundred years, has made our island prosperous and respected. If despotism is really a noble and beneficent institution, as eloquent enthusiasts, dazzled by the splendours of triumphant energy in the few instances in which good and great men have been despots, will always be found to allege—if it is indeed well for mankind that the priest should stand between their consciences and their God, as mentally feeble and morally sickly persons will always vaguely feel—then Strafford and Laud, who, in the critical transition period of modern history, strove to place king and priest in England in the place which they then finally secured in Spain, committed no offence worthy of death. But if, even under favourable circumstances, the drawbacks of despotism are, on the whole, greater than its blessings, and if despotism of the incompetent and the bad—which, practically, all hereditary and systematic despotism must be—is the most penetrating and pestilential curse that can afflict humanity, then the sentences of Strafford and of Laud were just. They two made it the object of their lives to seal up the eyes of England in the sleep of despotism, spiritual and civil. Their death was the right conclusion of a superb historical tragedy. The task was too much for them; but let no one think of Laud as a peevish imbecile. He had all the faults, and they are grievous, of the ecclesiastical order; but he was one of the greatest ecclesiastics England has produced.

IV.

HENRIETTA MARIA.

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CHAPTER IV.

HENRIETTA MARIA.

HENRIETTA MARIA, Queen of Charles I., was the daughter of Henry of Navarre and Marie de Medicis. She inherited qualities of mind and temperament from both parents. Her courage, energy, promptitude, we may trace to the victor of Ivry, though the masculine strength of Henry was in her dashed with feminine vehemence; and there are passages in her history, interpreted on principles of poetry and Platonism by Miss Strickland, viewed more prosaically by Hallam, which recall the passion and impulsiveness of the lover of the fair Gabrielle. From her Medicean mother she had an organisation exquisitively sensitive to beauty in painting, a capacity of attaining consummate excellence in music, and an intense fervour of devotion to the Roman Catholic Church. She was born in Paris in 1609, a few months before her father was murdered by Ravaillac. The Pope was her godfather. Her mother committed her religious training to a Carmelite nun of the highest enthusiasm.

In her sixteenth year she was married to Charles. The marriage articles provided that she and her retinue should practise the ordinances of their religion with fitting dignity, and that her children should be educated by her until their thirteenth year. There appears to have been a kind of understanding between the Courts of London and of Paris that this last engagement was a mere form. The French

Court played fast and loose with the Vatican, the English negotiators with the Parliament and people of England. Marie de Medicis, however, looked on the stipulation as a reality, and the success of Henrietta Maria in giving it effect cost her children the crown of these realms. When she left France for England, she received a letter from her mother, enjoining her with the utmost solemnity to act in her new sphere as the missionary and protectress of Catholicism. "The descendant of St. Louis," she was exhorted to strive, like him, "for the good of the faith and the exaltation of the Church," and to follow his example in being faithful unto death "among the infidels."

The King met her at Dover. At the moment of his arrival she was at breakfast, but rose from table, ran down a pair of stairs, and on seeing him offered to kneel and kiss his hand. He "wrapped her up in his arms with many kisses." She had got ready a little French speech. "Sire, je suis venue en ce pays de votre Majesté pour être commandée de vous"—here she broke down and burst into tears, but Charles came to her relief with more kisses and tender protestations. She was tiny in person, with features of large form but delicately shaped, brown hair, dark eyes now touchingly soft, now sparkling like stars, air *spirituelle*, complexion "perfectly beautiful," and something in her face which "made all the world love her." Not an unpleasant thing for a bridegroom to "wrap her up in his arms with many kisses!"

Presently they started for Canterbury. On Barham Downs a pavilion was erected and a banquet prepared. The King, who had winning ways with those he loved, was tenderly gallant, carving with his own Royal hand for Henrietta, and serving her both with pheasant and venison. Under the June sky, in the bracing air of the upland near the sea, her spirits rose, and her joyful sympathy with the men and manners of her new home passed all bounds.

Father Sancy, her confessor, comes sidling up to her elbow, and whispers that it is the vigil of St. John the Baptist, when no good Catholic would give scandal by eating flesh. Henrietta sticks to the savoury meat, and lets the austere shaveling sidle back again. Her English subjects, watching these symptoms with eager Protestant eyes, are in ecstasies of delight. "Can your Majesty," ventures one bold inquirer to ask, "tolerate a Huguenot?" "Why not?" answers Henrietta; "was not my father one?" They entered London by the river, where hundreds of glittering barges, with streamers flying, joined the Royal procession.

This brilliant dawn of married life was soon overcast, nor did the gay ecclesiastical contumacies of Barham Downs herald the emancipation of the Queen from the rule of Father Sancy. On the first day of her holding Court at Whitehall, she showed that her eyes could flash the dark lightnings of anger, as well as beam with the piquant sweetness of coy surrender. Finding a room inconveniently hot and crowded, she cleared it "with one scowl." Charles soon became aware that she was to be Catholic first and English second. Neither her pride as a wife nor her ambition as a Queen could prevail with her to take part in the coronation. Not even from a latticed box in the Abbey would she witness the ceremony, or countenance the schismatic Church of England. On no point could Charles be more keenly sensitive; but Henrietta was inexorable. She atoned to Father Sancy for the freakish peccadilloes of Barham Downs by ostentatious and abject submission to her spiritual advisers. While the latter rode in a carriage, she trudged through the mud on foot in penitential pilgrimage; and Charles always believed, nor has the statement, though denied by Henrietta and mythically coloured by her enemies, been ever conclusively disproved, that she once went to Tyburn and paid reverent homage to

those questionable martyrs who had died for the Gunpowder Plot.

These things soon made her unpopular in England, but her conduct is not surprising. She must have felt, on establishing herself in London, that something very like a fraud had been practised upon her. Her marriage articles conceded all that was required for the free and stately practice of her religion, and both King James and King Charles had made large promises as to the toleration of Catholics in general. She found herself in the midst of a nation fanatically Protestant, convinced that the toleration of Popery was a heinous sin, and shuddering at the "idolatry of the mass." The strongest instincts of her nature, devotion to her Church, pride in her father and in France, sense of what was due to her as a wife who had given her hand under special conditions, and compassion for the persecuted Catholics of England, combined to make her shake the torch of her faith in the faces of her English subjects.

Not the less is it true that a more prudent woman might have done more for the English Catholics than was done by the impulsive and vehement Henrietta. She took the part of her priests and her French attendants with blind and passionate fervour. Poor Charles had a dreadful time of it between her priests, her women, and her own poutings and petulancies. There were upwards of four hundred foreigners in her train, mostly priests and women, and they seem to have addressed themselves, with the ingenuity of experts, to the task of making mischief between husband and wife. He complained that when he "had anything to say" to Henrietta, he "must manage her servants first." At last he plucked up courage to order the whole crew to Somerset House, as a preliminary step to their quitting England. The scene which followed was tragi-comical in a high degree: women howling, men gesticulating and vociferating, the Queen, led away by Charles

from the immediate scene of conflict, breaking windows in frenzied attempts to express sympathy with her departing household. He remained master, and soon followed up his triumph by giving the emphatic order to Buckingham to drive the French out of England "like so many wild beasts." A body of yeomen had to be called in before the foreigners would budge. At sight of the armed men they yielded, and proceeded to the place of embarkation. The populace, furious against the French Papists, crowded round them as they went aboard, and Madame de St. George, one of the most obnoxious of the party, was struck on the head with a stone by a man in the throng. A gentlemen instantly drew his sword and ran the fellow through the body. No remonstrance seems to have been made or surprise felt at this off-hand infliction of death punishment for an insult to a woman. The influence of chivalry had not yet quite died out of the English mob.

These summary proceedings against persons for whose attendance on the Queen of England provision had been made in the marriage treaty were viewed with more interest than satisfaction in the Court of France. Charles forwarded to his confidential agent in Paris a letter on the subject, to be submitted to the mother of Henrietta Maria. He details with *naïve* simplicity the petulancies of his girl-wife, his tenderness for whom is all the while unmistakable. On one occasion, when certain lands had been assigned her, she resolved to have her own servants put into their management, and "one night," writes Charles, "when I was in bed, she put a paper into my hand" with the names of those whom she intended to be thus favoured. He told her that her French attendants could not serve her as proposed. Sharp words ensued, and at last "she bad me plainly take my lands to myself;" if she could not put her servants into the places, she would rather have cash down. "I bad her then remember to whom she spake, and told her that

she ought not to use me so. Then she fell into a passionate discourse, how she was miserable," &c., &c. She refused even to hear him, crying out that she was not "of that base quality to be used so ill." He conquered, so, at least, he says—"I made her both hear me and end that discourse." He does not describe the means used,—a thing that might have been of interest to here and there a "poor married man."

The Queen-mother sent over Marshal Bassompierre to see whether the course of this true love could not be got to run a little more smoothly. The Marshal, a judicious, long-winded gentleman, was experienced in love troubles. He had once, poor soul, "burned more than six thousand love-letters, with which different ladies had from time to time been so good as to honour him." He discharged his delicate task in London with fair success. Firmly defending the Queen when he believed her to have been misrepresented, and stoutly maintaining, for one thing, that the offensive pilgrimage to the shrine of the Gunpowder Plot martyrs was a legend founded on an innocent evening walk, taken after a day spent in religious exercises, he saw that she had been a good deal in the wrong, and that Charles was, on the whole, an affectionate husband. Bassompierre returned to France to tell Marie de Medicis that there was not a little to be said in favour of the dismissal of the French retinue, and that Henrietta had been wayward. He took Father Sancy back with him to Paris, —an excellent riddance.

In the absence of the Frenchwomen, and with a sensible man installed as confessor in the place of Sancy, Henrietta learned to love her husband, and to exchange the fitful humours of married girlhood for the deeper joys of the attached wife. The death of Buckingham, in 1628, secured her the empire of Charles's heart, and she was henceforward dearer to him than all the world. It is a note-

worthy circumstance that Bossuet imputes to her influence the abandonment of the Huguenots, after the death of Buckingham, by the English Court. The great Duke, whose fundamental objects were success and popularity, may have been bent upon reconciling King and Parliament, and making himself the best-loved man in the kingdom, by strenuously adopting the cause of French Protestantism, and of Continental Protestantism in general. The strife between him and Henrietta had waxed so violent that he told her queens had lost their heads in England. Mere girl as she was, with none to help her but priests and women, Henrietta must have possessed unlimited courage to provoke the hostility of Buckingham. Possibly, indeed, she hardly knew what she was doing. Homer and Mr. Ruskin pronounce a fly the bravest of living creatures. But I think the courage of Henrietta was of steadier temper. Having never quailed before Buckingham, and having arrived at an understanding with Laud, she won and maintained ascendency over the weak and uxorious Charles. He wrote to her mother that the only dispute between him and Henrietta now was which should "vanquish the other by affection, each deeming the victory is gained when the wishes of the other are discerned and followed."

At length, when she had been married five years, on the edge of summer, 1630—May 29th—she had a son that lived. Dr. Laud christened the little one Charles. Henrietta was immensely delighted with him, writing to a French friend that he was a big, ugly fellow, and looked wiser than his mother. For the next ten years she was the happiest of women. In her nursery with her boys and girls, or filling the galleries of Whitehall with her incomparable voice while she sang to the child in her arms, she had all the felicity, as she herself told Madame de Motteville, which she could possess as Queen, as mother, and

as wife. Not forgetting her mission as protectress of the English Catholics, jealously shielding recusants, and securing for her co-religionists the services of three successive nuncios of the Holy See, she nevertheless took at this time comparatively small interest in politics. In the Court circle she was eminently popular, and she had already at least one personal adherent—her page, Harry Jermyn—whose part she had taken when Charles banished him from Court for seducing Eleanor Villiers, and who was prepared to go through fire and water in her service. Letters of the time speak of her as "nimble and quick, black-eyed, brown-haired, and a brave lady." Her eyes were celebrated by Waller :—

"Such radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies."

Her wit is attested by De Motteville, "infiniment de l'esprit." She was fond of gardening, and imported fruit-trees from France. Better still, there was her pet colony to be looked after, Maryland, as Charles fondly called it, whither 1,500 "homeless children," the gleaning of London streets in that pious time, had been sent. Dances, masques, and revels sped the rosy hours.

Under these circumstances, her Majesty would probably have smiled in magnanimous good-nature, qualified by contempt, at the disrespectful language applied to Queens who patronised plays and dances, by Mr. William Prynne, if Dr. Laud had not seen fit to make an example of that noticeable person. William Prynne is as characteristic a figure of the Puritan revolution of the seventeenth century as Jean Paul Marat of the Jacobin revolution of the eighteenth, though the balance of superiority, in respect both of solid ability and moral healthfulness, is greatly in favour of Prynne. It will be worth our while to take a careful look at him.

He had received a good education at the Bath Grammar

School and Oriel College, Oxford, had become an "utter barrister" of Lincoln's Inn, and had begun, about 1630, to publish writings of a vehemently Puritan character. In 1633 appeared his "Histrio-Mastix, the Players' Scourge." Its title-page is so vivid a bit, not so much of the history of the seventeenth century as of the seventeenth century itself, that I shall quote it *verbatim et literatim*, suppressing only an imposing array of sentences from Cyprian, Lactantius, Chrysostom, and Augustine, printed as mottoes:—

"Histrio-Mastix, the Players Scourge, or Actors Tragædie, Divided into two parts. Wherein it is largely evidenced, by divers Arguments, by the concurring Authorities and Resolutions of sundry texts of Scripture; of the whole Primitive Church, both under the Law and Gospell; of 55 Synodes and Counsels; of 71 Fathers and Christian Writers, before the yeare of our Lord 1200; of above 150 foraigne and domestique Protestant and Popish Authors, since; of 40 Heathen Philosophers, Historians, Poets; of many Heathen, many Christian Nations, Republiques, Emperors, Princes, Magistrates; of sundry, Apostolicall, Canonicall, Imperiall Constitutions; and of our owne English Statutes, Magistrates, Universities, Writers, Preachers. That popular Stage-playes (the very Pompes of the Divell which we renounce in Baptisme, if we beleeve the Fathers) are sinfull, heathenish, lewde, ungodly Spectacles, and most pernicious Corruptions; condemned in all ages, as intolerable Mischiefes to Churches, to Republickes, to the manners, mindes, and soules of men. And that the Profession of Play-poets, of Stage players; together with the penning, acting, and frequenting of Stage-playes, are unlawfull, infamous, and misbeseeming Christians. All pretences to the contrary are here likewise fully answered; and the unlawfulness of acting, of beholding Academical Enterludes, briefly discussed; besides sundry other particulars concerning Dancing, Dicing, Health-drinking, &c., of which the Table will informe you. By William Prynne, an Utter Barrister of Lincolnes Inne."

(Then follow the mottoes.)

"London.
"Printed by E. A. and W. I. for Michael Sparke, and are to be sold at the Blue Bible, in Greene Arbour, in little Old Bayly. 1633."

The promises, or threats, of this title-page, are conscientiously fulfilled in the book. There are a thousand pages closely printed, and the margins are crowded to the very edge with illustrative extracts, generally in Latin. The labour of collecting the enormous mass of materials must

have been stupendous. Mr. Carlyle pronounces it impossible for mortal man in the present day to get through the book, and this, *pace* Mr. Gladstone and a few German professors, may be true; but one can go to and fro in it, and walk up and down in it, like Satan on a visit to the earth, with the rather pleasurable feeling of being in an entirely different world from that to which one is accustomed. Prynne was a rigid Anglican of the Edward VI. type, austerely zealous for the purification of the Church from Popery, Arminianism, Ritualism, and of the land from vice. An intense fervour, gloomy but sincere, pervades his book, a genuine passion to sweep wickedness into the kennels, and do scavenger work for God. The gloom of Puritanism lies in deep shadow on the thousand pages. Men are to have "the day of death and judgment always fixed in their most serious meditations." Dancing, unless it were "grave, single, chaste, and sober measures, men with men"—in short, the kind of dancing approved of by Mr. Spurgeon, and delectably illustrated in a wood-cut by *Punch*—was not for a world hanging between heaven and hell. "Not dancers" go to heaven, "but mourners: not laughers, but weepers; whose tune is Lachrymæ, whose music sighs for sin; who know no other cinquapace but this to heaven, to go mourning all the day long for their iniquities; to mourn in secret like doves, to chatter like cranes for their own and others' sins. Fasting, prayers, mourning, teares, tribulations, martyrdom, were the only rounds that led all the saints to heaven." The very soul of Puritanism is in these words.

It was in connection with dancing that Prynne laid himself open to the attack of Laud. Prynne expresses himself as horror-struck at the idea of "Queenes themselves and the very greatest persons" dancing. That Henrietta, brilliant and spirited, instinct with life and fire, should be a beautiful dancer, was no palliation of her

offence in the eyes of Prynne. "Regina saltat," he quotes from Theophylact, "et quanto pulchrius saltavit, tanto pejus, turpe enim est Reginæ aliquid indecorum dextre facere." This is insolent; but one cannot help feeling some surprise at finding Henrietta Maria libelled in the Latin of Theophylact; and I have not been able to detect in Prynne—my search has not extended over every one of the thousand pages, but it has embraced every passage I could think of as likely to afford an opening for the assault—anything more directly aimed at the Queen than these words. I am persuaded that it was something else besides the liberties taken with her Majesty that infuriated Laud against the book. It burns with fierce hostility to the Arminianism and Ritualism which the Archbishop was introducing into the Church. There is a scornful reference to "our late crouching and ducking unto new-erected altars"—a shaft that must have gone straight to Laud's heart. The Puritans, whose name was used by Laud as the true contradictory of orthodox, are praised to the skies; declared to be "the holiest, meekest, and most zealous Christians," who are hated and reviled only "for their goodness." These were, I fancy, Prynne's true offences, and his disrespect to the Queen was but seized upon by Laud as the handiest weapon wherewith to smite him.

Prynne was summoned before the Star Chamber, condemned to have his ears cropped, to stand twice in the pillory, to pay a fine of £5,000, and to be imprisoned for life. Continuing to write in prison, and giving further offence, he was tried a second time and sentenced to another fine of £5,000, more standing in the pillory, more cutting of the ears, and imprisonment in a remote castle. The money was never paid, but the other punishments were rigorously carried out. Inhumanly severe they must be pronounced, for the zeal of Prynne, though intemperate and fanatical, was in the cause of moral reform.

The phenomena of our time most closely analagous to his fervour are the importunate zeal of some followers of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, or the applauded and salutary frenzy of Mr. Plimsoll in the House of Commons. Whether he deserved his treatment or did not, it was a transcendent blunder to make a martyr of him. His passion for moral reform, his fierce anger on account of Laud's patronage of Anglo-Catholics and persecution of Puritans, were regarded with sympathy too deep for words by an immense multitude of Englishmen. One of those who were vividly alive to the injustice of Prynne's mutilation and imprisonment was Cromwell. This is no mere inference from our general knowledge of Oliver. He took a most active part in subsequently redressing the wrongs of Prynne; and we have it on the evidence of his own words to the Parliament which met in September, 1656, that his conception of the Puritan cause, in some of its essential elements, was identical with that of Prynne. There were "a company of poor men," he told the members, who were "ready to spend their blood" rather than give in to that "compliance" with Popery which had been promoted by "the Bishop of Canterbury;" and in accurate harmony with the spirit and procedure of Prynne in "Histrio-Mastix," he threw together "Popery and the profane nobility and gentry of this nation," as having the "badge and character of countenancing profaneness, disorder, and wickedness in all places." His expressions about the contumely heaped on the saints almost literally recall those of Prynne. "In my conscience," said the Protector, "it was a shame to be a Christian, within these fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen years, in this nation! It was a shame, it was a reproach to a man; and the badge of 'Puritan' was put upon it."

The Puritanism of Prynne, however, was not in all points the Puritanism of Cromwell. It was more of a

formula,. less of an inspiration; but this circumstance does not preclude its representing even a wider phase of Puritanism than that of the great Protector. Prynne was a lawyer, a learned lawyer, a legal and historical antiquarian; and he inexorably conformed his Puritanism to the precedents and traditions of English history. Never deviating from his sturdy loyalty to the Crown, he opposed a King who was innovating on the English constitution, and a Primate who was innovating on the English Reformation; but when the monarchy was in danger, when Parliament was invaded by the sword, Prynne faced round, amid peril and obloquy, and defied the victorious army. A Church, not only Protestant, but treating the Pope as Antichrist, Calvinistic in theology and subject to the Estates of the Realm; a common law, and law of Parliament, which King and subject alike should obey; a House of Commons holding the money-bag; a sovereign of the blood royal; such was Prynne's formula. Be it a narrow formula, or be it a broad, he maintained it invincibly. As the Revolution diverged from its iron line on this hand and on that, he doggedly kept the path, and was loud in his remonstrances and protests. His sarcastic home-thrusts were directed as much against a Presbytery or an Independent congregation claiming Divine right, as against Bishops resting on apostolical succession. On all occasions, when alarmed by heterodoxies and backslidings, he was ready with his "important questions," sixteen or so, wherewith to perplex innovators, and to detect the "spawn of Romish frogs, Jesuits, and Franciscan Friars." Harder head, set on more inflexible back-bone, than William Prynne's was never seen in England. He confronted Cromwell as boldly as he had confronted Charles, and defended Dr. Hewit when Oliver singled out him and one or two others to die for insurrectionary Royalism. It required a thoroughly brave man to do that.

Prynne of course agitated for the recall of the dynasty, and there was no inconsistency in his accepting, at the Restoration, the office of Keeper of the Records of the Tower. Miss Strickland says that, in the last period of his life, he made the remark that King Charles ought to have taken off his head when he took off his ears. The words may have been spoken by Prynne in jest, but more probably they were the invention of some one whose ideas of the actors in the Puritan Revolution were as confused and superficial as Miss Strickland's own. Prynne could serve the Crown after the Restoration without its ever occurring to him to change his opinion of the tyranny of the abolished Star Chamber. I have seen a dull squib of the time of army ascendency in which he figures as recanting the "Histrio-Mastix." The charge of inconsistency was in that instance stupid, because Prynne could disapprove of excluding members from Parliament at the point of the sword, and of changing the dynasty, without faltering for an instant in his desire to see manners reformed and play-acting discouraged; and no more did consistency demand renunciation of his former self because he acquiesced in a Restoration which, whatever its shortcomings, did not bring back Thorough. Prynne recanted nothing; he was from first to last a constitutional Low-Church Puritan, holding that it might be right to make war upon the King, but only in his own name, in order to save him from evil councillors, and to enlighten him as to his own true interests and those of the country.

In all this Prynne represented an immense multitude of Englishmen. The fixed ideas which could not be eradicated from his mind could not be dislodged from the heart of the English people, and Charles II. was placed by acclamation on a throne which Cromwell had not dared to ascend. It is hard to say whether dread and detestation of Popery on the one hand, or love of legitimate Royalty

on the other, was the stronger instinct of the English nation. When the two came into direct collision, the concession made by the one to the other was the least that the circumstances rendered possible. In their fear of Popery the nation resisted the Crown, and by a great majority approved of such constraint being laid upon the sovereign as seemed indispensable to secure the Protestantism of England; but they did not sanction his death, or assent to a change of dynasty. Prynne's inflexible legalism proved more characteristically English than the sublime aspiration of Milton; and the energy, capacity, and patriotism of Cromwell were not such words to conjure with as the name of Stuart. This fact is eminently instructive. The Whig Revolution of 1688 exhibited the forces of Protestantism and legalism again in conflict, and once more the concession made by the one to the other was the least possible in the circumstances. A Popish monarch, frantic in his devotion to his Church, set about the re-establishment of Popery in England; he was expelled; but no further dynastic change was made than to substitute the Protestant branch for the Popish branch. A Protestant wears the Crown of these realms in the Stuart right; the Protectorate flitted like a brief meteoric splendour across the political firmament.

Prynne's punishment was exceedingly damaging to the Court, and greatly intensified the unpopularity of the Queen. She was, however, more interested in her children than in politics, and might well feel that, so long as her influence shielded Popish delinquents from persecution, and Papal envoys looked after the faithful in England, and Dr. Laud was considered a not unfit person to be offered a Cardinal's hat, her best course was to let well alone. We have an account of her views on these matters from her own lips, reported to us by Madame de Motteville. There was no motive to induce Henrietta Maria

to give, in 1645 or 1646, a false account of what had seemed to her to be the position of ecclesiastical affairs in England during the period when Laud was dominant; and her hopes will serve as a measure, practically useful, of the natural and reasonable fears of the Puritans. She informed De Motteville that James I., in defending the reformed religion against Cardinal Du Perron, had "conceived a love for the truth" and a desire to escape from error. Thenceforward he wished to reconcile the two religions, but he died before executing "ce louable dessein." James's conversion by Du Perron may be absurdly mythical, as well as the additional statement of the Queen that Charles, at the time when he ascended the throne, was of pretty much the same way of thinking as his converted father; but it is an interesting historical item that Henrietta Maria, on coming to England, believed the Protestantism of the Stuarts to be a thing of surface and of show, their Popery to be honest and fundamental. Laud, she told Madame de Motteville, was at heart "très bon Catholique." If this was the estimate of the Protestantism of Charles and of Laud formed by Henrietta Maria, its endorsement by the Puritans cannot be called unreasonable. They feared what she hoped; and she hoped that Charles and Laud would carry into effect the "praiseworthy design" of James to reconcile the Church of England to the Church of Rome.

If her Majesty, between 1630 and 1640, was shy of showing her hand, she had ample reason to be satisfied that things were progressing favourably for her Church. The Jesuits sapped the Protestantism of the aristocracy. High functionaries, treasurers, secretaries of state, Weston, Windebank, many others, were known to be Papists. Puritanism was proscribed. The laws against Catholics were rendered, to a great extent, a dead letter. Strafford secured toleration for Papists in Ireland. Had Henrietta been a woman of consummate sagacity and discernment, she might have seen

that, under the smooth surface of English society, there slumbered forces capable of throwing Laud and his system into the air, and might have made it her grand object to procure toleration for Puritan and Papist alike ; but she judged by appearances, and was deceived.

She was suddenly startled from her complacent dream. To reveal the stupendous strength of Protestant feeling in England and the inability of Laud to restrain it, one thing had been necessary, and but one; the meeting of Parliament. Nothing in the list of their grievances, not the renewal and extension of the monopolies, not ship-money, not the violation of the Petition of Right, not the suspension of Parliaments for eleven years, agitated the Commons of 1640 so intensely as the anti-Protestantism of Laud and the connivance of the Court at the infraction of the laws against Popish recusants. It was entirely honourable to Henrietta Maria that she should exert herself to shield her co-religionists from the fury of the great body of their countrymen. Hallam says of the English Catholics that they are "by no means naturally less attached to their country and its liberties than other Englishmen," but that the patriotism of the seventeenth century, which poured warmth and radiance on the Protestant, "was to them as a devouring fire." It was part of the religion of the Puritans to treat Popery as fire treats stubble. The Papists were driven into the camp of the Stuarts by those imperious instincts which urge men to fight for freedom, property, honour, life. Henrietta felt herself to be their protectress against overwhelming odds. She had never pretended to put her duty to her adopted country in competition with her duty to her Church. She now exerted herself with a valour that outran discretion, and an impetuous energy that overshot the mark. She intrigued with foreign Powers. She canvassed the Patriots, winning over recruits like Digby, who, whatever their insignificance in respect of political capacity or personal character, were at least faithful

to her. The gentlemen of her retinue, Harry Jermyn first of all, ardently adopted her cause, and a conclave of thorough-going Queen's-men held meetings with her in the palace, at which the most desperate and daring schemes were discussed.

While Strafford's life hung in the balance, no day, Henrietta Maria told Madame de Motteville, passed without her having an interview with "the most wicked" of his enemies to plead on his behalf. They were brought, she said, by the back stairs into the room of one of her ladies, who was absent in the country. Alone, with a torch in her hand, she met them every night, and offered them anything they liked to ask, but in vain. The fine stage effect—"seule, avec un flambeau à la main"—befits an interview with such hare-brained people as Digby and Goring, but we must be on our guard against supposing that any of the leading men came to talk with the Queen under such circumstances about the death of Strafford. In point of fact, it was not by negotiation with Hampden or Pym that Henrietta hoped, or seriously wished, to save Strafford. The sole possible basis of an agreement between the Court and the Parliamentary majority respecting the life of the Earl was the *bonâ-fide* adoption by Charles of a Patriot policy. But this would have implied abandonment of the Catholics, and Henrietta would have listened to no such proposal. It is inconceivable, besides, that, if the interview was held with men who could speak for the Patriots, the King should have been absent. If, therefore, the solitary flambeau is historical at all, it must have flared at midnight meetings of Henrietta Maria and other conspirators in the Army Plot of the spring of 1641, for the deliverance of Strafford. To have torn him from the Parliament, and set him at the head of an irresistible military force, would indeed have secured her objects; and to this end she intrigued with Digby, Goring, Wilmot, and others. Charles was

privy to their schemes, but may have held it wise to refrain from appearing in person at their midnight consultations. It is no disgrace to Henrietta Maria that the Catholics interested her supremely; but if her fundamental aim was to secure ascendency, or even toleration, for the Catholics, she was naturally forced upon darker projects than could have been mentioned to the Parliamentary leaders. The credit which she takes in her narrative to De Motteville for zeal on behalf of Strafford is certainly not her due. It is nearer the truth to say that his blood is on her hands. Had she urged Charles to exert his prerogative, he would have refused to sign Strafford's death-warrant; but in that case, the indignation of the Commons against the Queen would have known no bounds, and her participation in the Army Plot would, with other charges, have formed the basis of an impeachment for high treason. Charles always said afterwards that the sin which turned God against him had been committed to save the Queen, and it has generally been believed that he referred to his consent to the death of Strafford. If this is correct, a strong additional argument is furnished for believing that the interviews which she describes to De Motteville as having been held with "les plus méchans" of the Earl's enemies, were held really with "les plus méchans" of his friends, those, to wit, who were prepared to have recourse to any expedients, however desperate, for his rescue.

The Army Plot has been but slightly referred to by modern English historians, but it had a most important influence on the course of events. It was part of a vast network of schemes and conspiracies, by which the Queen, and, with more of reserve and caution, the King, hoped to overawe, or to get rid of, the detested Parliament. So early as February, 1641, Henrietta had publicly boasted that a truce had been concluded between France and Spain, in order that they might combine their forces, and advance

to the succour of the menaced Catholics of England. The English army that had been levied in the preceding summer to fight the Scots had not yet been disbanded, and its inglorious career and scanty pay, both of which it was easy for emissaries of the Court to impute to the Parliament, disposed it to listen to wild proposals. Honourable members were for some time in the utmost alarm, dreading a forcible dissolution, dreading massacres and repetitions of the Gunpowder Plot. At one time the Commons rushed panic-stricken from their building. At another they took to vowing and signing protestations *en masse*, in the style of Scotch Covenanters or members of a French National Assembly, rather than in that of the solid Commons of England.

It was in the trepidation inspired by the tampering of the Court with the army that the Houses insisted not only on the death of Strafford, but on the assent by Charles to the Bill forbidding the dissolution of Parliament except with its own consent. To modern writers not nicely observant of the dates of events, and the relations of parties at successive stages of the revolution, this Bill seems an outrageous encroachment upon the rights of the Crown; but it was approved of by the constitutional Royalists, Colepepper, Falkland, and Clarendon. This demonstrates that it was not thought an extreme step. All sensible men in the House of Commons felt that it was necessary to provide against the forcible undoing of all that had been done by putting it beyond the power of Charles to treat the Long Parliament as he had treated the Short. The privilege of Parliament alone defended the Patriots from his vengeance. After every dissolution in his reign he had severely punished those who had opposed him in the House. "The King's ready acquiescence in this Bill," says Hallam, "far more dangerous than any of those at which he demurred, can only be ascribed to his own shame and the

Queen's consternation at the discovery of the late plot." Henrietta, in her feminine vehemence, had omitted to count the cost of failure, and the difficulty of execution, in so ticklish a matter as getting rid of an English Parliament by an Army Plot. If you are to shoot a man through the head, and he is a very strong and very vigilant man, you had better be sure of your pistol and of your nerve. The weapon, in this instance, burst in the discharge, or rather by accidental ignition *before* being discharged. The fragments, so to speak, of the shattered piece, flew in all directions. Jermyn, Percy, Digby, Sucklyn, Davenant, Goring, and Wilmot took themselves out of the way. The King disavowed connection with them, and issued a proclamation commanding them "to render themselves within ten days." The Queen had the unpleasant consciousness of having rendered herself liable to impeachment for high treason, and began to express the opinion that her health would greatly benefit by a sojourn on the Continent. Some have gone the length of believing that, where Jermyn was, there her heart already was also, but Miss Strickland discountenances such scandal.

The Parliamentary leaders were as anxious that her Majesty should stay at home as she was to go abroad. The men who had risked their lives in the plot were her personal friends and allies, and it was evident to Hampden and Pym that, if she went to France or Holland, those others would gather round her and begin organising mischief. Accordingly, they strongly resisted the proposal that she should quit England. On the 15th July, 1641, Pym brought up to the Lords, and next day Lord Bankes presented to the King in presence of both Houses, a series of reasons "to stay the Queen's going into Holland." They set forth that the doings of the Papists were exceedingly alarming to honourable members, and seemed to be connected with the departure of her Majesty. The

Papists had been selling their lands, gathering "great quantities of gold," and in many instances going abroad, as if to co-operate with disaffected persons who had previously taken flight. The Commons had heard that a great treasure in jewels, plate, and ready money was packed to accompany the Queen. Her illness had been admitted by Sir Theodore Mayerne, the King's own physician, to be connected with the mind rather than with the body.

Henrietta saw good to comply with the request of the Houses, graciously affecting to be glad to remain. In August, however, though the Parliament strongly remonstrated against the trip, Charles insisted upon going to Scotland. The Commons could not prevent his departure, but they appointed a Committee to follow him to Edinburgh, ostensibly to surround him with a dignity worthy of his station, really to watch his proceedings, and to try to penetrate that new system of plots in which he was believed to be engaged. Hampden was in this Committee of Observation, and it is to be noted that from the time of this journey to Scotland, Hampden's distrust of Charles, and Charles's resolution to crush Hampden, were alike fixed and immutable.

It was during this visit of Charles to Scotland that the Irish Rebellion flared up like a frightful portent, clothing half the sky in blood-red flame. To what extent, and in what precise way and manner, it was connected with the projects of Henrietta Maria or Charles will long furnish ground for speculation; but in order to realise its effect upon the Parliament, and upon the Protestant and Puritan people of England in general, we must take with us two facts which made life in the seventeenth century a very different thing from life in the nineteenth.

The first is the non-existence in those days of a free Press. We are apt to think and speak of our daily newspapers with careless contempt, half assenting to Mr.

Ruskin's description of them as "a thousand square miles of dirtily-printed falsehood." But the plain truth is that they have done us a service which is not easy to over-estimate. The light of the gas-lamps in the streets of London is not so clear as that of a cloudless morning, but it suffices to spoil the game of the street brigand and foot-pad, and to destroy the belief in ghosts. The information diffused by newspapers is often inaccurate, but it has saved us from the tyranny of rumours, the distracting influence of hallucinations begotten of suspicion and ignorance. In the seventeenth century men lived in a perpetual twilight of surmise and conjecture, unable, in the dim atmosphere, to distinguish between facts and imaginations. Modern statistics have proved that the guesses of popular credulity and incredulity are, as a rule, absurdly wrong. The prevailing obscurity acted both upon the plotter and upon him who believed himself the victim aimed at in plots. In the former it fostered impracticable hopes, in the latter visionary fears. Popish fanatics attached wild expectations to projects as insane as the Gunpowder Plot; Protestants of ordinary sagacity were driven to their wits' end by reports of imaginary fleets, to land imaginary armies on our shores, which, in concert with the native Catholics, were to cut the throats of all English Protestants. Our adult education by the daily Press renders the existence of such hopes and fears in our day impossible; but in the seventeenth century all was guess-work, imagination, fitful hope, and vague alarm. Much of the alarm was doubtless more reasonable than it would now be, but it was in part chimerical, and the line between the reasonable and the chimerical could not be drawn. Accurately described, the Irish Rebellion would have been alarming in England; announced by rumour, and exaggerated by phantasy, it was maddening. One month of the *Times* newspaper would have averted the Civil War.

The other fact we have to take into consideration in forming an opinion on seventeenth century questions is the part then played by the Society of Jesus. Every one has learned from Macaulay that the "quintessence of the Catholic spirit," in that great reactionary movement which "rolled back the flood of the Reformation from the Baltic to the Mediterranean," was concentrated in the Jesuits; but there is much in our common idea of a Jesuit fitted to obscure rather than elucidate the action of the great Society upon affairs in the seventeenth century. We think of the Jesuit as subtle, crafty, lying, a feline creature treading softly in the dark; but the main impression derived by me from acquaintance with Jesuitism as exhibited in the literature of the seventeenth century is that of reckless courage and impetuous aggression. Jesuitism represents for us the prudential and casuistical element in Catholicism; in the seventeenth century it was an element of fire. The Jesuit might sometimes fall short in sagacity and in caution, in intrepidity never. The Jesuits were too pugnacious for the sober-minded leaders of the Church, and there was frequent uneasiness in the relations between the Society and Rome. Like a standing army, enlisted to do the fighting against Protestants, they were always eager for the fray. The subtlety attributed to the order is not incompatible with audacity. Balzac says that all the passions are Jesuistic, meaning, I suppose, that they go direct to their object, regardless of means, trampling down truthfulness, honour, and modesty as well as fear. Even in the practice of lying and dissimulation, the Jesuits displayed an impassioned ardour, which took them out of the category of common liars. The Jesuit who, for the sake of his Church, took his life in his hand and lectured as Professor in a Swedish University, or preached to a trembling flock in a London upper room, or administered the host to a noble or a king who had found it convenient to live a Protestant but wished to die a

Papist, cast something of the splendour of passion and self-sacrifice even over his lying.

At one period the Papal authorities were as vehement in their opposition to the English Sovereigns as the Jesuits could wish. Pius V. anathematised Elizabeth, and delivered over (on paper) her dominions to Mary of Scotland. A bold Romanist affixed the Bull of Excommunication to the gate of the Bishop of London's palace, and won the crown of martyrdom for his pains. An insurrection of Roman Catholics was instigated in the North of England, to be aided by Alva and his Spaniards from the Netherlands. The Pope, however, saw that the strife was desperate, and, says Disraeli, "both himself and his successors granted a dispensation to their English Romanists to allow them to show outward obedience to the Queen—till a happier opportunity!" But the Jesuits did not recognise the necessity of moderation. Turbulent from sheer intensity of zeal, the Society, like Joab in the camp of Israel, drew bitter words of reproach and reproof from the Papal master it too vehemently served, and was a perpetual affliction to those Catholic populations that were desirous of combining allegiance to the Pope with loyalty to their native monarchs, and of living on good terms with their Protestant fellow-countrymen. There was feud between the steady-going Catholic clergy and the Jesuits. It was by no means the wish of the latter that a pleasant life should be possible for Catholics in England while England remained heretical, or that the Pope should come to an accommodation with kings who continued in schism. In the prisons, where persecuted Catholics were huddled together, disputes raged between these two parties, the principle of the one being Catholicism and, if possible, a quiet life, the principle of the other Catholicism triumphant or death.

The Jesuits most vexatiously complicated that problem of toleration which presented itself to the Stuart Kings on

ascending the throne of England. They had a mixed population of Protestants and Papists to govern, and justice requires the admission that one grand object of their policy was to prevent the Protestants from riding rough-shod over the Papists. Mr. Isaac Disraeli did good service to our historical literature by expounding and defending the Stuart policy in relation to the contending faiths. It lay in James, both as a thinker of wide intellectual glance and as a man of easy, kindly temper, to have anticipated the domestic and international policy of Richelieu, conceding life, liberty, and equality before the law to every loyal subject without distinction of creeds, and having respect, in dealings with foreign Powers, not to their religious beliefs, but to a preservation of the European equilibrium. On first coming into England, James set his face against persecution, and laughed at the Puritans who implored him to save them from Popery, defining Puritans as "Protestants frightened out of their wits." But the narrow escape of King, Lords, and Commons from being blown up by fanatical Papists, took the edge from this jest. The Gunpowder Plot baffled James's wish to introduce a policy of toleration, but he continued to make it his object that no man should die for his religion as such; and his son, Charles, in declarations both to Marshal Bassompierre and to the Long Parliament, professed acquiescence in this object, as defining a sound policy of toleration. Perhaps the most impressive piece of evidence that can be adduced in vindication, or in condemnation, of the Stuarts, is that the charge of incurable duplicity has been brought against them both by Papists and Puritans. Under stress of circumstances they promised more than they could perform to both parties, but they honestly desired to prevent the one party from preying on the other. Whatever their defects, the Stuarts struck a higher key-note of national policy in respect of toleration than the Tudors, and

the problem of toleration was rendered insoluble for them mainly by the Jesuits.

These considerations, important in their general bearing on the history of the period, have special relation to the position and influence of Henrietta Maria. The Jesuits were emphatically the servants and soldiers of the Queen. They had most intimate relations with the palace, and when any decisive step was contemplated by Her Majesty and friends, there were whispers of it among the Jesuits in the prisons. In estimating the danger of her influence upon Charles, the Parliamentary leaders could not be blind to the fact that she had at her command a number of desperate zealots, in whose eyes war to the knife with Protestantism was virtue, and who were perfectly certain that death for their faith would earn them the crown of martyrdom. The dominance of the Puritans in the Long Parliament would naturally make her lean still more decisively on the Jesuits. While it was safer to be a Papist than a Puritan, she might have been content to leave her co-religionists in the hands of Laud; but when the Puritan Parliament arose to consume them "like devouring fire," she could scarce fail to seek her allies among those truculent warriors of the Papacy who met the Puritans with a hatred as fierce, a courage as proud, an enthusiasm as fervent, as their own. It was between Puritan and Jesuit that the agony of battle, in the second period of the Reformation, lay; and, but for the Puritan, the Jesuit would have won.

Henrietta Maria can be specifically named as the author of the Civil War. At her bidding it was that Charles drew the sword. It is therefore not surprising that she should have been bitterly hated by English Protestants of her own time, and should be severely handled by modern Protestant authors. But reason bids us recognise that it is just as noble in Papists to fight for all that makes life valuable as it is for Protestants. In vehemently exerting herself for the

Catholics, Henrietta Maria deserves our sympathy and admiration. If armed resistance on the part of an oppressed minority was ever justifiable upon earth, it was justifiable on the part of the Catholics of England and Ireland in the middle of the seventeenth century. The cry of the Puritan Parliament for Catholic blood was as the cry of the horse-leech's daughter. True, the Puritans were not so bad as they seemed. Their words were drawn swords, but when told to kill, they put them back into the scabbard. They had not emancipated themselves from the theory of persecution, but they had begun to outgrow its practice. The Parliament demanded that six or eight Jesuits, reprieved by Charles, should be ordered by him to execution. He deftly told honourable members to do with the prisoners what they chose, and not a hair of their heads was injured. The Jesuit Goodman heroically offered to die rather than be a cause of offence between King and Parliament; they could not kill him. Henrietta Maria, however, and the Roman Catholics of England and Ireland cannot be blamed for taking the Puritans, in the capacity of persecutors, at their own estimate. And if the lives of the Catholics who did not take up arms might be pronounced safe, the proscription of their religion was absolute. "If these men are to carry everything before them," Henrietta might have said, as she marked the proceedings of the Parliament, "the few English faithful to the Church, and the millions of Irish who devotedly cling to their ancestral faith, which faith is also mine and was my father's, will commit a criminal act, probably a capitally criminal act, every time they partake in rites essential to salvation." If she had not bestirred herself on their behalf, she would have been despicable; and can we severely blame her because, when standing up against fearful odds in defence of the oppressed Catholics, she did not confine herself to constitutional methods? English Protestants had never paid much respect to her

marriage articles, and she may be pardoned for setting small store by English law when, as all the world now acknowledges, it sanctioned cruel injustice.

To say that Henrietta Maria sympathised with the Irish rebels—to hold it to be all but demonstrable that she countenanced the projected rising—is one thing; to say that she directly or indirectly promoted the atrocities which soon covered the whole transaction with infamy would be quite another. The Irish rebellion as planned, and the Irish rebellion as executed, were as different as light and darkness. The Celtic races are peculiarly liable to the blood-thirst, or blood-fever, which in times of revolutionary excitement turns human beings into fiends. The contrast between the professions of Celts before they go mad, and their doings when the delirium is at its height, is so astounding that a strenuous effort of thought is required in order to realise the sincerity of the professions. Universal philanthropy was without question the motive of the French Jacobins. We all know what the Jacobins became when maddened by fear of aristocratic plots and Prussian bayonets, and when they had tasted blood. The manifestoes issued by the chiefs of the Irish rebellion at the outset of the enterprise were reasonable and just; and if we honestly restrict our attention to their situation at the moment, we shall be constrained to admit, first, that their plea was sound, and, secondly, that it was impossible for Henrietta Maria not to wish them success.

Consider the position of the Irish Catholics in the summer of 1641. Their religion had long been proscribed by law. Their property had been at the mercy of their conquerors. Their country had been governed by a numerical minority, consisting of strangers and of Protestants. Nevertheless, under the civil rule of Strafford and the ecclesiastical rule of Laud, their life had been endurable, and they had, on the whole, been content to submit. But

Strafford had been struck down, and Laud was in the Tower. The Irish Parliament, which had crouched at the heels of Strafford in the day of his power, no sooner saw the Commons of England attacking him than they joined in the cry, full yell, like the hounds of Actæon when they turned on their master. This fact is the key to the Irish rebellion. It is not of their old and standing grievances that the rebels speak in the proclamation on which I ground these observations. It is of the prospect opened up to them by the predominance of a Parliament of Puritans, a Parliament which regarded it as a religious duty to extirpate their faith. They could expect nothing better than such tyrannical repression as would render life intolerable. Which of us would not have rebelled, if we had then been Irish Catholics? When they tasted blood, they went mad *more Gallico;* but in the proclamation to which I refer there is no more hint or adumbration of massacre and outrage than there is in the National Covenant of Scotland. The objects of the rising, as therein indicated, will continue just so long as it is just for men to fight for the altar and the hearth. They called themselves the soldiers of the Queen, and I believe that what they said was substantially true. She had been their protectress. Their enemies were her enemies. The Parliament, whose ascendency they believed to be incompatible with the existence of Catholicism in Ireland, was detested by her as cordially as by them. During the summer of 1641, when Henrietta Maria was industriously engaged in army plots, and in negotiations with Catholic Powers for military assistance to protect the Catholics of England and of Ireland, "an unspeakable number" of Irish Churchmen, and "some good old soldiers," who had served in Spain, passed through London on their way to Ireland. These, whose movements were well known to the Jesuits, who again were perfectly in the confidence of the Queen, were not likely

to be misinformed as to the light in which Her Majesty would view any attempt on the part of the Irish Catholics to defend their cause and her own in arms. The rebels alleged that the Queen and the King signed commissions warranting the enterprise. This has been commonly regarded as incredible; but the allegation of the insurgents was not a mere fiction, an impudent lie. To write on a bill the name of a commercial partner, with whom you are on confidential terms, and whose mind and will have been amply signified to you, is lax morality; but it is a different thing from unsanctioned forgery. The King's dark plottings with Montrose, in Edinburgh, at the very time when the train was about to be ignited in Ireland; the conviction of Argyle and Hamilton that their arrest, if not death, had been schemed by Charles, and the presumption, almost amounting to certainty, that he intended to make a clutch at the military force in Scotland; the circumstance that the nucleus of the little army with which Montrose afterwards did such wonders, consisted of Irish Catholics; the reluctance of His Majesty to apply to the Irish Catholics the name of rebels; all these items of evidence, taken along with the express statement of the rebels that they acted under his directions, justify the grave suspicion of the Patriots that he had a hand in the business.

As for Henrietta Maria, there is no conceivable reason why she should have had more scruple in counting upon the aid of Irish Papists to rescue herself and her co-religionists from thraldom and from deadly peril, than in invoking help from French Papists or Spanish Papists; and though Charles did not adhere consistently and resolutely to the views of the Queen, but wavered between party and party like a wave of the sea, it was to the Queen, and not to the constitutional Protestants of England, that he gave ear at the critical juncture when it had become a matter of life or death for him to disabuse

his Parliament of the idea that he had leagued himself with Papists, both Irish and English, against the religion and the liberty of the country.

We can hardly blame the Queen for distrusting so cautious and half-hearted an auxiliary as Clarendon, or for pressing on the King the dangerous and daring policy of a direct attack, in the first days of 1642, upon the Patriot leaders. The course she advised proved ruinous; but a cordial alliance with the High Church Royalists could not have been relied upon by her to ensure tolerable terms for the Catholics, and would not improbably have issued, at an early date, in the application of the whole power of England to the suppression of the Irish rebellion, and the taking of a terrible revenge upon the rebels. Can we blame her for not yet throwing up the game?

Under her influence, Charles played false to Clarendon and Falkland, and irretrievably lost the confidence of the Protestant Cavaliers. They fought for him because he insisted upon it, and by way of calming their consciences before submitting to the Puritan Parliament, but he never had their trust.

Henrietta Maria made no secret to Madame de Motteville that she had advised the King to attempt the arrest of the five members. Her Majesty's Jesuit friends in the prisons had their agitated whisperings of that event several days before it took place. It was debated in a secret conclave, of whose existence the outwitted Clarendon and the ingenuous Falkland appear to have had no surmise. If we may believe "Coke's manuscript, preserved by Archetil Grey," and quoted by Forster, a "long and very passionate debate" occurred in the palace conclave on the night before the attempt, ending in the adoption by the King of the resolution to make the arrest in person next morning. When the time came, however, his prudence or his timidity prevailed, and, going to the chamber of the Queen, he tried to argue her

into an admission of the madness of the project. Her Majesty was at the moment in conversation with Lady Carlisle, and Charles took Henrietta away with him into an adjoining closet. She vehemently remonstrated, exclaiming, so loudly that Lady Carlisle could hear, "*Allez, poltron!* Go, pull these rogues out by the ears; *ou ne me revoyez jamais!*" So he went. The rumour derives countenance from the fact that it has always been alleged that the hint of the approach of Charles was conveyed to Pym by Lady Carlisle. This friend and *confidante* of Henrietta Maria's was not the most creditable or safe of associates. The daughter of the Earl of Northumberland, she visited her father when he was confined in the Tower in James's reign, and entered into tender alliance with the Countess of Somerset, then also in the Tower under sentence for murder. Encouraged by her friend the Countess, she eloped with "the gaudy profligate, Hay, Earl of Carlisle." She is described as of a complexion pale as ivory, with "soft, dark eyes, glancing with treacherous voluptuousness." She knew how to set off the paleness of her complexion by a dress intensely black; and Waller calls her, "a Venus rising from a sea of jet."

Henrietta Maria's fundamental principle seems to have been that force alone could save the Catholics and herself. The proposed arrest of the Patriot leaders was but part of a project which comprised an appeal to arms. Without this, indeed, its folly would have been not only supreme, but inexplicable. Lunsford, Digby, and a few other headstrong adherents of the Court, appeared in arms at Kingston. The attitude of the capital and the tramp of the Buckingham riders pouring into London to defend Hampden made them vanish quick enough, but neither Henrietta Maria nor Charles abandoned the warlike part of the plan. An ostensible occasion for her departure was found in the conveyance of the Princess Mary, a child of

ten, affianced to the Prince of Orange, to Holland; but Her Majesty went with the express purpose of preparing war, and carried with her the Crown jewels, to be sold or pawned for arms. Charles conducted her to Dover, and rode some leagues along the shore, watching the ship on its course.

Landed in Holland, relieved from the vexation of Charles's moaning incompetence, and the everlasting fret and worry of the Parliamentary negotiations, with the faithful Jermyn and the fiery Digby at her side, Henrietta showed herself her father's daughter. Her activity and address were irresistible. Heavy-sterned Dutch Mightinesses became buoyant in her presence, their Puritan and Republican sympathies melting like wax in the electric current of her glances and her words. She raised in a few months no less than two millions sterling—an enormous sum for that period. In the early spring of 1643 she sailed from Scheveling in a first-rate English ship, accompanied by eleven transports filled with ammunition and stores. All Holland seems to have cheered her on, and Van Tromp himself gave her convoy. Having surmounted every difficulty on land, she was encountered by perils of the sea. For nine days the squadron tossed and struggled in the teeth of a tremendous gale. Two vessels were lost, but her heart never failed her, and her perfect courage and irrepressible vivacity supported her retinue in the darkest hour.

There was nothing for it but to seek refuge once more in a Dutch port. In a few days she re-embarked, and now at last fortune favoured the brave. A fair wind carried her to Bridlington Bay, on the Yorkshire coast. On the 22nd of February she set foot in England, having been absent almost a year. Next morning she was awakened by the sound of great guns. Batten, the Parliamentary admiral, favoured by the tide, was cannonading the town,

and aiming his shot at the very house in which she lay. Two balls came crashing through the roof, and penetrated from top to bottom. Henrietta started up, threw herself into what clothes she could snatch, and, "bare-foot and bare-leg," ran for her life. On the street of Bridlington she perceives that her pet dog, Mitte, ugly and old, has been left behind. She runs back, goes upstairs, takes Mitte from the bed in her arms, and effects her retreat. We next find her crouching with her women under a bank; a ball, ploughing up the ground overhead, covers the party with earth and stones. The ebb tide enabling Van Tromp to try conclusions with Batten, the latter sheers off, and the Queen takes up her quarters in Boynton Hall, the seat of Sir Walter Strickland. Here she received a letter from Charles, full of affection, admiration, and "impatient passion of gratitude." He might well thank her; had his other friends served him as effectively as she, the war might have had a very different issue.

Her Majesty was equal to all occasions, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.* Meeting a rough sea-captain, one of Batten's men who had fired upon her, on the way to execution, she pardons him on the spot, converting him, by the gift of his life and the witchery of her smile, from a Roundhead into a Cavalier; but while being entertained at the table of Sir Walter Strickland, who, though on the Parliament side, was hospitably polite to his sovereign lady, she took note of the plate with which the room was adorned, and mentioned to Sir Walter that it would be of service to the King. The plate was appropriated accordingly, the gallant host consoling himself as he best might with a portrait of Henrietta, which she presented to him. Alive to more serious business, she received Scarborough Castle from Sir Hugh Cholmondely, and intrigued vehemently with the Hothams for the surrender of Hull.

Need it be said that the presence of the Queen was an inspiration for all Catholic hearts in England? In particular it blew into white heat the loyalty of those Papists of the Midland and Northern counties who formed the bone and sinew of Newcastle's army. The Marquis detached 2,000 horsemen to conduct her and her train across the wolds to Malton, on the way to York. The centres of the King's interest in those parts were at this time York and Newark. In the south-east lay the counties leagued together in what is known to all readers of the pamphlets and newspapers of the period as the Eastern Association. At first six, and subsequently seven, counties, lying between the Thames and the Humber, were united offensively and defensively in the maintenance of the Parliament's cause, and had the advantage to possess, by way of soul to their body, that "very fiery particle," Oliver Cromwell. Her march from York to Newark required skill and wariness; but she effected it in fine style. From Newark, when about to start on her way to join Charles, she wrote with a *naïve* and feminine exultation highly characteristic but not unpleasant:—"I carry with me 3,000 foot, thirty companies of horse and dragoons, six pieces of cannon, and two mortars. Harry Jermyn commands the forces which go with me, as colonel of my guard, Sir Alexander Lesley the foot under him, Gerard the horse, and Robin Legge the artillery, and her she-Majesty generalissima over all; and extremely diligent am I, with 150 waggons of baggage to govern in case of battle." The joy and enthusiasm of Henrietta could not fail to reflect themselves in every face in her little army, and he must have been the basest of churls who would have grumbled at hardships which she shared with the meanest soldier. She wrote rebuking the King for not sharing her confidence, and for vacillating in his resolves. She took Burton-on-Trent by storm. On the

2nd of July she was at Stratford-on-Avon, occupying Shakespeare's house. On the 13th of the month, in the vale of Keinton, she and Charles met. Eighteen months had elapsed since she undertook the dangerous and difficult task of bringing succour from Holland. Her performance thereof, one of the most brilliant episodes known to me in English history, has not received from English authors the attention it deserves. Not one half-page in the fag-end of an essay does our pictorial and copious Macaulay, whose spirited verses in celebration of the victor of Ivry might have disposed him to do justice to Henry's daughter, devote to this bright woman, a Catholic among a nation of raging Protestants, unsupported by any man approaching her in strength of character or brain, who electrified Dutch Mightinesses by her pathetic zeal, defied the dangers of the sea, ran the gauntlet of exasperated foes, and finally marched a gallant little army into the camp of her husband in his extreme need.

For a time it might have been thought that her coming had conclusively turned the tide of success in the Royal favour. This summer was for Charles the most promising period of the whole war. In spite of prodigious exertions by Cromwell in the Eastern Association, and sturdy work in Yorkshire by the Fairfaxes and Manchester, the allied counties found their troops pushed steadily backward, and were unable to make good their grasp upon Lincolnshire. Hopton defeated the Parliamentary Earl of Stamford in the far south-west in May. Hampden fell in June. Waller was broken on Lansdown Heath in July. Bristol surrendered to Prince Rupert in August. Had Charles then advanced on London, he might, in the opinion of many then and since, have carried everything before him. The voice of the Queen was still for war. Conquest, predominance, dismissal of the abhorred Parliament, were the

objects on which she was peremptorily intent. Charles was willing enough to take her advice; he "saw," Clarendon says, "with her eyes, and determined by her judgment;" but he could not have her heart in his breast or her brains in his skull, and that was the thing wanted. Henrietta had touched the highest point of all her greatness, crossing the meridian line at that proud hour when she rode, with Jermyn at her side, generalissima of her own tight little army. More depressing to her spirit than nine days of tossing on the waves, more trying to her courage and enthusiasm than the cannon shots of Batten shattering the floor on which she slept, were the grumbling, the caballing, the malignant spites and jealousies, the interminable factious babblement, of Charles's quarters. She soon had occasion to blame herself, as De Motteville says she did with unsparing severity, for dissuading the King from a pacific policy when the prosperous state of his affairs, in the summer of 1643, made it likely that he might obtain favourable terms. When the excitement consequent upon her arrival subsided, the invincible repugnance with which the Anglican Cavaliers regarded her influence upon Charles became apparent; and it was gradually made manifest that the new argument, which her presence in England afforded those who affirmed that the Royal cause was the cause of the Papists, more than counterbalanced her 3,000 soldiers and 150 waggon-loads of arms and ammunition. What a weapon, for example, did this whole business of her Majesty put into the hand of Henry Vane when he went, in the course of this summer, to Edinburgh, to ask the Covenanters of Scotland to come to the help of the Parliament! About the same time, our friend Prynne, still staunch on the Patriot side, fighting the King in his own name and for his own sake, published one of his innumerable books, warning his countrymen against the appalling dangers in the wind from Popish plots and personages, and dwelling

lamentably upon the subject of the Queen. I do not know whether she had landed when the book appeared, but the picture it presents of her influence with the King would be rendered all the more impressive by that event. Of "Queen Mary," said Prynne, they "might really affirm in reference to His Majesty, what some of their Popish doctors have most blasphemously written of the Virgin Mary in relation to God and Christ, that all things are subject to the *command of Mary, even God Himselfe:* that she is the Empresse and Queen of heaven, and of greatest authority in the kingdom of heaven, where she may not only impetrate but command whatsoever she pleaseth," &c., &c. The flush of loyal excitement produced by Her Majesty's landing was a poor compensation for the advantage it lent the enemy in giving edge to the taunt that the King's men were fighting the battle of the Papists.

In April, 1644, the glowing prospects of July, 1643, had so completely clouded over, that it was thought well the Queen should retreat into the west. She bade farewell to Charles on the 3rd of the month, never to see his face again. In the following June, at Exeter, under circumstances of great wretchedness, she gave birth to a daughter, the short-lived Henrietta of Orleans. A fortnight later, in dread of being arrested and taken to London for trial, she left her infant and sailed for France. The ship was chased by a Parliament cruiser of overwhelming superiority, and seemed likely to be taken. Henrietta Maria summoned the captain into her presence, and ordered him, if he found escape hopeless, to blow up the ship. Her women and domestics uttered, not inexcusably, "des cris horribles." To perish, one and all, because their mistress preferred certain death at sea to possible or probable death on shore, was too great a demand upon their devotion. Henrietta alone maintained a "courageous silence." Her conscience, she told De Motteville—for this notable incident we have from the lips

of the Queen—smote her, but she could not break her pride, and accordingly "demeura indécise sur la gloire éternelle et la mondaine." The captain, however, contrived to make off, and she landed in Bretagne. The gentlemen of the district, hearing of her arrival, came forward and escorted her to Bourbon. She looked very ill and much changed, and was almost always weeping. Having remained at Bourbon until her health was restored, she proceeded to Paris.

At this point we may leave her, the details of her life in Paris having no essential bearing on the part she played in English history. She continued to exert herself with the old assiduity for Charles, intriguing with this potentate and with that, carting home rich harvests of promise, finding them yield a mere nothing of wheat when threshed out. She once told Charles that letters from the Duke of Lorraine announced that 10,000 men were to be sent to his rescue; and the sanguine folly of the man was perhaps egregious enough to make him capable of being lifted from the ground in a balloon like that; but no one else was deceived. Her power with the King continued absolute. She scolded him when he evinced any disposition to surrender the militia, sneered at his superstitious fondness for bishops, and specifically gave the order in obedience to which he rejected the demands of the Parliament and the Scots at Newcastle. Some of her expressions to him were harsh, and it must be admitted that the balance of affection was much on his side; but it was not in the nature of things that the clearest and most determinate of women should sympathise with or passionately love the most fitful, irresolute, and casuistical of men. It is fair to recollect, also, that there are traces of tenderness in her letters. "Be kind to me, or you kill me," she once says. Clarendon casts on her the suspicion of having discouraged plans for the escape of Charles from the Isle of Wight; but the sleek

Chancellor, having vainly cringed to her and fawned upon her, hated her mortally. When the King was in the gripe of the regicides, she exerted herself to the utmost in his behalf.

Hallam seems of opinion that the fortitude with which she bore separation from her husband was due in part to the solace derived from Harry Jermyn. He had been her page from an early period in her married life, had put his life in jeopardy as an agent in her plots, had ridden at the head of her guard when leading her to the camp of Charles, had been rewarded with the title of Baron of St. Edmundsbury, and had again shared her exile. In short, he had been as true to her as any of his old mariners to Ulysses, "and ever with a frolic welcome took the thunder and the sunshine" of her fortunes. He was not of a romantic disposition, a circumstance which might not be fundamentally adverse to his success with a mercurial woman. What I have seen of his writing gives me the idea of a shrewd, cool, sarcastic man, of limited enthusiasm, capable of disregarding the prismatic and vaporous adornments of rumour and taking his own measure of things. He remarks to Digby, *à propos* of help to be sent to Montrose, that the Marquis, if he obtained it, "might make his victories profitable as well as miraculous." In Jermyn's portrait there is a saucy kind of look, as if he had experienced a good deal of scorn in his day, and was competent to return it with usury. Miss Strickland is indignantly certain that there was nothing wrong in his relations with the Queen—all delicately resplendent Platonism. Hallam is not so confident, being probably less versed in the finer sensibilities of the heart. After Charles's death, Henrietta married Jermyn and bore him children, without which, Miss Strickland thinks, the Platonism would have been still more delicately resplendent.

In her devotion to her Church, Henrietta never failed or

flinched. For the poor Catholics she risked her life in England, and in her letters from France she strictly enjoined Charles never to forget or forsake them. She thought more of the spiritual interests of her children than of their sitting upon the throne of England, compassed heaven and earth to make proselytes of them, and was piously tyrannical in her attempts to force the boy Duke of Gloucester into Popery. In the gloomiest times her vivacity and her wit could brighten up her circle. If in some sad story, while her cheek was wet with tears, a humorous incident or trait of character occurred to her, she would flash suddenly into brilliant mimetic representation, and set every one near her laughing. She checked herself in an account of the fall of Strafford to say that he was an ugly man, but had the finest hands in the world. Having, as she knew or fancied, lost her youthful beauty at twenty-two, she held a theory that the bloom of womanhood always faded at that age. She had all a woman's pride of rank, and, after the Restoration, took a leading part in the disgraceful intrigue to undermine the reputation of the Duchess of York. In her closing years, she founded a religious house, and lived much among nuns and priests.

It is interesting to observe how, under the artistic touch of Bossuet, Henrietta Maria beams into a heroine and saint. The enamel of eloquence flows over the bust, covering all cracks and blemishes, throwing about the whole the witchery of colour. When the blemish is eminent, the colouring is proportionately bold. So just, says Bossuet, so severe to herself, was this saint; "a persecutor irreconcilable of her own passions." Rather strong of the woman who proposed to send a captain, a crew, and a bevy of attendants sky-high, because she preferred death at sea to death on shore; who acted as Henrietta acted in the affair of Anne Hyde; and whose Platonism with the seducer of Eleanor Villiers is more clear to Miss Strickland than to

Hallam! But he does no more than justice to the Catholic zeal of Henrietta. The children of God in England, says Bossuet, when Henrietta appeared as their protectress, had neither altar nor sanctuary; and the tribunals which ought to have been their places of refuge denied them justice and pity. But when the "worthy daughter of St. Louis" landed, things began to wear a different aspect. A chapel, fitted up with becoming magnificence in Somerset House, restored to the Church her ancient forms. The prayers, the devotions, the *retraites* of the Queen supported the reputation of "the thrice-Christian house of France." There the priests of the Oratory could preach, undaunted by the scowl of heresy. There the Capuchin fathers dared to lift up their voices in a strange land, and the afflicted faithful of England joined with them in singing the songs of Zion. Henrietta Maria was indeed faithful to her Church; and her championship of the Roman Catholic cause in England brought her husband to the block and her descendants to beggary.

V.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

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WE have now arrived at that actor in the drama of the Puritan Revolution who has been regarded by many, not by any means by all, as playing the principal part in that strange eventful history; principal in pathos and in a glory more sublime than that of success, the glory of martyr heroism and saintly endurance; a figure that naturally rises before the imagination when in thought we con over sad stories of the death of kings; the melancholy, heavy-laden figure of Charles the First. Knowing something of his father, of Laud, of Buckingham, of Henrietta Maria, we are not without preparation for intelligently looking at himself.

From James he inherited peculiarities both physical and mental; but fate bestowed on him a full proportion of his father's defects, deducting the sagacity and geniality that redeemed them in old Jemmy, and making no better compensation for this cruel drawback than consisted in a few gifts and graces, calculated to shine as adornments of kingly strength, but not to act as substitutes for it. He was an ailing child, and exhibited indelible traces of James's tottering gait and stuttering articulation. The anecdotic annals of the early life of celebrated men are apt to be coloured by lights reflected from their career, but a crowd of witnesses ascribe to Charles, from very early years, unusual wilfulness. If Lilly can be trusted,

"the old Scottish lady, his nurse, used to affirm that he was of a very evil nature even in his infancy," and his own mother predicted harm from his self-will. Persistence in whim, tenacity of pique, are, however, no vouchers for force of character, and Charles was without question distinguished by infirmity of purpose. As compared with his elder brother Henry, he was bookish, and Henry is said to have marked him out for Archbishop of Canterbury. He hated the coarseness, confusion, sordid litter and buffoonery of his father's Court; had a true taste in art, evinced by his surrounding himself with a constellation of noble works by Titian, Giorgione, Raphael; and, though capable of intense attachments, was reserved and unsocial. James failed in dignity, but failure in dignity does not make a good-natured king unpopular; Charles was punctilious, proud, and generally disliked. James was foolishly familiar; Charles went to the opposite and more perilous extreme of surrounding himself with frost-work barriers of etiquette, and ticketed the rooms of Whitehall in the ratio of their accessibility to courtiers of various ranks. Few men are seriously angered by the familiar advances of a king, but there is reason to believe that Charles procured himself embittered enmity by harsh enforcement of his regulations as to the rooms. In James the religious element was intellectual and logical; in Charles it was more allied to mysticism, devout reverie, and the enthusiasm of mental surrender. Fine veins—feminine, priestly, artistic—ran through his character with beautifying effect; but the rock in which they showed was not of sufficient strength.

Authors have indulged in sweeping statements as to the acclamations which greeted Charles on ascending the throne; but the truth, easily discerned beneath a few superficial phenomena, is that everything except the confused sentiment of loyal affection and random hope which

attends all princes at the beginning of their reign was against him. There were bonfires and bad poetry, but the nation was in a dangerous humour. The people had loved Henry, the rough prince, fond of martial exercises, and supposed to lean to the Puritans; and Charles was already associated in the popular mind with the new-fangled and detested notions of Dr. Laud. Before James's death, the Protestantism of Charles was so much distrusted that schemes were afloat in hot and foolish heads for changing the order of succession. In a document addressed by Somerset to James in the last period of his life, it is actually hinted that Count Mansfeldt's object in coming to England was to act the spy or "skowte" on behalf of the Elector Palatine, with a view to the substitution of the Calvinistic Frederick for the Anglo-Catholic Charles. Such an idea was of course preposterous; but if Somerset could put it in black and white and place it under the eyes of James, we may be sure that a mixed multitude were agitated with wild alarm as to the danger to be incurred by English Protestantism from the accession of Charles. A proof still more impressive of the unpopularity of the new King is derived from the fact that he, or Buckingham in his interest, was accused by the multitude of having poisoned James. In the disputes in which he was speedily involved with Parliament, the intensity of the popular feeling on the subject of the new Arminian and Anglo-Catholic theology was curiously manifested. Montague, a clergyman who had made himself conspicuous by his Arminianism, and whom Laud and Charles ostentatiously patronised, was formally accused by the Commons, and was declared, first of all, to have insulted the late king's memory by his Arminian doctrine. Such a charge could not have been seriously pressed in a court of law, but its having been made by the House of Commons is a striking evidence and illustration of the disadvantage under which, from the very

commencement of his reign, Charles I. carried on his Government. He had all his father's difficulties, and most formidable difficulties of his own. He was unpopular from the first.

Such indications of the public feeling as have been specified are apt, from their mere triviality or absurdity, to be taken no account of by historians. The morning mist having vanished utterly, no one remembers the effects it produced on the landscape; but if we want to know how some one lost his way and perished among the mountains or in the wood, it will be necessary for us to recall the precise aspects of his situation. From the first day of his reign, and we may safely add to the last, Charles groped his way through a fog—a fog of misunderstanding that enveloped him and his subjects alike. This will become plain when we realise the exact circumstances in which he was placed.

Of Buckingham—who, in the last years of James and the first years of Charles, was practically at the head of affairs—it has been already remarked that he was a fool of genius. The audacity, the impassioned energy, the speculative resource, even the insight (in occasional flashes) of genius, were his; but he lacked the judgment and the patience without which genius is the wing of Icarus. He may be credited with the policy of the French match, and candour will admit that it was in some respects able, high-toned, and generous. It was, first of all, the old Elizabethan policy of hostility to Spain, and thus addressed itself to the sympathies of that great body of Englishmen whose ideas of England's duty in the world were confined to the two simple objects of fighting Spain abroad and crushing Roman Catholicism at home; but it brought this traditional policy into accordance with modern requirements by a system of alliances with France and the Northern Pro-

testant Powers. The mere hammering of Spain was to be only a part, and a comparatively insignificant part, of the general programme. Justice to Buckingham bids us suppose that he had attained some apprehension of those principles of national administration and of international amity which have now, for about two centuries, been put in practice by the leading nations of Europe, and which, at the period of which we write, lent inspiration to the noblest statesmanship at once of Wallenstein and of Richelieu. Loyalty to the King—acceptance of the civil constitution of the realm—was to be required of subjects as the sole condition of their enjoying civil rights and religious liberty. Catholic and Protestant subjects were to live side by side in peace; and Catholic and Protestant Powers were to make common cause against any of their number which proved masterful and encroaching. The Austrian Empire, animated with the spirit of that Catholic revival which had taken place under the auspices of the Society of Jesus, wielding the resources of a vast territory and an immense population, and having at its command such warriors as Tilly and Wallenstein, was formidable not only to Protestantism, but to the best interests of the European Commonwealth. With the general design of checking the predominance of the Empire, the particular purpose of restoring Frederick to his Palatinate would well agree. Christian of Denmark, uncle of Charles and of the Electress Palatine, would naturally fall in with the views of the Allies. England and France, differing in religion but harmonising in their European policy, knit together by the gold ring of a royal marriage, would head the League.

If this outline of the policy and plans of Buckingham and Charles is substantially correct, we can scarcely refuse to admit that such views were consistent with a consciousness of patriotic intention, and were not unfitted to inspire

in the Duke and his master an intelligent enthusiasm. Were they not such as might have been favourably entertained by the English people and by the leaders of the House of Commons? We must pause before replying in the affirmative. The scheme of Buckingham was fundamentally the scheme of Richelieu; and when we look searchingly into Richelieu's policy we find that it could not have been safely taken over wholesale by the Parliament and people of England. By the civil power Richelieu meant emphatically and distinctively the power of the king. France was in that stage of political evolution when the people, oppressed by many aristocratic tyrants, hope to find in the king a deliverer. England had now entered upon that much more advanced stage of political evolution, during which the nation assumes, through the instrumentality of representatives, the government of itself. It had already become impossible in England, though many a weary year, many a dark day of battle and of civic strife, were to pass before the fact of its impossibility was admitted on all sides, that the will or word of a king could be accepted as an adequate guarantee for the rights of subjects.

The course of events has demonstrated that, even in France, the guarantee offered by Richelieu, to wit, the promise of the sovereign, was not to be relied on. "Submit implicitly to the King," said Richelieu in effect to the Huguenots; "surrender your privileges into his hands, and you shall enjoy civil freedom and religious toleration." The great body of the Huguenots listened to his voice. They permitted themselves to be borne along on the wave of national impulse that tended to throw all things at the foot of the throne. They left the minority to struggle alone. In vain did the brave burghers of Rochelle uplift the banner of liberty as well as that of religion. In vain did the Duke de Rohan call upon the

Huguenots throughout France to rally to the defence of the last of their fortresses, adjuring them to remember the motto, "Complete victory, secure peace, or honourable death." The spirit of compromise, with its enervating plausibilities, was too strong for him. The mass of the Huguenots left Rochelle to its fate. They had their reward. Richelieu did not play them false. They were allowed to worship God under their own vine and fig-tree in the sunny South of France. And what was the result? Why this—that their religious liberty, secured only by the word and will of the sovereign, not rooted in the Constitution of France, was torn up by the first sovereign whom the Jesuit and the knave could incite to the enormity. Louis XIV. took back the boon which Louis XIII. gave, and the proscription of the Reformed Church throughout France, and the expulsion of the Huguenots from the kingdom, showed the fatal mistake of those Frenchmen who had left the sword of Coligny to rust in its scabbard, and had been content with toleration by sufferance. Every Englishman who rejoices that such a thing as the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was impossible in England—that, before the seventeenth century closed, toleration had been embedded in the very foundations of our Constitution—has cause to thank God that the Puritans did their work more effectually than the Huguenots, that the assertion of political freedom went hand in hand with the vindication of religious liberty, and that neither was trusted to the word of a king.

Charles and Buckingham, therefore, though there was much that was not merely plausible and imposing but truly enlightened in their designs, found themselves speedily entangled in a coil of difficulties. Richelieu's scheme of first striking down the Huguenots with the royal hand, cased in iron glove, and then extending to them the same hand in the silken glove of clemency and toleration, was

too complicated for the rough and half-informed intelligence of the English people. What English Protestants wanted was that the fighting Huguenots should be directly and effectually succoured, not by negotiation, but in arms. The theory of absolute royal supremacy, which played so important a part in Richelieu's system, could neither be explicitly brought forward in England, nor safely acted upon in treating with Louis. Buckingham and Charles, therefore, even while James still lived—for the French match was arranged before his death—were at cross-purposes both with the French King and with the English people. A promise of toleration in favour of the English Catholics was given, which the English Crown, opposed on this point by the settled will of the nation, could not make good. A promise of ships, to be used as Louis might determine, was also given; and we may believe that if Charles and Buckingham exacted no stipulation that they should not be used against Protestants, the Duke and the King were thoroughly acquainted with Richelieu's intention that the Huguenots, when reduced to submission, should be tolerated in the exercise of their religion. But the mere idea of sending ships to the enemy of the Huguenots alarmed and irritated the English people.

The King and his favourite attempted to solve the insoluble problem they had taken in hand by dextrously hoodwinking all parties. Henrietta Maria had been but a short time the Queen of Charles, when she found reason to complain that she and her brother had been deceived. When the time came for performance of the promise about the ships, the result was equally disastrous for Charles and the Duke. They adopted the method which, when put in practice by shopkeepers and schoolboys, is called lying, and, when put in practice by kings and ministers, is called diplomacy. Nicholas, secretary to the Lord Admiral, who was employed in the business, had instructions to prevent,

or at least delay, the delivery of the ships, but at the same time to conduct himself so that the French ambassador might believe that he was "sent of purpose, and with full instructions and command, to effect his desire, and to cause all the ships to be put into his hands." When at last the ships were delivered, every man in them, with the exception of one gunner, made off. The vessels were used against the Huguenots, and Charles, for all his double-dealing, gave an offence to the English Puritans, which they remembered against him on that day when he came to lay his "grey, discrowned head" on the block.

This double-dealing, were it only for its impracticability, brings prominently into view the folly that mingled with Buckingham's genius; but more palpable illustrations of the same thing abound. He had not that instinct of the practical man which absolutely forbids exultation in the end before calculation of the means, and inexorably disbelieves in royal roads to any goals worth reaching. Joseph of Austria, as Frederick of Prussia remarked, was a clever man, but always put the second before the first. That was the reason why Joseph told his friends to write on his grave-stone that he had failed in everything. Mirabeau and Napoleon, both of whom had a dash of quack in their composition, talked about there being no such word as "impossible;" but sharp discernment of the limits of possibility is, in fact, an essential condition of success; and Napoleon, if he had recollected, on the eve of his Russian expedition, that his professed contempt for impossibility was useful only for fanfaronading purposes, might never have heard the sighing of the waves at St. Helena.

It does not seem to have occurred to Buckingham that if he was to carry out all those grand martial schemes of his, the first thing to be done was to procure a few thousand drilled men, who could be depended on to fight,

and a sufficiency of qualified officers to lead them. He proceeded on the assumption that a few thousand losels, clutched by press-gangs, forwarded by justices who took the opportunity to clear off the scum of the population, and then hounded, in a state of semi-starvation and chronic mutiny, to the ports, defrauded of their pay, and stealing cattle to keep the flesh on their bones, were sure to conquer the soldiers of Spain, France, or the Empire. Of course, they did nothing of the kind. Of course, expedition after expedition issued in disaster and shame. Count Mansfeldt's expedition was a tale of horror and calamity, the plain result of enterprise without foresight, and attempted co-operation without clear understanding. The nation which had vanquished the Armada next saw the banner of England return torn and drooping from the attack upon Cadiz. But our man of genius—our fool too arrogant to learn—finding that his projects of a French alliance had suddenly caught fire, and that he had a French war on his hands, sailed for Rochelle without taking the indispensable precaution of clearing away that cloud of suspicion and fear which his own and his master's double-dealing had interposed between himself and the minds of the townsmen. Can we wonder that they distrusted him? Could they forget that English ships formed part of the fleet which finally and fatally closed the sea against them by defeating Soubise? When Buckingham appeared with his squadron in the offing, the Rochellers refused to admit him. Are we sure, even now, that they made a mistake? The probability is that, if he had entered Rochelle, he would have done no more than obtain for the townsmen, with ostentatious parade of the influence of Charles in the business, and on condition of their submitting to the propitiated Louis, those terms which, on submission, they could obtain for themselves. Any how, they refused to admit him. He determined to attempt the Isle of Rhè. At first,

encountering no force capable of meeting him in the field, he fancied he was conquering and to conquer; but having no real knowledge of the art of war, he threw away time and men in attacking, without the requisite artillery, St. Martin's, the principal fort in the island. The French then came upon him in overwhelming numbers, and though he displayed great personal valour, he lost two-thirds of his army, and was forced to return, with the wreck of the expedition, to England. This was in July, 1627.

Add to all this, by way of forming an adequate idea of Buckingham's lack of judgment and self-command, that he gave way to an insane passion for the young Queen of France, compelling her to call upon her attendants to protect her from his advances, and thus drawing from Louis a peremptory injunction that he should be excluded from France. The licentiousness of Buckingham suggests unpleasant speculation as to the morals of his bosom friend, Charles, and lends some countenance to what Milton says as to the looseness of his demeanour, and Lilly as to his having had natural children. Milton, however, was certainly unjust to Charles.

Had the Duke been shrewd enough to apprehend the conditions of success in war, the current of English history might possibly have been changed, for no nation has yet been found wise enough to resist the intoxication of military success. Each of the disasters which followed in quick succession in the years of Buckingham's ascendency was of more value to England than ten glorious victories could well have been. But this is the reflection of one who contemplates English history as a whole. At the time when Buckingham returned defeated from the Isle of Rhè, the grief and anger of the nation knew no bounds. Charles stood by him faithfully, a circumstance which would have been to the King's credit if we could add, which we cannot, that he did so with a due

sense of responsibility for the blood and substance of his people, or that he showed king-like energy in probing the causes of the failure. But he was as destitute of practical talent as the Duke, and had no notion of the process by which defeat can be converted into triumph. He always acted as if he believed that success or failure is a prize or a blank drawn in a lottery. When an expedition collapsed, he saw nothing else that could be done except to fit out another in the old way of routine. Buckingham had come to grief; well, let Denbigh, Buckingham's brother-in-law, try his hand: Denbigh brought back the fleet under the imputation of having flinched from the enemy; let it be Buckingham, then, once more. A new expedition, accordingly, was fitted out, and Buckingham was appointed to the command. The destination was again Rochelle. We are now in the summer of 1628.

During the three years of the reign of Charles over which we have been glancing, the Parliament of England played no unimportant part on the stage of affairs, and we must have a look at their proceedings. History in action is a bird's-eye view; history in literary delineation can be no more than a selection of particulars. The historical describer has always to regret that he must show events, not as they actually occurred, simultaneously and in vital connection, but in succession. He wishes he could recur to that old Mexican or old Egyptian and Assyrian method of writing history, in which it was painted, in feathers or otherwise, on broad walls. Here army meets army in shock of conflict in the open field; there heroes dislodge "pinnacle and parapet upon the tortoise creeping to the wall;" here the column pours through the breach; there the King and his councillors meet in grand palaver; in the next compartment the Queen and her ladies look on with amiable interest while lions crunch the heads of captives. Could the panorama of events be transferred to

the printed page, we should have seen how, while English seamen were deserting their ships *en masse* rather than serve against Huguenots, while English armies were choking in French swamps, while the banner of Protestantism, once proudly upheld by the arm of Elizabeth, was being struck down from Bohemia to Rochelle, the Commons of England sat in the background, and took note of the whole in vexation, shame, and wrath.

Charles met his first House of Commons in June, 1625, two or three months after he began to reign, and it soon appeared that they already looked upon him and Buckingham with invincible distrust. Their deepest cause of suspicion and alarm was religious. They suspected that, in the negotiations preceding the King's marriage, concessions had been made to the English Catholics of a nature to which they would not have given assent. They were not prepared to view Richelieu's principles of toleration with intelligent sympathy, even if those principles had been distinctly placed before them. Once for all, the English nation would not hear of toleration of Papists. Reasonably or unreasonably—and they would have been grossly and criminally unreasonable if the loyal Catholic had not had the Jesuit by his side—English Protestants were more afraid of Papists than Richelieu and those who shared his enlightenment were afraid of Huguenots. I feel bound, for my part, to own that Buckingham and Charles were on this point ahead of their countrymen. Toleration is assuredly the point on which the judicious advocate of the Stuarts will most strenuously insist. Be it remembered, however, in justice to our fathers, that there were no Protestant Jesuits of whom Richelieu had to take account. And at all events, it was folly and falsehood in Buckingham, it was folly, falsehood, and vainglory in Charles, to pretend to Louis, Richelieu, and Henrietta Maria, that they could procure toleration for

the English Catholics when they knew, or ought to have known, that Parliament would sanction nothing of the sort. A wise and thoughtful Prince, earnestly bent upon introducing toleration into his kingdom, and accurately acquainted with the temper of his people, would have been aware, if placed in the position of Charles, that nothing could bode worse for the enjoyment of religious freedom by the English Catholics than the diffusion among the Commons and throughout the nation of a conviction that toleration had been promised by the King, at the instance of a foreign monarch, and without reference to Parliament.

But the Commons were alarmed for their Protestantism on another account. They were afraid not merely of subjection to the Pope, but of those principles which the Papacy consecrates. In the innovations of Dr. Laud, they beheld the abandonment of the essentials of Protestantism, the readoption of those religious doctrines and sentiments which, at the Reformation, England had cast out with a fervour of enthusiasm not then cooled. English Protestants of that generation did not know, as we now do, that a body of clergymen may be, and continue, Roman Catholic in theology, ritual, and habit of thought and character, without submitting to the Pope. We moderns have lived to behold many of the Anglican clergy ashamed of the name of Protestant—a name which Laud owned on the scaffold—and to hear a voice so authoritative as that of John Henry Newman declare that, when he was in the Anglican State Church, he had taught the essential principles of Romanism as distinguished from Protestantism. But our fathers had not the aids we possess in drawing fine theological and ecclesiastical distinctions. Their nerves had not been trained to stand without wincing the spectacle of a Romish clergy battening on the pastures of an Establishment intended by Parliament and people to be Protestant. They were,

therefore, pained and alarmed by the changes made by Laud. They saw the table at which Christians commune with each other in sympathetic memory of Christ—chief symbol of a religion which is primarily not sacramentarian but social—being reconverted into an altar for the performance of a superstitious rite of propitiation. They saw the reformed pastor, leader in the congregation in virtue of his moral, spiritual, intellectual superiority, and of that alone, being reinvested with mediatorial attributes, called a priest, furnished with apparatus of salvation in form of mystical sacraments, and armed with a most potent weapon of domestic intrusion and espial in auricular confession. They saw the personal responsibility of every man to his God being transformed into the submission of all judgments to the Church, aptly accompanied by the sycophantic prostration of all wills before the King. Charles had opened his heart to Laud and his doctrines with that entire acceptance which springs from what Goethe called *wahlverwandtschaft*—a constitutional unison, a relationship in feeling, faculty, and habit of soul, which we but clumsily translate into "elective affinity."

Here were causes enough of discrepancy, and it would be no difficult matter to extend the list. Blind to the signs of the times, Charles was surprised, on meeting his Parliament, to find the Houses indisposed to put confidence in his administration; irritated about Popery, Arminianism, and the influence of Buckingham; stingy of supplies. He tried them first at London, then at Oxford, but found that nothing like the amount of money was to be had from them which his high-flying schemes required. He dissolved them, therefore, in a passion; even Buckingham's entreaties could not make him pause.

In 1626 he met his second Parliament, but with it he fared no better, rather worse, than with his first. The Commons now made a dead set at Buckingham, their aim

being fundamentally to subject the whole administration to the direction and supervision of Parliament. They proceeded to impeach the Duke, but Charles saved him by a dissolution. His third Parliament met in 1628, and for the third time he was confronted, as by a spectre that he could not lay, by the Patriot party. Who and what were they?

They represented, first of all, a very large proportion of the material wealth of England. The Commons were computed to have among them three times as much riches as the Lords. With the fact that they were men of substance may fitly be taken the fact of their ingrained conservatism. Engaged in initiating a revolution, they deprecated change: their whole revolution took the shape of opposition to change. It is indeed true, as Hume affirms, that "it is ridiculous to consider the English Constitution before that period as a regular plan of liberty." The sovereign of England could still unaffectedly believe that his kingly honour and his duty to God and his country required him to maintain his own will and judgment against Parliament. The Puritan leaders, on the other hand, Eliot, Pym, John Hampden, John Hampden's young cousin, Oliver Cromwell, a rough-hewn slouching fellow from the Fens, Thomas Wentworth, and others, had no parchment programme of constitutional freedom. They indeed reverenced Magna Charta, and were all that Mr. Carlyle means by "constitutional pedants,"—that is to say, they attached high importance to form and precedent, reverenced the collective reason and will of nations, and would not have let the angel Gabriel reign in peace in England if he had superseded law and Parliament; but they were not pedants in the sense of mistaking phrases for facts. They had an indestructible and substantially correct notion of what English liberty had been in the past, and of what was necessary in order that it might be carried over

into the future. With the presaging instinct of greatness they were aware of "the spirit of the future time, yearning to mix itself with life," and were resolute that English freedom should be transmitted unimpaired to their posterity. They knew that the political institutions of Europe were in a state of transition, and that the liberties of England must now be set on an impregnable basis or lost for ever. They appreciated Richelieu's work in France, and were inflexibly determined that no English King should become what Richelieu aimed at making Louis. They knew what Philip II. had done in Spain, and that, even in Arragon, where the black business had been most difficult, "the grinning skulls of the Chief Justice of the kingdom and of the boldest and noblest advocates and defenders of the national liberties, exposed for years in the market-place with the record of their death-sentence attached, informed the Spaniards, in language which the most ignorant could read, that the crime of defending a remnant of human freedom and constitutional law was sure to draw down condign punishment."

Among those who, in tones of clear and fervid eloquence, enforced the principle and policy of realising the new by preserving and adapting the old, was Sir Thomas Wentworth, a dark man, of good Yorkshire blood, whose massive head, strong brows, and keen, compressed lips, could not escape observation as he sat in the front rank of the Patriots. "We must vindicate—what?" asked the future Strafford. "New things? No; our ancient, legal and vital liberties; by reinforcing the laws enacted by our ancestors; by setting such a stamp upon them that no licentious spirit shall dare henceforth to invade them." Bent upon vindicating the law, the party was appropriately strong in legal talent, counting in its ranks Coke and Selden, each with extensive cellarage of brain, in which lay stowed away immense treasure of law learning.

They had their fixed ideas, those men, their passionate persuasions; some, it may be, narrow enough. I think they were almost unduly anxious about the money-bag, and that, though their sympathy with German Protestantism and the expelled Elector was sound, it did not count for much in coin. They were for the most part Puritans. Their Puritanism meant a passion for the Bible as against the Church, for Protestantism as against Popery, for spiritual worship as against ceremonial worship, for purity of morals as against debauchery, profaneness, frivolity, for freedom as against despotism. Popery they hated with perfect hatred, regarding it as a tyrannical usurpation of authority over the human spirit, and as, at the same time, insidiously but profoundly immoral. It was for them what Isaac Disraeli has described, a masterpiece of diabolic subtlety, combining the obduracy of Moloch with the poisonous sweetness of Belial. "The very power," says Disraeli, "which ventured to invoke, from the silence of its Jewish tomb, the severe and sacred spirit of the abrogated theocracy, with the same wave of the wand summoned from its gay funereal urn the wanton genius of departed Paganism, and dared to combine in the novel system the characteristics of both. The Pope, seated on his eternal throne, smiled even amid his sublimity, and the same power that founded its rule on eternal terror, established its empire by endless indulgence. Roman Catholicism is a combination of the supernatural agency of the Judaic Theocracy, and the seductive ceremonies of ancient Polytheism." The Puritans of Charles's Parliaments would have heard these words with groans of unutterable acquiescence.

"The more fools they!" will the sceptical coxcomb of these days exclaim. Two things, however, are true respecting those old Puritans: first, that it was a question of essentials, no mere dispute as to words, forms, vestures, badges, between them and Laud; secondly, that their zeal

towards God, their intense emotional heat, dusky as may seem its flame compared with the serene enthusiasm of the modern scientific inquirer, was indispensable to animate and support them in the work they had to do. On this last point the testimony of Hume may be deemed conclusive. The Patriots, he tells us, would probably have despaired of resisting the Royal authority, "had they not been stimulated by religious motives, which inspire a courage insurmountable by any human obstacle." Few words written by Hume are more memorable than these.

No better test of the genuineness of a man's sympathy with the spirit of political freedom can be found than his capacity to enter into, and approve of, the conduct of those Puritan Patriots who sat in Charles's early Parliaments, and who extorted from him the acceptance of the Petition of Right. It was not in the least a romantic business in which they were engaged; it was a sternly practical, matter-of-fact concern, in the details of it dreary and prosaic. Immensely more pleasant would it have been for the Commons to flatter Charles and Buckingham, and to have let themselves be hurried along in indiscriminate enthusiasm for schemes with which, as they might easily have persuaded themselves, were bound up the safety of Protestantism and the honour of England. Nothing could dazzle them from the precision of their determination that personal sovereignty should not finally establish itself in England, that the prerogative should not be paramount to liberty and law. They were great in discernment, in civic courage, in patience; in conservatism that reverenced the very husk of the old, and would yet, by invincible instinct, make way for the green, living bud of the new as it inexorably superseded the old.

We have seen that never for one week did Charles get on well with his Parliaments. Imperious, vain-glorious, devoid of sagacity and *savoir faire*, he irritated where he

ought to have studiously soothed. He had to drive a team that might have baffled the wariest and strongest of despots, and he proceeded as if they could be quelled by cracking the whip. In his first speech to his third Parliament, he told the members, by way of inducing them to table the nation's money, that, "if they should not do their duties, in contributing to the necessities of the State, he must, in discharge of his conscience, use those other means which God had put into his hands, in order to save that which the follies of some particular men may otherwise put in danger." In other words, if the Commons did not vote him money, he would take it. The lord-keeper was directed by his Majesty to put this beyond doubt by explaining that the "way of Parliamentary supplies" had been chosen "not as the only way, but as the fittest." It was a kind of religion with Charles to assert his prerogative. Satan, squat at his ear in the form of a sycophant priest, had told him that all property of the subject was "by Divine right" the king's, and he seems really to have believed it. The Commons had a most ticklish part to play, for if they did not make a firm stand they would quietly become the mere pageant of an autocracy, and if they angered Charles he might peremptorily dissolve them, as he had done twice already, and "deem himself justified"—the words are Hume's—"for violating, in a manner still more open, all the ancient forms of the Constitution." Hume expresses high admiration of the capacity displayed by the Patriots under these difficult and delicate circumstances.

It was in the first summer months of 1628 that the Commons, having voted five subsidies, but not yet actually handed them over to the Court, pressed the King to accept the Petition of Right. If one were required to state shortly the object of that celebrated instrument, it might be described as the limitation of the prerogative to such an

extent as should render it impossible for the sovereign to carry on the government independently of Parliament. The Petition of Right specified all those methods by which the King and Buckingham had replenished the exchequer without consent of Parliament, and stamped them with reprobation. The Petition of Right purported to crave nothing as a favour, nothing strictly new; it claimed the acknowledgment of Right. There was no rhetoric, therefore, in its composition, no appeal to general principles; only specification of fundamental laws, the Great Charter, statutes of Edward I., Edward III., writs of *Habeas Corpus*. On the strength of these, both Houses of Parliament asked the King to relinquish and disallow benevolences, forced loans, arbitrarily imposed taxes, arbitrary imprisonment, martial law, and the billeting of soldiers upon subjects. The Lords had hesitated and haggled a good deal, but the Commons refused to have their specific demands folded up in generalities, or to be put off with flourishes about his Majesty's conscience, honour, and regard for the well-being of his subjects. Hume remarks that the Lords "were probably well pleased in secret that all their solicitations had been eluded by the Commons," but, if so, it was base in them to curry favour with Charles and Buckingham by increasing the difficulties of the Commons at such a crisis. The King had recourse to shuffling and evasion, and it was not until the Commons showed their angry humour by condemning Manwaring, the priestly inculcator of abject submission by subjects to their king, to fine and imprisonment, and by censuring Buckingham, that he accepted the Petition of Right in regular form. Grudgingly, ungraciously, as one who gnawed his tongue for pain, did Charles give way; but the Commons received the concession with transports of grateful joy, and immediately passed the Bill for five subsidies.

But their work was not yet done. It was indispensable,

if the Petition of Right were not to prove a dead letter, that a Commission, which had been issued before the meeting of Parliament with the express purpose of providing a machinery for levying money by un-Parliamentary means, should be cancelled. Buckingham and all the considerable officers of the Crown had been included in this Commission, which was instructed to pay less regard to form and circumstance than to the essential business of finding the cash. Hume describes the Commission as "a scheme for finding expedients which might raise the prerogative to the greatest height, and render Parliaments entirely useless." Another commission had been granted of a still more alarming character. A thousand horse were to be raised in Germany, to be transported to England, and used for such purposes as might seem good to His Majesty. This is the first bold development of that policy, for cherishing which Strafford lost his head. To put an end to all such projects, and to introduce a comprehensive change into that system of administration which had wasted the treasure, spilled the blood, and tarnished the laurels of England in four disastrous expeditions, the Commons struck direct at the man who, in their eyes and the eyes of the nation, stood sponsor for them all—the Duke of Buckingham. Charles rushed once more to the rescue, and prorogued the Session on the 26th of June, 1628.

The hatred with which Buckingham was regarded had now reached that terrible pitch at which the bravest may well be appalled, when monomaniacs take the infection, and the glaring danger of the hated personage colours the night visions of his friends. Nothing, however, could shake that dauntless heart. He put aside the warnings of those who told him of apparitions announcing his doom, and soothed his Duchess, whose affection for her brilliant lord had been proof against reiterated infidelities, and who looked upon this new expedition with

peculiar apprehension. Untouched as he was by fear, Buckingham seems to have given tokens of an unwonted pensiveness and melancholy on this occasion. In bidding farewell to Laud, he said that, amid the adventures of war, he might, of course, fall like another man, and he asked the Bishop to commend his wife and children to the King. His hope as to the issue of the expedition was that the appearance of the English fleet on the scene of conflict would furnish occasion for a settlement between the French King and the Huguenots, and that thus Charles might honourably make peace with France. It is improbable that Louis and Richelieu would have been induced by a mere demonstration of force to bow to Buckingham and his master; and all we know of the Duke's character assures us that, if haughtily defied by the French King, he would have fought. That he should have succeeded is barely possible. In order to do so, it would have been necessary for him to inspire his men with perfect confidence in himself, and with the courage, dash, and stubbornness which disaster on disaster had reduced to the lowest ebb. The task might have proved too hard for Clive, Suwarrow, or Cromwell; there is no reason to believe that Buckingham was equal to it. The utmost we can say is that it is the part of genius to astonish the world, and that Buckingham was a man of genius; that a splendid example of valour and a taste, however slight, of success, have frequently transformed poltroons into excellent soldiers; and that, therefore, it is not absolutely impossible that Buckingham might have relieved Rochelle by some such miracle of energy and invention as that by which, in the following century, Peterborough took Barcelona. It certainly is not impossible that, if Richelieu and Louis had found Buckingham in earnest, and the spirit of Puritan England fairly aroused in his armament,—if one or two severe blows had convinced them that they had to deal with a really for-

midable enemy,—they might have been glad to come to an accommodation. The flash of fortune, therefore, which Buckingham had so long expected might have come at the eleventh hour, and might even then have availed to open up that prospect of alliance with France, for maintenance of the European balance in Germany and restoration of the Elector Frederick to his Palatinate, which has been described as the cherished dream of Buckingham's ambition. It was not to be. The universal hatred of the Duke acted upon the diseased brain of John Felton, and, partly in revenge for a real or imagined wrong, partly in the confused notion that he was doing England service, he plunged his knife into Buckingham's heart. The deed was done at Portsmouth in August, 1628.

The Earl of Lindsey, who took the command of the fleet after the Duke's death, made hardly a show of forcing an entrance into Rochelle. The only feasible mode of accounting for what seems the cowardice and lethargy of an English commander and English sailors and soldiers on that occasion is by supposing that the instructions of the former enjoined him to relieve the town if the utmost show of war would do it, but to stop short of actual hostilities. This view accords perfectly with the two-faced policy adopted in the affair of the ships. Charles was neither wholly for the Huguenots nor wholly against them, and his half-hearted, double-minded intervention had no result but this, that the agony of Rochelle was protracted beyond its natural term, and that extremities of starvation and plague were endured by the gallant townsmen which, if there had been no ground for hope that England was coming to their aid, they could not reasonably have encountered. After one of the most heroic and heart-thrilling defences recorded in history, Rochelle surrendered. Richelieu had enclosed within his deadly embrace 15,000 Rochellers; Jean Guiton, the man

of iron, at the head of 4,000 living skeletons, confessed that the end had come.

The fall of Rochelle, the attempt made by Charles to persuade the judges to declare that Felton could be legally put to the torture, the diffusion of a suspicion that he was trying to shuffle out of the Petition of Right, the increasing favour of Laud, the strengthening influence of the Queen, and the ostentatious patronage of Manwaring, Cosins, Sibthorpe, and Montague, the advocates of Arminianism, Anglo-Catholicism, and passive obedience, which occurred in the recess, tended to impair that harmony between King and Parliament which might have been expected to result from the death of Buckingham. The Commons could not but feel that the assassination of the Duke, over which there had been at first in patriotic circles a display of coarse and cruel exultation, had introduced no new era.

The Session, therefore, which commenced in January, 1629, was stormy. The Lower House resolved itself into a Committee of Religion, fiercely determined to check Laud's counter-reformation, which they believed to be a palpable conspiracy in the interest of the Pope. A grand remonstrance was on the way, a remonstrance in which Laud was to be named, and in which the claims and principles of the Petition of Right were to be re-affirmed and, on one important point, specialised. Charles was to be made to feel that, if he was to levy tonnage and poundage, he must do so, not in virtue of a single formal grant, at the beginning of the reign, as Henry V. and succeeding kings had done, but by express permission of Parliament during a time limited by statute. The more ancient practice had been that of temporary grant, and to this the Commons were resolved to recur. They had voted tonnage and poundage for but one year, and alleged that, in raising the tax without a renewal of the vote, Charles had violated the Petition of Right. Incensed and alarmed, the King hurried

to dissolve the Parliament, and after a scene of excitement unprecedented in English Parliamentary history, during which, while Hollis and others held down Speaker Finch by main force in the chair, resolutions against Popery, Arminianism, and illegal exactions were passed by acclamation, the Session abruptly closed. This was in March, 1629. Charles breathed freely as one who, to use his own word, had succeeded in trampling down a brood of "vipers," and determined to govern henceforth without Parliaments. It would be possible to dispense with subsidies, if the Treasury could be relieved of the demands of foreign war; and peace was accordingly concluded with France and Spain. If Buckingham's idea had been that the nation, dazzled by victories abroad, might be heedless of the consolidation of despotism at home, the scheme was now abandoned.

It was about the time of Buckingham's death that Sir Thomas Wentworth deserted the popular party and joined the Court. The opinion of Pym and the Patriots was that his desertion was an act of deliberate apostacy; and no other decision would be just. The best that can be said in mitigation of his guilt is that the maudlin romance of personal devotion to Charles may have sentimentalised and softened into vice the robust virtue of his devotion to England, and that he may have been influenced by that fastidiousness of temperament and of intellect, which takes refuge from horny-handed freedom in the stateliness of despotism.

The policy of Thorough—a word which we found in the correspondence of Laud and Strafford, and which has been adopted to denote the system of administration during those years when Parliaments were suspended in England—was no special device of any man's. It was naturally suggested by Charles's situation, and was the embodiment of his arbitrary disposition, his wilfulness, his detestation

of Parliaments, his belief in his Divine right and duty to be an autocrat. During those years he was a resolute and high-handed despot. Men who had irritated him by their Parliamentary opposition were imprisoned. The most intrepid, proud, and high-principled of his opponents, Sir John Eliot, was denied the recreation and change of air that might have saved his life, and languished to death in the Tower. With refined and resolute cruelty, Charles refused his body to his children, and ordered it to be buried in prison. Monopolies of soap, salt, wine, leather, seacoal, hampered industry. The King's forests were arbitrarily extended in disregard of private rights; and it is notable that whereas James, with a genuine kingliness of satisfaction in increasing the resources of his country and the prosperity of his subjects, had interested himself in planting Ulster with men, Charles was perpetually bent upon extending the breadth of his acreage under trees and game. It is but fair, however, to remember that Maryland was colonised in this reign.

Where Strafford was present, whether in Yorkshire or in Ireland, there was energetic civil administration, and Laud ruled the Church with a rod of iron; but the impotence which had characterised Charles's general administration from the first continued to prevail. Though he devoted much attention to the fleet and was fond of building large ships, the narrow seas were not safe for English vessels or the English coasts for English subjects. "The merchants," said the Commons, describing this period in the Remonstrance of 1641, "have been left so naked to the violence of the Turkish pirates, that many great ships of value, and thousands of his Majesty's subjects, have been taken by them, and do still remain in miserable slavery." It has been said that Buckingham's comprehensive and daring schemes of foreign policy were abandoned; but Charles could not refrain from meddling

with his neighbours. He intrigued with Spain against Holland, and with the Netherlands against Spain, not reaping a shred of advantage in either case, but filling both parties with resentment against him. These negotiations cast a painfully detective light upon Charles's character. For the promise of the isles of Zealand, he was ready to assist Spain to subjugate Holland; and in the idea that the Netherlands might accept him for sovereign, he was willing to help them to throw off the Spanish yoke.* His negotiations with France offended Spain, his negotiations with Spain offended France. It is difficult to imagine any motive for these proceedings except personal ambition. Charles alienated the sympathy of every foreign Power, and in his misfortunes had no friend either among Catholics or Protestants. Scorn for his capacity and for his greed was the sentiment with which he inspired Continental statesmen.

Strafford discerned that the thing essentially necessary, if Charles were to reign despotically over England, Scotland, and Ireland, was a drilled and disciplined army. Laud pointedly agreed with Strafford as to the absolute necessity of raising a military force that could be relied on. These two singled out each other, and were singled out by their contemporaries, as the pillars of the new despotism. Strafford himself did not feel the need of strenuously drilling troops more acutely than Laud. Strafford himself could not have regarded with more contempt and distress the administrative imbecility which reigned in London than Laud. The intellectual range of the Archbishop was narrow; his temper was morose and fanatical; he was an ecclesiastic, and not more than an ecclesiastic; he committed almost incredible mistakes;

* Clarendon and Hardwicke State Papers, quoted by Hallam The double-dealing, the meanness, the pompous and resultless imbecility of Charles's foreign policy, are admirably exhibited in Mr. Gardiner's narrative of his Personal Government.

but in the sincerity of his belief, in the concentration of his energy, in his complete and disinterested devotion to his Anglican idea, he was great. In his main aim of securing the priesthood and the episcopate for the Crown, he succeeded; and the Church of England wears his image and superscription to this hour. No sooner was the grip of Pym on the throat of Strafford, than the Irish Parliament sided with the English Commons; but when the Short Parliament of 1640 refused to grant supplies, Laud's clergy in Convocation tabled their money.

After Buckingham's assassination, Laud's sway over Charles became absolute. It was a strange relation in which the ecclesiastic stood to his sovereign; a relation in which every word of the priest was a word of reverent assent, every look a look of abject submission—nay, every thought the thought of a willing and grateful minion; but in which, nevertheless, the intellect, conscience, and will of the sovereign were mastered by the priest. Charles was one of the few men who perfectly understood Laud, and was an Anglican of Laud's type. An Anglican king and an Anglican high priest, each supreme in his own sphere, each divinely commissioned to rule over England, each encompassed with a mystic sacredness and inviolability; the high priest enjoining the people to submit in all things to the king, the king putting all the civil authority of the State at the service of the Church: this was the vision that enthralled the imagination of Charles. There was an irresistible charm for a man of intense wilfulness, and whose intellectual strength was not in proportion to his religious sensibility, in a theory which made self-assertion a duty, and enabled him to believe those who resisted him to be damnable sinners. It was the illusion in which he was wrapped by Laud that gave a martyr serenity to his sad and weary face, a fortitude not less than heroic to his

bearing in many an hour of tribulation; but if it supported him, and promoted the purposes of Vandyke, it was infinitely baneful to England. The vices of weak men become subtly and powerfully noxious only when they are consecrated, for themselves and others, into virtues.

To be perfectly correct, however, in our understanding of the relation between Charles and Laud, we must bear in mind that Laud's ascendency was never incompatible with a certain amount of self-assertion on Charles's part. The minute research of Mr. Gardiner has made it plain that Charles could occasionally resist Laud, and the instances in which this resistance took place are suggestive. The purity of motive, the perfect courage, with which Laud opposed corruption in high places, received but a half-hearted support from Charles. One Sir Anthony Pell was a creditor of the Crown for £6,000. He applied again and again to Treasurer Weston for payment, without effect, and betook himself for counsel to Sir James Bagg, a political follower of Weston's. Bagg advised him to bribe the Treasurer, and offered to carry the money. A sum of £2,500 thus changed hands between Pell and Bagg. Meanwhile the Treasurer died, and Pell, who had taken nothing by his bribe, and was now told by Bagg that he had paid over the money to Weston, sued Bagg in the Star Chamber. Whatever had become of the money, Bagg's conduct had been scandalous, and Laud exerted himself strenuously to have it censured by the Court. But the King "refused," says Mr. Gardiner, "to inflict any penalty whatever upon Bagg, and left him in possession of the governorship of the fort at Plymouth." Even in insisting upon it as a first principle of all efficient finance, that there should be no obscurity in the accounts, that "the King should know his own estate," Laud found he could not count upon the Royal support. That infallible proof of practical incapacity, the secret cowardly wish to

huddle up matters, was one of the diagnostic marks of Charles's character. From first to last he had a grudge against thorough efficiency and against splendour of knightly principle. Strafford was too energetic for him; Montrose too chivalrous, direct, and dauntless; Laud too much of a purist. It is observable, also, that Charles had always an underhand leaning towards Papists, which impaired the completeness of his sympathy with Laud, with Strafford, and even with Clarendon. After Buckingham's death he seems to have liked no one quite so well as Weston—an unprincipled, worthless man, surrounded with a clique of Papists, calling himself a Protestant because he found the lie profitable in this world, and keeping a priest always within hail, in order that, by dying a Papist, he might cheat God and the devil in the next.

The Anglicanism of Laud, so different from the nobly comprehensive and philosophical Anglicanism of Hooker, was at first misapprehended by almost all his contemporaries. "This," said both Puritan and Papist when the scheme of Laud began to unfold itself, "is Popery." Such was the opinion of the Queen. The Archbishop seemed to Henrietta "*dans son cœur très-bon Catholique.*" She took his preparation of a liturgy with "*peu de différence de la foi orthodoxe,*" for introduction into the Church of Scotland, to be the commencement of an attempt to assimilate worship, throughout the three kingdoms, to that of the Church of Rome. The Pope shared these expectations. Panzani, the Papal emissary, opened a secret negotiation for the reunion of the Churches. The offer of a Cardinal's hat was made to the Archbishop. Anglo-Catholicism has suggested the same hopes and inferences in our own time. Dr. Newman tells us that, when he joined the Church of Rome, his Popish friends asked him when Dr. Pusey was to follow, and thought him uncharitable when he expressed no hope that his old friend would submit to the Pope.

The genuine Anglican is not a man of strong logical instincts, and can remain for an indefinite period in a position that is logically untenable. Anglicanism is to Popery what a fine copy in water-colours is to a great original picture in oils.

The Pope and the Jesuits at last found Laud out; and when they caught a glimpse of his true meaning, which indeed he had made no conscious efforts to hide, the recoil with which they started back from him was sharp. It was the keen antagonism of one who suddenly detects, in the soft accents and deferential manner and obliging concessions of an acquaintance, what Balzac calls *la tendresse commerciale.* This is a different thing from the tenderness of sympathetic friendship. "Oh, I see;" this was the feeling of the Pope on having his eyes opened; "you would borrow for your Church of England all the attractiveness and power of the Papacy—apostolic descent, time-honoured ceremony, solemn pageantry, melting music, sacramental salvation—and yet rebel against the Church's head, and erect your own Canterbury Popedom. Thank you for your civility, and for snivelling so sweetly about a sister's fall; but we shall spoil that little game. You are not one whit nearer the true Church than the Puritans." Accordingly, when swords were drawn in the quarrel, the word from Rome to the English Papists was to make no distinction between the heresy of Charles and that of his foes. The Papist pours upon the Anglican the concentrated venom of several fine essential hatreds—the hatred of the struggling author for the paid and applauded plagiarist, the hatred of the wife for the fascinating beauty of the *demi-monde*, the hatred of all men for the masked foe, the respectful rival, the traitor friend. Since the seventeenth century Rome has met every Anglican advance with a spurn of contempt; and the Anglican who has become a Papist is uncompromising and incisive in his Popery. There is not a more

decided Ultramontanist in Europe than Cardinal Manning; and Dr. Newman, though pathetically mindful of his old love, has said piercing things of the hybrid entity which he once "imagined to be a portion of the Catholic Church," which he left as a "mere national institution," and which he finally perceived to be "the veriest of non-entities."* He explicitly declares that, in attempting to defend the Anglican Church against the theology of Rome, he adopted Rome's "main principles and many of its conclusions," "obliterating thereby or ignoring the very rudiments of Protestantism."

The sum total extracted by the Court from the pockets of Englishmen during the eleven years when the Constitution was in abeyance, was not large in proportion to the wealth of the country; and we need not scruple to concede to Clarendon that, in the absence of war and the general quickening of intelligence, the country enjoyed material prosperity. Nor can we dispute Hume's statement, that, when spread over so many years, the number of mutilations, whippings, and gags administered to the Puritans, under the auspices of Laud and the Star Chamber, was not extremely great. But all the more on these accounts ought we to admire the conduct of those English patriots who fretted under the yoke of Charles. Few nobler spectacles are presented by history than that of the English people in those years when, from the nobles in their castles to the yeomen in their cottages, all classes were agitated by poignant distress at the thought of law insulted and Parliament suppressed. There is more of the secret of England's ordered liberty and rooted greatness in the gratitude and admiration with which Hampden's countrymen looked upon his conduct in the Ship-money case than in ten such fields as Agincourt. The nation felt that, in the person of Hampden, the fundamental laws of England confronted

* All three expressions are gleaned from one page of the "Apologia."

a despotic King and servile judges, and that, in Hampden's defeat, a blow had been struck at the essentials of English liberty. At the Court, though there must have been misgivings, the prevailing mood was one of cynical complacency. The witty privy councillor "would ordinarily laugh," says May, "when the words *liberty of the subject* were named." Those enamoured of political servitude were, however, "but a small part of the nation." The great majority, including "the common people and the country freeholders," "were sensible of their birth-rights and the true interest of the kingdom," and "would rationally argue of their own rights, and those oppressions that were laid upon them."

How long the profound disaffection might have smouldered without insurrectionary conflagration, if no spark had fallen to kindle it from without, no man can tell. The decision against Hampden was given in 1637, but no insurrectionary movement betrayed the profound indignation of the people. Laud, it is commonly said, committed an imbecile mistake in trying to force his Anglicanism on the Scotch. But Strafford as well as Laud thought that the Scotch could offer no formidable resistance. The Irish deputy said, in so many words, that five months would suffice to reduce Scotland to obedience.

Throughout England the sympathy of all classes was with the Scots. Vaguely, but with substantial correctness, the great body of the people felt that the Scots had cast off the yoke of Laud and the bishops, that the object of the war in which the King had become involved was to extend throughout the island that system of ecclesiastical uniformity and subjection of the entire spiritual life of the nation to one man, which had in England been found so galling. Lilly expresses with self-evidencing accuracy the prevailing mood of the public mind. Even the nobility, he tells us, marched with great reluctance; "for

the English and Scots having now lived like brethren or natives, or people of one nation, one amongst another for almost forty years, and having intermarried one with another, both nobility or gentry and others, they thought it a very strange thing, and not lawful or convenient, that this nation should now take up arms, and engage against the Scots, only to satisfy the insatiable lust of a few domineering priests and half-Popish bishops."

Glancing for a moment into Charles's camp on the Tweed in 1639, we note a fact or two which help us to realise what life was actually like in the olden time. The men fare largely upon salmon—so largely, that they soon begin to complain of having too much of it. They are barbarically unclean in their persons, the soldiers beguiling their leisure by engaging in a species of hunting which, says the contemporary describer, suggested a riddle in the days of Homer—What is that species of game which, when taken, is left on the hunting-ground, and, when not taken, is carried home? The fact that it is most unpleasant even to speak of such things at present, measures our superiority to our ancestors in social refinement. After the blooming out of the whole Elizabethan literature, after Spenser had written his Faëry Queen, and Milton his Comus, the habits and the manners of Englishmen in the seventeenth century continued such as would now be thought revolting among coal-heavers. Some of the soldiers were armed with primitive muskets, which they discharged with matches, some with bows and arrows; and a dispute was maintained between the parties as to which was the better weapon. The argument of the bows-and-arrows men of course was, that the bow had given England the victory on many a field, and "had been at the siege of Bullen." Could an instrument of war, which had been highly esteemed by Hannibal and Cæsar, by Edward Long-

shanks and the Black Prince, be displaced by a new-fangled, complicated, fire-spitting machine, that might burst in a man's hand and blow his eyes out? Eloquent arguments, however, do not arrest historical development as it moves on from stepping-stone to stepping-stone. In the army with which Charles commenced the war in 1639, there were primitive muskets and bows and arrows; in the army with which Cromwell ended it, in 1651, there were no bows and arrows, and at least a portion of the force was provided with a bran-new, flint-locked musket, the unmistakable progenitor of the weapon with which Frederick of Prussia and the Old Dessauer won their battles, and of the Brown Bess of Waterloo. True to the old instinctive argument, Wellington continued sceptical on the subject of arms of precision, and died believing that the weapon which had served him so well in the Peninsula could never be superseded.

Having touched upon historical evolution, we may recall another phenomenon of the year 1639, which is not without significance from that point of view. It was in 1639, when England rang from sea to sea with theological debate and the furious strife of political parties, that Jeremiah Horrocks, a Lancashire curate only twenty years of age, worked over Kepler's calculations of the transit of Venus across the sun, and discovered that the great astronomer had made a mistake. As the day which his own investigation showed him to be the correct one approached, Horrocks arranged his telescope so that it should cast an image of the sun on a sheet of paper placed in a dark chamber, and inscribed with the mathematical figures necessary to enable him to make his observations. The critical day was the 24th of November, a Sunday, and Horrocks suspended his intense watch in the chamber to conduct first the morning service, then that of the afternoon. One cannot help wondering whether the

devout Puritans in his congregation were aware of any lack of savour in his sermons on this day, or whether he contrived to harmonise the requirements of science and of religion by preaching on the text, "The heavens declare the glory of God." He must have been more than mortal if, as the short November afternoon drew to its close, and the sunbeams fell slant through the church windows, and the priceless moments, during which alone the planet could be visible, were stealing quickly away, his voice did not falter, and his heart beat high. At a quarter-past three he entered his dark room, and there, travelling along the disc on the wall, was the black spot that marked the track of Venus in the far-away heavens. One half-hour was his in which to observe and measure the transit; then the sun set. No other eye had seen the planet travelling across its disc, for the single friend whom he had told to look out, no sooner beheld the actual fulfilment of the prediction, than he lost his head from excitement and became good for nothing. Had the proceedings of the young Lancashire curate been widely known at the time, it is probable that he would have been severely censured for the scientific interludes to his sermonising on that November Sunday, and not impossible that, if the mob had heard of the dark room and the miracle which drove his friend temporarily out of his senses, he might have shared the fate which overtook the quack magician, Dr. Lamb, a few years earlier, and been torn to pieces. But the faculties which, to use the language of the time, had been owned of God in the appearance, at the predicted hour, of that black speck on the face of the sun, could not fail to vindicate themselves; and when more than two centuries had passed, our generation beheld the most civilised nations of the world vie with each other in sending out expeditions to observe the recurrence of that transit of Venus which the young Lancashire curate of the seven-

teenth century witnessed in his silent and sequestered room.

Charles did not like the look of the army of the Covenanters as it lay encamped on Doune Hill, and the Scottish leaders were anxious, if possible, to avoid actually drawing the sword against their King. A pacification was accordingly patched up. But it was short-lived. The Covenanters, it must be admitted, carried matters with a high hand, and Charles and Laud, for their part, were far from sincerely consenting that the Scots should have their own way in religion. War, therefore, again broke out, and Charles, at his wits' end for money, was absolutely compelled to summon Parliament. It met in April, 1640, and must be pronounced, in view of all that had gone before, conspicuously moderate and loyal. But, though not refusing money, it proposed to inquire into grievances, and Charles dissolved it.

Having relieved himself of the presence of Parliament, he marched to encounter the Scots, who had this time crossed the Tweed. If readers would understand the state of affairs which fifteen years of misgovernment had produced in long-suffering England, they have but to place vividly before their imagination a few of the facts relating to the levy of Charles's army in 1640, collected by Mr. J. Bruce, in his careful and lucid Notes on the Treaty of Ripon.

The people, as represented by the yeomen, farmers, and train bands who came together in arms, were possessed with two ideas, which agitated them almost to frenzy—the idea that money ought not to be illegally raised, and the idea that England was being betrayed to the Pope. Instead of shouting for the King and backing the constable, Charles's soldiers rent open prison-doors, and set free those immured for refusing to pay the taxes. Bailiffs attempting to raise ship-money were "grievously

beaten." It was of no use to distrain—people would not make a bid for the goods brought to the hammer. The Sheriff of Oxfordshire, collecting ship-money, finds, wherever he comes, that the constables have disappeared, and that gates are "chained, locked, and barricaded." Mutiny pervades the troops, and the officers are in danger of their lives. In Norfolk, there are "murmurs, discontents, and outrages," and the recruits "utterly refuse to be disciplined." At Warminster, the soldiers get hold of the notion that their commander is a Papist. They propose to him that they shall all receive the sacrament. He declines; in that case, they say, they cannot march with him; and so they "cashier their captain." At Farringdon, the men murder Lieutenant Mohun, threaten their officers with death, and put them all to flight. At another place the officers require to kill some of the men in self-defence. At Wellington, Lieutenant Compton Evers does not go to church. The troops take it into their heads that he is a Papist, and murder him "with circumstances of frightful atrocity." An attempt is made to arrest four. Twenty start from the ranks exclaiming that they all did it. Beating, cashiering, murdering their officers, opening prisons, wasting the country, incensed to madness against Laud and the Pope, believing that the Scots are their brothers in religion and in hatred of despotism, the tumultuary multitude that Charles foolishly calls an army, welters on towards York. Of only one officer do we hear who managed to secure the goodwill of his men. Young Frank Windebank, son of the Secretary, finding himself suspected of Popery, and in danger of being murdered, bent to circumstances, read prayers and sang psalms at the head of his regiment, and backed up these edifying exercises with a drop of drink and *largesse* of tobacco. The men perceived that there was nothing wrong with Frank's theology, and while less

shifty officers trembled for their lives, he became immensely popular.

In the midst of an armed mob, greatly more inclined to coalesce with the Scots in a campaign against himself and his bishops than to fight on his behalf, Charles could not but perceive at York, in the summer of 1640, that a crisis had arrived. Strafford was at his side, but the Earl, who had recently, after long begging, obtained his title, was racked with a painful malady, and found the occasion too much for him. There is some evidence of his having made an attempt to kindle the martial ardour of the English, whose national pride, if skilfully appealed to, might certainly have been inflamed into vengeful fury by the rout of Conway by the Scottish army at Newburn, but beyond this we fail to discover one spark of genius or of inventive statesmanship in the proceedings of Strafford at this juncture. He evinced as complete an ignorance of the state of public feeling in England as Laud, and he had not Laud's excuse of being an ecclesiastic and of *not* having been a patriot. Strafford found that the King had really no party, and he seems, in consequence, to have been amazed and bewildered.

The one rational advice that reached Charles came from the Archbishop. It was to hold out the hand to several of the leading patriots—who at this time had met in London to consult and petition—and, in particular, to offer the command of the army to Essex. To such an offer the Earl, ambitious of distinction, "seemed not averse;" and if Essex had been placed at the head of the army, and reasonable concessions made to the popular party, it is in the highest degree probable that Charles might have ended the war with something like distinction. The Queen approved of Laud's project, and wrote to the King in its favour. It was, in fact, the best that could be suggested in the desperate circumstances to which Charles

was reduced. His thorough incapacity rendered him blind even to the meaning and point of the advice, and he made to the Queen and Laud the pompously imbecile reply that he had already invited Essex "to come along with the forces of his county." They knew that as well as he, but something more than the invitation addressed to every leading man in England was required to act upon the vanity and ambition of the Earl. Having no policy of his own, Charles yielded to the representations of his nobility assembled at York, and agreed to summon Parliament. On the 3rd of November, 1640—a day memorable in the annals of England and the world—the Long Parliament met.

The cardinal fact to be apprehended in connection with the Long Parliament at the time of its meeting is, that it was substantially unanimous, and represented a substantially unanimous nation. Lords and Commons pronounced condemnation upon the political and ecclesiastical government to which England had been subjected. Frightful as the misgovernment had been, the reverent affection with which his people regarded Charles was not, so far as can be gathered from the speeches of the leading patriots at the opening of Parliament, destroyed. It was not in sheer hypocrisy, nor was it wholly—though it may have been in part—with a view to conciliation, but mainly in subjugation of heart and intellect (in a manner inconceivable to this generation) by the illusive spell of anointed sovereignty, that Pym spoke of Charles as "a pious and virtuous King, who loved his people, and was a great lover of justice." If it is impossible to believe that Pym thought these words literally true, it is certain that the Commons of England heard them without imputing duplicity to the speaker. They attest for us the marvellous potency of an illusion which not only assigned to the King a constitutional incapacity to be called to account,

but actually credited him, to a very considerable extent, with Divine immunity from wrong-doing. Rudyard, a sturdy Puritan, told the House that evil counsellors had not "suffered His Majesty to appear unto his people in his own native goodness." "They had eclipsed him by their interpositions. Although gross, condensed bodies may obscure and hinder the sun from shining out, yet he is still the same in his own splendour. And when those bodies are removed, all creatures under him are directed by his light and comforted by his beams."

Ought we to admire, or at least to respect, this disposition of the Commons, as the childlike simplicity of noble natures? Hardly. The illusion was, after all, a lie, and few lies have been so pernicious. It lured Charles to his doom; smiling him on by the falsehood that he possessed a charmed life. It threw an element of perplexity and quasi-insincerity into the speeches, remonstrances, proclamations of the Parliament, every musket fired against the King being fired in his name, and professedly for his sake. One cannot help entering into the feeling of Charles when, in answer to a Parliamentary declaration, punctiliously respectful to himself and fiercely condemnatory of his measures, he exclaimed, "We could wish that our immediate actions, which we avow, and our own honour, might not be so roughly censured and wounded, under that common style of *evil councillors*."

The first object of Lords and Commons at the meeting of the Long Parliament was to strike down the most prominent instruments of the King. Seven of the Commons, Pym at their head, Hampden bringing up the rear, impeached Strafford of high treason before the Lords. About the same time Laud was sent to the Tower. The Archbishop's unpopularity had reached a climax, and shortly before his arrest a mob had come swarming and vociferating about Lambeth, with supposed intent to sack the

episcopal palace. The rioters did not effect an entrance, and, in fact, did nothing more than raise a noise. In making the noise, however, they used a drum. It was beaten by a poor creature called Archer. He was seized and tried for high treason. The beating of the drum had, it seems, technically amounted to this crime; but it is monstrous to imagine that Archer had levied war against his sovereign. He was, however, hanged, drawn, and quartered; and unless we are to suppose that a warrant in Charles's hand, printed by Professor Masson, remained a dead letter, he was first put to the torture. In the interval, therefore, between the death of Felton and the death of Archer, Charles's tyrannical audacity had increased. Those also who think that the patriots of the Long Parliament dealt harshly with Charles before the outbreak of the war, ought to recollect that so late as 1640, the Royal prerogative still included the right to put any man to the torture, and that Charles used it to this effect.

Strafford's friends and his own judgment warned him that he ought to avoid London, but the King told him to come. He was too strong a man to be quite after Charles's heart. There were sycophant bishops enough at hand to supply the King with casuistical reasons for breaking his promise and abandoning his devoted servant; but it is pleasant to find that Juxon, the creature of Laud, acting doubtless under the inspiration of his patron, told him that he was bound by his word. Charles felt that to sacrifice the Earl was a black and cowardly sin, and he was ever haunted with remorse for it. Strafford went to the block; Laud's ecclesiastical policy was reversed; Windebank and Finch fled the kingdom; the Courts of Star-Chamber, High-Commission, and of the North were abolished; and the sudden dissolution of Parliament was obviated by a Bill forbidding the step, except with its own consent. The

nightmare rose from England's heart, and the nation breathed freely. Such may be considered the position of affairs when the Parliament was prorogued in the summer of 1641.

The brightness passed away with the noontide of the year. When the Houses met again in autumn, the unanimity which had reigned at the opening of the Long Parliament had disappeared for ever. Causes of alarm and foreboding had startled the leaders of the patriot party. Laud was in the Tower, and Strafford in the grave, but Charles was acting under the influence of Henrietta Maria. The confidence of the Houses and of the nation could be secured only by the installation of a Patriot Ministry, and to this the repugnance of Charles was invincible. It became plain, soon after the death of his great minister, that he was involved in a new reticulation of intrigue. After adjourning Parliament, he proceeded to Scotland, Hampden and one or two other trusty and sagacious patriots accompanying him; and the dark plottings in which he there engaged with Montrose, of which the aim seemed to be to put him in possession of a military force, were not calculated to promote confidence. In his absence, discoveries had been made among the papers which Secretary Windebank left behind him when he fled, by which Henrietta and Charles were implicated in schemes for bringing a foreign army into the island. The Irish rebellion had broken out, agitating men's minds with its inexpressible horrors; and the rebels declared themselves to be the Queen's soldiers, and loyal to the King.

The fears of the patriots were increased by their perceiving that an undiscerning public had already forgotten Thorough. Charles had been welcomed back from Scotland with effusion, and feasted in Guildhall. Hampden, Pym, and the leading patriots apprehended a strong reaction, and made up their minds that it was absolutely

necessary that a Patriot Ministry should be at the helm of affairs. This was one chief object of the Great Remonstrance. But the Commons, instead of being united in presenting it to the Crown, as they had been united against Strafford, were divided into two fiercely hostile parties, in numbers not very unequal. The Remonstrants carried their point, but it was by the narrow majority of less than a dozen. The document which they presented to Charles is an eloquent summary of the oppressions and calamities of the fifteen years of maladministration which preceded the impeachment of Strafford, with a representation that the pernicious system must not only be put an end to, but replaced by entirely different counsels. Had Charles received it with meekness, referred, in proof of his sincerity, to the death of Strafford and the imprisonment of Laud, and appealed to the representatives of the people to trust him, it can hardly be doubted that in a few weeks he would have possessed a majority in the House of Commons.

By what words, then, shall we measure the folly of Charles when we say that his practical answer to the Great Remonstrance was an attempt to effect in person the arrest of Pym, Hampden, and three other leading patriots, on a charge of high treason? Lord Macaulay holds that the criminality of this famous proceeding was great, but that it was not particularly foolish. The ordinary opinion has been that the criminality was less than the folly; and this opinion seems to be correct. Those men had opposed Charles since his accession to the throne. He looked on them as the murderers of Strafford. He believed them to have been guilty of treason. He expressly said in the House that, in connection with a charge of treason, all privilege was suspended. Where, in this, do we detect atrocious criminality? The immeasurable folly of the attempt is proved by the consideration that, whatever had been the immediate issue, Charles could not possibly have

reaped from it anything but calamity. The treason of which he accused the five members was connivance at the Scotch invasion of England. But in the Remonstrance the warmest approval is expressed of the policy pursued by the Scotch; and whatever might be the relentings of the popular heart towards Charles, the great body of the English people felt that the advance of the Scottish army had been the immediate cause of the deliverance of England. Can it be doubted that, if he had succeeded in dragging five of the boldest and best-esteemed patriots from the House, or if, in obedience to his orders, their blood had been shed by the ruffians who attended him to its door, the severed parties would have rushed together, like elements chemically combined by an electric spark, and presented a front of uncompromising opposition? The Scottish army had been disbanded but for about three months, and could be immediately recalled to its standards. If Charles had succeeded in his attempt on the five members, a Scottish army would soon have been marching on London, amid the acclamations of Englishmen. Charles's failure ruined him; but it ruined him slowly, by opening the way to other blunders and mishaps; had he succeeded, his ruin would have been sudden as well as complete.

His bran-new London popularity vanished in a moment. Thousands of swords were drawn in defence of the Parliament. From Buckinghamshire 4,000 riders poured in to protect their beloved Hampden; and the Commons, who sat for some days after the attempt in committee of the whole House in the city, returned to Westminster amid the triumphant shouts of the Londoners.

Seeing these things, Charles retired to Hampton Court, telling the Parliament, who adjured him to return, that he did not consider his person safe in the vicinity of Westminster. A few of his most desperate adherents assembled at Kingston, and an immediate appeal to arms seems to

have been contemplated by the King. This was impracticable, but Charles had taken his resolution, and did not abandon it. He proceeded to Canterbury, and thence to Dover, with Henrietta Maria, who, under show of accompanying the Princess Mary to her affianced husband, William, son of the Prince of Orange, sailed for Holland. Charles knew that the Queen's life was in danger on account of her intrigues. She carried with her the Crown jewels of England, to be pawned for arms.

Up to the day when Charles attempted to arrest the five members, the patriotic party had confined itself to the demand that the King should prove his *ex animo* adoption of a liberal policy by taking into his councils such men as the nation could trust. When he showed his hand by striking a direct blow at the life of the leading patriots, they named a new condition of reconciliation as essential, —that he should put the militia under command of Parliament by accepting a list of Lord-Lieutenants of counties framed by the Houses. Their general scheme of settlement they embodied in nineteen propositions. In June, 1642, these were presented to Charles at York, and decisively rejected. In July the royal standard was unfurled at Nottingham.

The effect of the acceptance of the nineteen propositions would have been to transform the regal authority of the Plantagenets and Tudors into that now possessed by the sovereign of England. Charles declared that, if he accepted the propositions, he would be a king only in name. Without question he would have become what the sovereign of England now is, the hereditary first magistrate of a Republic in form of a monarchy. It was natural and pardonable that he should consider such a transformation to be humiliating. Constitutional sovereignty of our modern type had not at that time been seen in the world. It was unknown to the ancients. Hear an eminent historian of

Greece on that subject. "To establish a king who will reign without governing—in whose name all government is carried on, yet whose personal will is in practice of little or no effect—exempt from all responsibility, without making use of the exemption—receiving from every one unmeasured demonstrations of homage, which are never translated into act except within the bounds of a known law—surrounded with all the paraphernalia of power, yet acting as a passive instrument in the hands of ministers marked out for his choice by indications which he is not at liberty to resist" would, thinks Grote, have seemed to Aristotle impracticable. This unique phenomenon, in which "the fiction of superhuman grandeur" is combined with "the reality of an invisible strait-waistcoat," could not be imagined until it was seen. Cromwell, though he arranged the election of his Parliaments as he chose, and was unscrupulous in manipulating them, never succeeded in getting one to work with him. William III. chafed so furiously under the attempt of Parliament to dictate his policy, that he told Somers he would rather abdicate than bear the intolerable yoke. In the seventeenth century the English nation groped blindly and instinctively after constitutional sovereignty; but the thing could be realised only through a gradual process of evolution not then accomplished. The process was incomplete even in the days of George III.; for poor George fretted himself mad in his long endeavour to combine an element of personal autocracy with representative kingship. Logically and formally the evolution has not been completed at this hour; for the sovereign of Great Britain swears in the coronation oath to obey not Parliament, but God, which a man of stubborn will and sensitive conscientiousness might easily find to be by no means one and the same thing. The royal veto is still theoretically valid against Acts sanctioned by Lords and Commons.

Parliamentary monarchy has been perfectly realised, not as a logical theorem, but as a fact, in the reign of Queen Victoria. And it has turned out that a representative sovereign is not by any means a sovereign only in name. In the affection of a nation, transmitted from father to son, and hallowed by reverent associations, there is real power. Nor can it be said that the representative sovereign lacks either distinctive functions or princely honour. To discern what the will of the nation is, and to give effect to it with rigorous suppression of personal bias, is no easy task; and may we not add that a monarch to whom a great people has "lent its terror," and whom it has "dressed in its love," occupies a position of as high honour as is good for mortal?

It seems scarcely possible to agree with Lord Macaulay that Charles was not conscientious in his adherence to the Anglican Church. There is nothing in the King's personality more substantial than his conscientious devotion to his Church. If he was not sincere in that, he eludes us as a shadow. Lord Macaulay forgot that there is such an art as casuistry, and that its purpose is to neutralise the scruples of *sincere* consciences by a series of ingenious artifices. Charles was as inconsistent as Lord Macaulay says he was. He established Presbyterianism in Scotland; for a certain price, in the form of military assistance, he would have established Popery in Ireland; he assented to the provisional establishment of Presbyterianism in England. Could he, then, asks the sharp and logical essayist, have any conscientious objections to set aside Anglicanism in his southern kingdom? The answer is that the very office of the casuist is to find minute distinctions between cases which seem to be in principle identical, and thus to reconcile conscience to the one while not reconciling it to the other. It may seem incredible that Charles should succeed in lulling his conscience asleep by the most trivial sophisms;

but that it was an object dearer than life with him to quiet his conscience constituted the essential and differentiating fact in his character. He protected his conscience by elaborate entrenchments of school-girl fibs. His letters to Henrietta Maria, who possessed his entire confidence, have a curious interest for those who, like Bishop Butler, love to analyse the subleties and follow the windings of human motive. He parades his evasions before his wife as if he expected to be praised for his ingenuity. I "call" them a Parliament, you observe, but I do not "acknowledge" them to be such! "Though I have stretched my wits to persuade them to accept of my personal treaty, yet examine my words well, and thou wilt find that I have not engaged myself in anything against my grounds." "It is true that it may be I give them leave to hope for more than I intended."

It was, perhaps, the bitterest drop in Charles's cup that Henrietta Maria treated his conscientious scruples with contempt. His letters addressed to her from the Scotch camp in 1646, which have recently come to light, and have been edited with shrewd commentary by Mr. John Bruce, depict him at one of the saddest points in his whole sad history. He loves the Queen with all his heart; yet she has no patience with him, no mercy for him. She mocks at his zeal "in the affair of the bishops." After enormous pressure, and without any concession in return, he had consented to the establishment of Presbyterianism in England for three years. Henrietta, caring only that no such cession of the military power of the kingdom should be made as would prejudice Prince Charles, vehemently but quite wrongly believed that, if he threw up the Church altogether, he would be allowed to retain the militia. So she pricked into him thus: "Permettes moy"—her impatient, misspelled French is better than an English translation—"de vous dire, que je crois, si je me pouvois

dispenser d'une chose que je croiois contre ma conscience pour 3 ans, et pour rien, j'irois plus loin pour sauver mon royaume." With exquisite feminine cruelty she tells him that he has himself to blame for his misfortunes, and that if he had listened to her, he would have been in a different position. " J'oserais dire que si vous eussies suivi nos avis, que vos affaires seroient dans un autre estat qu'ils ne sont." This was hard, for Charles could rejoin that it was to save her life that he sacrificed Strafford. But he never blamed her. He pleaded with her like a broken-hearted lover, imploring her not to drive him from his last earthly asylum—her approbation. He explicitly did her bidding in the matter of the militia. The Commons of course stood fast on that point, for to do otherwise would have been to put a knife into Charles's hand with the moral certainty that, in the event of a strong revulsion of popular feeling in his favour, it would be used to cut their own throats. He wrote upon one of the Queen's letters, " The reason why the Parliament answer went not; " and when the answer, with the expected surrender of the militia, was not forthcoming, he was declared a prisoner.

Macaulay could not understand Charles's casuistical sincerity, because of all mental conditions it was most intensely alien to his own; but there was a profound reason for the imputation by the Puritans to Charles and by Charles to the Puritans of hypocrisy. Charles believed the Puritans to be wilful sinners, the Puritans believed Charles to be a wilful sinner, because neither admitted that God could possibly permit the existence of conscientious error. " They care nothing," says the King, writing from the camp of the Covenanters in 1646, " for religion but as it makes for their damnable ends." " Though he should swear it," writes the Covenanter Baillie with reference to Charles, " no one will believe it that he sticks upon Episcopacy for any conscience." Neither of the contending parties knew

how wide are the possible limits of diversity in conscientious conviction, of honesty in religious profession. Believing that God punished with eternal fire all who disagreed with them, both parties tacitly inferred that it could only be wilfully and wickedly that any disagreed with them. Practically the faith of that age was that religious truth is attainable on the same terms as mathematical and arithmetical truth, and that a man is as incapable of honestly believing false doctrine as he is of honestly believing that twice two are not four. All intelligent persons now recognise that Mr. Martineau and Dr. Newman, the Pope and Mr. Spurgeon, are alike honest and conscientious. As God sends His rain and His sunshine on all these, we can now, without thinking we offend God, tolerate them all, respect them all. Both Charles and the Puritans were as sincere as mortal men could be; but they could not mutually admit the fact; for it is much easier to be zealous towards God than to be just towards our brothers or ourselves.

A touching phase of the casuistical reasoning wherewith Charles sheltered his conscience is revealed in his self-communings on the death of Strafford, as poured into the ear of his wife. It was his fixed idea that God was angry with him either for sacrificing the Earl, or for letting the Bishops be expelled from the House of Lords, or for both, and that, if he sinned again in the matter of the Church, there could be no pardon for him. "I must confess," he writes, "that heretofore I have for public respects (yet I believe if thy personal safety had not been at stake I might have hazarded the rest) yielded unto those things that were no less against my conscience than this, for which I have been so deservedly punished, that a relapse now would be insufferable, and I am most confident that God hath so favoured my hearty (though weak) repentance, that He will be glorified either by relieving me out of these distresses (which I may humbly hope for, though not pre-

sume upon), or in my gallant sufferings for so good a cause, which to eschew by any mean submission cannot but draw God's further justice upon me, both in this and the next world." These may be the words of a weak man, but they are those of one who is sincerely religious. Charles's casuistical ingenuity might have reconciled him to large concessions of a nature unfavourable to the Church; but death was easier for him than its unreserved abandonment. And let it be deliberately said that the mere fact of its being a necessity of life for Charles to preserve the citadel of his soul inviolate reveals a moral quality which places him in a different class from certain historical personages who, in intellectual strength, were immeasurably his superiors. He never, like Napoleon the First in his period of spiritual decadence, or like Frederick of Prussia from first to last, took evil into his service, and resolved to succeed at *whatever* moral cost. Charles died clinging to the hem of Christ's garment, and this separates him spiritually by the deepest of all chasms from the men whose god is success.

Casuistry can do much, but it can neither fight battles nor wheedle nations out of the fruits of victory. Charles, though personally brave enough, and though he showed some dexterity and vigour in his operations against Essex and Waller, was a bad soldier. There was, indeed, no limit to his practical incapacity. He missed the mark at every critical juncture. When decision and promptitude were required, as in his early advance upon London and again after the capture of Bristol, he was lagging and dilatory; when defeat was sure to be fatal, as at Naseby, he was precipitate. Experience could not teach him. When one instrument was broken he took up another, without any stringency of requirement that the second should be better than the first. The English Cavaliers are beaten; perhaps the Irish Papists will pull us through: that hope vanishes;

but the English Presbyterians are rising in our behalf: they are put down, but here come Hamilton and his Scots, and all may still be well. Sanguine yet *not* sure, ever learning but never coming to the knowledge either of the truth of facts or the principles of action, Charles was made for failure. His patient perseverance in blundering, his perpetual activity without progress, were deeper signs of practical incapacity, and infinitely more productive of calamity to himself and others, than mere indolence or impatience would have been.

There is immense beneficence in a clear, bold word, yea or nay. Could Charles have said once for all, as our generation has heard Count Chambord say, that he would reign as a divinely-appointed autocrat or not at all, he would have saved himself years of misery and his country rivers of blood. But never in his life was he anything except by halves, and to no party did he ever give complete satisfaction. He could neither serve God nor take the devil into his pay; and all men were disappointed in him. Lilly, who was familiar with the gossip of both camps, says that even the Cavaliers only half trusted him, and did not dare to realise the thought of his being completely victorious. Again and again he had excellent cards in hand; but he never could make up his mind to play them rationally. It was a sound scheme "to work the Scots to his design" in 1646; but in order to do so it was necessary to agree with the Scots, and Charles could not persuade himself to that. When the Scots marched out of England, having found it impossible to take him with them as a friend, and not choosing to take him as a prisoner, he still had good cards if he could have adopted the tone of the Independents, avowed himself the champion of toleration, and made terms with the army. But Cromwell and Ireton found that he was trifling with them. Charles had been bred in an element of intrigue, and was an intriguer all his life; yet he

could no more keep a secret than a net can hold water. It looks like insanity to have put into black and white and committed to a messenger a statement that he intended to hang Cromwell and Ireton at a convenient season; but it was scarcely more foolhardy in Charles to speak of Cromwell and Ireton as he is said to have spoken in the letter intercepted in the Holborn Tavern than it was to speak of Argyle and the other Scotch leaders as it is absolutely certain he spoke of them in letters despatched by him from the Scotch camp. Charles never perceived that, if he was to have the services of any party, he must adopt, honestly or dishonestly, that party's side. No man but he could have imagined that it was possible to bring the Scots under Leslie and the Parliament to mutual extermination, or, again, the Parliamentary Presbyterians and the Independents to mutual extermination, by shilly-shallying between the two, his own conscience being kept quiet, and both parties being hoodwinked, by preternatural subtlety in the art of diplomatic evasion. Even Clarendon found that Charles was with him only by halves, and emits a lamentable wail on the King's plots within plots.

It has often been pleaded in favour of Charles that he tried hard to make terms for his friends; but the grievous fact is that he displayed little depth of feeling on behalf of the brave and devoted men who lost life or fortune for his sake. "He was seldom," says Lilly, "in the times of war, seen to be sorrowful for the slaughter of his people or soldiers, or indeed anything else." A chill-blooded man, of low, though tough, vitality and lethargic feelings, he was capable of much languid wretchedness, but not of acute suffering. The state of his body after death showed that the organs had not been wasted or worn; it was physically probable that he might have lived long; and it is doubtful whether the loss of a friend or even of a battle ever cost him a night's sleep. Though he was a bad disciplinarian,

and the riot in his camp and the rapine of his soldiers did him infinite harm, he could not do a daringly generous thing to the most willing of friends. Might he not, for example, have spared the life of poor young Colonel Windebank, even although a court-martial had consigned him to death? Colonel Windebank held Bletchington House for the King. The place was strong and well-manned; but the Colonel had lately been married, and his young wife and a bevy of her lady friends were with him; and Cromwell, who, with his Ironsides, had been shattering every force that looked him in the face, came fiercely demanding surrender. Cromwell had not a breaching gun, not even foot soldiers, only a "few dragoons," and as he was a cavalry officer besieging was, he said, "not his business;" but the name of him already (April, 1645) made both the ears of every one of the King's people hearing it to tingle. Agonised by the thought of what might overtake his bride and the other ladies in the event of a storm, Windebank lost head or heart, and took down the royal standard. The court-martial was bound to condemn him to die; but the circumstances were touching, and were not likely to recur. Charles might surely have granted himself the luxury of remitting the sentence. He made no sign, and the poor young Colonel had to bid his wife adieu, and take the death-shot to his breast. "Never was so cold a heart!" The words are spoken of Charles by Mr. Browning's Strafford; and well spoken.

It is important to discern the exact reason why Charles died, as there has been much mistaken writing upon the subject. Hallam and Macaulay argue that neither by national nor by municipal law could he be put to death; but neither Hallam nor Macaulay precisely consider for what or by whom he was slain. It was not the Long Parliament that brought him to trial. The Commons of England were faithful to their professions of holding the

King incapable of wrong. The Parliamentary majority was cut down by military force into a minority, for the express purpose of making it a possible instrument to take the King's life. The army, and the army alone, slew Charles; and, in order to reach his life, it had to extinguish opposition throughout England. Milton's "Defence of the People of England" is misnamed. A military faction, whose yoke the people of England detested, were the sole clients of Milton. The people of England showed their feelings by purchasing scores of editions of the Eikon Basilike, supposed to be Charles's own defence against the regicides, within the year of his death. By a distinct vote of the Convention, from which even the Girondins had not yet been expelled, France killed her King; by a company of Puritan soldiers, who had cut down the Parliamentary majority with the sword, and in defiance of England, Scotland, and Ireland, Charles was adjudged to die.

In the second place, it is to be recollected, in justice to those who *did* bring Charles to the block, that he was not even made the subject of judicial accusation for his share in the first war. At Hampton Court, many months after his last fortress had been surrendered, he was treated with lenity and consideration. It was because he plotted war within the walls of gentle and honourable imprisonment, because he called an invading army into England, that he was condemned to die. The men who tried him tore the figment of his personal irresponsibility to shreds. "The King can do no wrong! This man, king or no king, was conquered in battle. In the dark, in easy confinement, he felt for a dagger, and came behind England, and did his best to stab her to the heart. For this he deserves to die; and if Parliament cannot say so, we can, and do." Such was in effect their plea.

Charles possessed some talents. He had a true taste in art. His gallery of pictures was rich in the productions of

Titian, Tintoret, Giorgione, and Velasquez. Every one who engaged with him in discussion was struck with his power of following the clue through labyrinthine mazes of argument. His most remarkable faculty, however, was that of detecting, by some curious instinctive sympathy, the kind of men whom he could make his own—men of splendid parts, but with a certain moral flaw or sickliness in them. This last was the *nidus*, as the naturalists say, which prepared them for Charles's fascination; and once he had exercised it upon them, he bound them to him by indissoluble ties. It would have been a priceless talent if he could have stood by the men he got, and had known how to use them; but he could not, and did not.

It is interesting to observe how, to the last, he continued plotting and blundering. He was conducted, in the close of 1648, by Colonel Harrison, from Hurst Castle, opposite the Isle of Wight, to London. The route lay by Bagshot, where he formerly had "a little park," and where now lived Lord and Lady Newburgh, vehement Royalists. His lordship possessed the fleetest horse in England, and it was arranged that Charles, as he rode through the glades of the forest, should complain of his horse, and should be remounted on Lord Newburgh's. The King was then to give his escort the slip, and, availing himself of his perfect knowledge of the wood, to make his way to an appointed rendezvous, where other swift horses were to be in waiting. The scheme, as Charles was concerned in it, of course got wind, and at the critical moment, when he had been long grumbling about the discomfort of his seat, and was urgent for a new mount, the fleetest horse in England was found to be lame in stall. He thought it useless to try another, as he rode in the midst of a hundred picked men, well horsed, every man "having a pistol ready spanned in one hand." He was quite in the dark as to the true state of affairs. He feared assassination, and lectured Harrison upon

the odiousness of the crime. Harrison told him he might keep his mind easy on that point; what was in store for him "would be very public, and in a way of justice to which the world should be witness." His Majesty could not see it; now, as always, he missed the mark.

Whatever his failings or his faults, he had not "sinned against light;" at lowest he had not taken darkness for light, and said to evil "be thou my good." Therefore, it was with placid dignity that he laid his head on the block.

VI.

THE COVENANTERS, CHARLES II., AND ARGYLE.

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SO early as the middle of the twelfth century, Scotland had realised for itself a national character so marked, that the English monk Samson, of St. Edmondsbury, travelling in Italy, assumed by way of disguise the garb of a Scotchman, and, when meddled with, took to brandishing his staff and "uttering comminatory words after the way of the Scotch." It was the time of the strife between the rival Popes, Alexander and Octavian; Scotland adhered to one Pope, England to the other; and in the gibberish with which Samson answered those who questioned him, *Ride, ride, Rome; turne Cantwereberei*, Mr. Carlyle conjectures that the monk intended to harp upon the notorious rejection of the jurisdiction of the English primate by the Scotch. The nationality thus demonstratively proclaimed in the twelfth century rooted itself, in the beginning of the fourteenth, in a long and deadly struggle with England. From this time the spirit of independence burned more fiercely in Scotland than in any modern kingdom. Patriotism, elsewhere a virtue, was in Scotland a passion.

> "The thunder-phrase of the Athenian, grown
> Up out of memories of Marathon,"

did not express a pride more high and intrepid than that with which Scotchmen remembered Bannockburn. Not finding enough to occupy them at home, and turned by hereditary animosity from England, the stream of aspiring Scottish youth poured into the Continental countries, par-

ticularly into France. This circumstance lent a cosmopolitanism to the ideas of Scotchmen,—a habit of sympathy with the intellectual, religious, and political movements of the Continent,—which the out-of-the-way position of Scotland on the map of Europe would not have led one to expect. They served in armies, disputed and occupied professors' chairs in Universities, made way at Courts. Ardent, alert, and liberal-minded, they rejoiced in the classical Renaissance which followed the fall of the Eastern Empire; went full sail into the Humanist movement of the Reuchlin and Erasmus time; shared the laugh of polished circles against the obscurantist, the priest, and the friar; cultivated Latin not on the monkish, but the classical models. When the Reformation absorbed the Renaissance—when the gay Academic satire of the Literæ Obscurorum Virorum gave place to the tremendous appeal of Luther's Bible to the heart of Europe—the Scots, at home and abroad, became vehemently possessed with the new enthusiasm, but did not lose the old. Melville's Latin Ode on the coronation of James drew the highest encomiums from Lipsius and Scaliger. The Reformers of Scotland came offering intellectual as well as religious light, invaded universities as well as pulpits, and founded grammar schools as well as theological halls. About one-third of the professors in the Huguenot seminaries of France were Scotchmen. When Richelieu and his master, having adopted the policy of granting the Huguenot Church toleration of worship, but, at the same time, depriving her of rights of self-government, were bent upon silencing champions of spiritual independence, the Scotchmen, Cameron and Primrose, were thought formidable enough to be expelled the kingdom. The Scottish people had the wit to value the culture as well as the theology of the preachers, and the tradition of learning which belonged to Puritanism in the days of

Milton and of Melville has never been broken in Scotland. It was broken in England by the Ironside captains and corporals, who were the most savoury preachers of their day. The pious peasant in England has a suspicion of learning —thinks it unspiritual and worldly; the rudest Scotch congregation likes a "college-bred minister." Sensible people will admit that the Scotch form the shrewder judgment of the two; for, if a preacher is spiritual, he can be none the worse for being able to go to the fountain-head of his doctrines; and, if he is unspiritual, he is more tolerable with a few ideas in his head, than when his whole stock-in-trade consists of the rant and cant of ignorant pietism.

The Latin culture of Buchanan, Arthur Johnston, and Melville, and the mathematical science of Napier of Merchiston, though exercising influence on the people, was after all but a superficial glitter. Ferocity and superstition characterised both the nobility and the commons of Scotland. Frays to the effusion of blood were of perpetual occurrence. The oppression of the poor by lords and lairds was, in extreme instances, almost incredible. In a note to M'Crie's Life of Melville, we hear of a hundred poor persons being, by some legal process or other, put into the power of a noble lady, and held to ransom by her at five pounds apiece. Two or three who could not pay she hanged out of hand, on the ground that, having failed to make good a stake in their country to this limited extent, they could not have much worth in them. A practical person!—who seems to have been of the tribe of the old Hohenzollerns, and might have had a word of favour from Mr. Carlyle. True it is, nevertheless, that the old Scotch commonalty were mirthful and humorous; had caught from their friends the French the gift of gaiety, and from their friends the Italians the gift of song; and were much addicted to dancing. Feudal Scotland, in days when Europe was young —when the bishop, the abbot, and the priest ruled simply

over nations of simple soldiers, and kings were still content to be patted on the head and admonished by the semi-divine Papa of Christendom, sitting where the mysteriously mighty Cæsar had sat—was a jocund, noisy place, ringing always with laughter or with battle. The popular minstrelsy of Scotland has taken the ear of the world as no popular minstrelsy ever did, and is accepted at this hour as the best expression of the pathetic mirth and the humourous distress, the Bacchanalian revelry and the sly fun, of the great common heart of mankind, from Hampstead Heath to California. But now the feudal era was passing away. The era of industrialism was coming in. The dangers which originated and kept up the feudal arrangements had vanished, and from no country had they departed more completely than from Scotland. There were now no Danish pirates to land at the Red Head, to harry Angus, and to be met by the Scottish spearmen on the green of Loncarty. With a Scottish King on the throne of England, the Border marauder, who could of old count himself an honourable and effective guerilla soldier, found his chivalry collapse into theft. The feudal riders everywhere were leaving their helmets unburnished, and yoking their nags to the plough. The Scots took genially to works of peace. Strafford, who, like other eminent persons of those days, kept an "own correspondent" in places where useful information might be going, sent a spy into Scotland at the time when drill for the future Covenanting army was commencing. He reported that the rustics grumbled dismally in their squads, begging to be let off to the plough-tail. There was an enormous quantity, said the spy, of weapons in Scotland, everybody being possessed of something of the sort; but the quality was bad. This is the last rustle we seem to hear of the "airn-caps and jingling jackets," the keen-edged Andrew Ferraras and biting dirks, of old Scotland. The Scottish Lowlands had never been so pacific

since the days of Agricola as they were in the first fifteen years of the reign of Charles I.

Ploughing and harrowing, ditching and delving, were good; but they scarce sufficed to employ the mental and physical energy of Scotland in the suspense of feudal broils. The nation was ready for some great excitement, and gradually all wild or hilarious noises merged in the deep, stern swell of Covenanting enthusiasm. The Scotch had embraced the Reformation in its most intense and impassioned form. As Jehovah had cleft the Red Sea to bring His people out of Egypt, so had the gates of the mystic Babylon been opened that the Reformed Church might go free. The infallible Book, inspired in its minutest syllable, went before the chosen people like a pillar of fire. The Pope had been deposed; Christ alone reigned in the Church: but the spirit and model of His administration were to be taken from the Old Testament. The Divine King of the Church was "Jehovah-Jesus." Rigidly consistent in their acceptance of infallible inspiration as uniform and universal in the Bible, the Covenanters read the will of God as much in the slaughter of the Amalekites as in the Sermon on the Mount, as much in the blood of Baal's priests curdling in Kishon, or gluing together the fingers of Elijah, as in the still small voice of Horeb, or the smile of Christ on the little ones in His arms. Jehovah-Jesus reigned as directly, and by substantially the same methods, in Scotland as on Mount Zion.

In various Old Testament passages the Hebrews are described as entering into covenant with God. In these the Scots found an inspired warrant for adopting a similar course. Time could not invalidate, or circumstances modify, the sacred stringency of such a covenant. There were many Scotchmen alive seventy years ago—there may be a few at this hour—who regard "the Covenants" as still binding on the people of Scotland.

James had diligently promoted Episcopacy in Scotland for twenty years, but it was with the soft, obstetric hand of an old and safe, though bungling and babbling, practitioner. Charles and Laud took up the matter, and what had been a smouldering heat of discontent and disaffection became in a few years a raging flame. Charles alienated the nobility by betraying an intention to reclaim as much as was obtainable of the lands seized by them from the old Popish Church, and by exalting his bishops into a position of invidious and unconstitutional importance in the Scottish Privy Council. It was with passionate distress that the Scottish clergy found themselves drawn into conflict with the Church of England. "We have with the English Church," wrote Baillie, "nought to do but as with our most dear and nearest sister; we wish them all happiness, and that not only they, but all other Christian Churches this day, were both almost and altogether such as we are, except our afflictions;" but the heart of every Scottish pastor throbbed fiercely at the thought that Laud was at last bending the stiff neck of Scotland's Church to subjection to Canterbury. A darker and more practical alarm even than that of subjection to Canterbury loomed now in the back-ground:—"The elements of the Lord's Supper," says Baillie, whose grand virtue is that he felt exactly as the great body of Scottish Presbyterians felt in his time, and wrote exactly as he felt, "began by them to be magnified above the common phrase of Protestant divines, a corporal presence of Christ's humanity in and about the elements to be glanced at, . . . a number of adorations before those elements, and all that was near them, both the altar, basin, chalice, and chancel, to be urged," &c., &c. Which could mean only, thought Baillie and all men in Scotland, that the kingdoms were to be again saturated with the deadliest errors of Antichrist. The Scottish Presbyterian clergy, conscious that on many of them, when

they were ordained, no episcopal hand had rested, were fearfully excited on another point, that, namely, of holy orders. "They (the Laudians) side here," cries Baillie, "with the Papists in giving to all the Protestant Churches a wound which our enemies proclaim to be mortal, fatal, incurable." In these un-ecclesiastical days no reader can picture to his imagination the excruciating agony—yes, excruciating agony—with which Baillie and his brethren contemplated the desertion of the Reformed Church by the Anglican clergy on the question of orders. In the heart of the Protestant camp, the spirit of religious caste, of spiritual aristocratism, had reappeared; and on the whole of Reformed Christendom the supercilious Anglican cast that glance of contempt which, for all but disciplined and sturdy souls, is maddening beyond the most exquisite physical pain.

Such was the unanimity of the Scots that the Anglican party in Scotland fell short even of advocates. The bishops took flight for the broad fields of the south. The whole of Scotland, with the exception of a handful of Highlanders, of Papists, and of Aberdonians, glided out of the hands of Charles and his Government, and into those of the popular committees which arose by a natural process of crystallisation out of the circumstances of the time. The often-described Jenny Geddes riot, which occurred when the attempt was made to introduce Laud's Service Book in Edinburgh in 1637, was but the shake of the vase of prepared liquid which precipitated the crystallising process. The idea of a renewal of the National Covenant descended on the tumultuous masses like an inspiration. Noblemen by scores, magistrates and clergymen by hundreds, people by tens of thousands, calling "God, His angels, and the world" to witness, swore that they would stand by the King in defending and preserving the religion, liberties, and laws of Scotland. The women were deeply moved. The

Dowager Marchioness of Hamilton, along with other high-born ladies, took to barrow-trundling and turf-cutting, when it was essential to push forward the fortifications of Leith; and when her son appeared in command of a fleet in the King's interest in the Forth, she rode about, pistol at girdle, declaring that, if he attempted an armed landing, she would shoot him. The Glasgow maid-servants, with doubtless a helping hand, so far as respectability permitted, from their mistresses, mobbed and almost murdered a preacher who had thrown some Laudian taint into his sermon. Even cracked-brained harridans caught the generous infection, and the Meg Merrilees of the period was a quack prophetess named Michelson, who poured forth rhapsodies about the "covenanting Jesus."

The Covenanters had no lack of capable leaders. Alexander Henderson was probably, all things considered, the ablest Scotchman of the period. Enthusiastically Presbyterian, he was at the same time superior in sympathetic largeness of mind to the body of his clerical brethren. His gift of conciliation was greater than that of any of them. He did not write books, and has left little record of himself in print; but the unanimous suffrage of his contemporaries pronounced him a high and remarkable man. Rutherford, fervid, eloquent, with tendencies to devout effusiveness and revivalism; Gillespie, great in the controversial learning of the period; Dickson, rich in the pithy wisdom of proverbs; Baillie, already mentioned, whose picturesque and vivid letters are a series of photographs from the general procession of men and events in which he took part; these and many other such formed the stars of second and third magnitude in the clerical firmament.

In the foremost throng of distinguished laymen who signed the Covenant was young Montrose, of whom we shall hear in the sequel. More cautiously and with slower step, advancing from the background with many a circum-

spective glance, the Earl of Argyle, already mature in years, came to take his place among the leaders of the movement. Argyle had frankly admitted to his own mind that the accession of the Scottish line to the throne of England must sooner or later involve the absorption of Scotland into the political system of the island. He was able to appreciate the constitutional and Puritan movement of England, as directed by such English patriots as Hampden and Pym, in its twofold aim of securing a Protestant Church and a constitutional throne; and could perceive that, if the objects of the English patriots were attained, a harmony of relation between Scotland and England would ensue, more genuine, unconstrained, beneficial, and permanent than could be the result of a scheme to make Charles the Divine-right despot, and Laud the Divine-right primate, of the three kingdoms. The religious enthusiasm of the time had penetrated the recesses of Argyle's nature, but it was rather as a slow-burning, dusky heat, compatible with subtle forms of self-seeking and revenge, than as a sacred, searching fire, fatal to meanness and favourable to magnanimity and heroic valour. He was a complete and comprehensive failure as a soldier. He put his trust, he finely said, not in the *os gladii*, but in the *gladius oris*, and did not reflect that, in revolutions, the two are apt to become one.

It was at the Glasgow General Assembly of 1638 that Argyle finally declared for the Covenant. The Marquis of Hamilton, Charles's near kinsman, was the King's managing man on that occasion. We can see the Marquis, kindly-tempered, fond of popularity, anxious to do the best for all parties, trying to smooth the Presbyterian waters with the oil of his silvery eloquence. But his efforts to save any part of the Laudian system were vain. Episcopacy was cast out of the Church of Scotland. The leadership of the Church, in so far as it could be held by a

layman, fell from the hand of Hamilton, and was taken up by Argyle.

Charles's feeling on this entire business is concentrated for us in the word by which he characterised the Covenant —"damnable." In 1639 he got together an army, and marched with it to the banks of the Tweed; but the sight of the Covenanters in their encampment on Doune Hill frightened him into a pacification. In 1640 he again tried war, and called a Parliament in April of that year, in hope of encouragement and supplies; but the Commons showed sympathy with the Scots, and this was the reason, as the patriots believed, and as they expressly affirmed, nine months later, in the Great Remonstrance, why the Parliament was, after a session of three weeks, dissolved. Charles persisted in his war; the Scots advanced to meet him; the English van, 5,000 strong, was put to flight at Newburn on the Tyne, leaving sixty slain on the field of battle; and Charles, reduced once more to extremities, summoned the Parliament, which met on the 3rd of November, 1640. It proved to be a Parliament of patriots. The Commons had no desire whatever that the Scottish army should be withdrawn until the Bill forbidding dissolution without consent of the Houses had become law. Those were the days of perfect understanding and mutual benefaction and benediction between the Covenanters and the Puritan leaders. The street ballad-singers of London chanted the praise of the Scots. Can we be surprised if the sense of success mounted with something of an intoxicating effect into the Scottish brain, and if the Covenanting leaders, particularly the clerical leaders, had a vague consciousness of rising Hyperion-like upon England, with announcement of the dawn? Baillie, in the joy of his simple heart, confidently hoped that "we victorious Scots" would bring "all the King's dominions to our happiness." Why not? Had not

Mr. Baillie, in his fierce little book, dissipated all the errors of the Laudians? Had not he and other Presbyterian luminaries, supposed to be convincing as to the Divine perfections of Presbytery beyond possible resistance by sane minds, hastened up to London, and been warmly received in the Presbyterian city? Scottish Lay Commissioners, acting in full accordance with the divines, lent an impetus to the Presbyterian cause in England, and accelerated to a dangerous degree the pace of the Puritan Reformation in the English Church.

At the commencement of the Long Parliament the English nation agreed with the Scotch in peremptory rejection of the policy and work of Laud. Pym and Falkland, Hyde and Hampden, were alike determined that this elaborate assimilation of the Church of England to the Church of Rome should be broken off; that the Protestantism of the country should be undisguised and thoroughgoing; that the Reformed Church should not be insulted by disallowance of her orders; that a large and liberal rule should be observed in the matter of ceremonies. An imposed and semi-Romish Episcopacy was fiercely rejected by the English people.

If the only effectual way of getting rid of Anglo-Romanism were the introduction of the Presbyterian system, as the experience of the Scots seemed to prove, then the vast majority of Englishmen stood prepared to accept Presbyterianism. Such appears to have been the general feeling of Cromwell, Vane, and Milton on the subject in 1641 and in the first year or two of the war. But for an imposed and exclusive Presbyterianism, as contrasted with an imposed and exclusive Episcopacy, there was, in England, if we except London and one or two country districts, no enthusiasm. In Scotland the people were so enamoured of Presbytery that they would have perpetuated its organisation in spite of Parliamentary edicts; in Eng-

land the people were so indifferent to Presbytery that, when Parliament proclaimed it the established religion of England, the people were too listless to set it up.

He who is tempted to think that the human mind can be won or persuaded, or in any respect gained over, by force, would do well to study the history of Presbyterianism, Independency, and Episcopacy in England. When Presbyterianism still wore the garments of mourning, Milton sang the praises of Presbyterian discipline in words of melody so sweet, and splendour so glowing, that they must have ravished the ears of Mr. Baillie as with the very harpings of heaven. With the first blow struck upon the framework of Episcopacy, reaction commenced; with each succeeding blow it strengthened; and at last it became a feeling so potent that its mere inexorable passive stubbornness rendered the permanent reign of the saints impossible, and undid *all that the sword had done* in the Puritan Revolution.

After remaining until the Long Parliament had carried through the acts and achievements of its memorable first session, the Scots marched out of England. Charles followed them to Edinburgh in August, 1641. He found that no Government was possible in Scotland, except that of the Covenanters. Argyle and Hamilton were now agreed in policy. The King yielded on all points. Old Alexander Leslie, who had commanded the Scots in England, was created Earl of Leven, and Argyle a Marquis. The triumph of the Covenanters in Church and State was complete.

The close alliance and mutual understanding which subsisted at this period between the followers of Pym and Hampden and the Scottish Covenanters, are put beyond reach of question by a number of clauses in the Great Remonstrance, presented to Charles soon after his return from Scotland. It was made a special charge against the

bishops that they had shown themselves "very affectionate to the war with Scotland," and had issued a prayer to be read in all churches "calling the Scots *rebels*." The conduct of the Covenanters in their recent advance into England, their "duty and reverence to his Majesty, and brotherly love to the English nation," were extolled. An important suggestion which had emanated from the Covenanters, was adopted and pressed upon the King, to wit, that "a general Synod of the most grave, pious, learned, and judicious divines of the island, assisted by some from foreign parts," should be convoked, to consider the affairs of the Church, and submit the result of their deliberations to Parliament, with a view to their receiving "the stamp of authority." The Parliamentary leaders were convinced that civil freedom could not be safe while a Prelatic Church lent her whole force to the maintenance of absolute power on the throne. Pointedly interesting, as an expression of the views of Hampden, Pym, and the first generation of Puritan leaders, on matters which were ere long to be furiously disputed between Presbyterians and Independents, is the statement of the remonstrant Commons that it was "far from their purpose" to cast loose the reins of discipline, or "to leave private persons or particular congregations to take up what form of Divine service they please." The Commons expressly claimed, however, in conjunction with the King, supreme jurisdiction "in all affairs both in Church and State."

The Presbyterianism of the Remonstrants would not commend their general views to Charles. "Their clear intention," he would feel, "is to bring in upon me the whole system which I have been compelled to sanction in Scotland." With as much composure as he could assume, but with rage in his heart that proved irrepressible and fatal, he returned a cold answer to the Commons, and

secretly prepared a thunderbolt to smite their leaders; in short, he attempted the arrest of the five members, and thus brought on the Civil War.

Looking from their coign of vantage upon the mustering of the forces, and upon the confused fighting of the first year of war, Argyle and Leven, Hamilton and Montrose, could not but be interested spectators of the fray. At peace with the King, the Covenanting Government of Scotland remained also on terms of amity with the Parliament. In August, 1642, in compliance with the wish of the Houses, the Scots sent an army to Ulster to fight the rebels. The English Parliament engaged to supply the Scottish troops in Ireland with provisions; but they failed to make good their promise; and hundreds of men, as the Scotch Commissioners in London plaintively stated to the Commons, perished "for want of bread."

It was from the Parliament that an invitation came to the Covenanters to take part in the affairs of England. In the autumn of 1643 the tide of success seemed to set steadily in favour of the King, and the Commons were alarmed. Henry Vane and some other deputies proceeded to Edinburgh to propose a new treaty. The enthusiastic Puritan devoutness of Vane, joined with his impassioned activity and moving eloquence, prevailed against the opposition of Hamilton, which Charles thought too languid, and against that of Montrose, which was fervid and desperate. It was a case—there are many such in history—when the arguments on both sides were so powerful and so evenly balanced, that either the one set or the other might be held to be conclusive by honest men. Montrose, who loved Charles with a love passing the love of women—namely, with the love of romantic young men for their incarnated ideals,* could point to Leven's coronet and to

* See Mertoun to Tresham, in Browning's "Blot on the Scutcheon:"

"What passion like a boy's for one
Like you?"

Argyle's marquisate, and ask whether the recipients of these honours had not found him a forgiving and a generous King? What more, he might ask, was there that Charles could grant the Scots? Was it their part to force Puritanism on their hereditary monarch, and to carry Presbyterianism into England on the point of their pikes? But Argyle and Henderson were aware that Montrose did not exhaust the logic of the question. If Charles had now given the Covenanters what they asked, he had twice drawn the sword to give them the alternative of death or submission, and the English Puritans had held his hand. The leaders of the Parliament had hitherto been resolutely true to the Scots. They had quelled the natural promptings of pride and courage when the Tyne had been stained by the Scots with English blood; they had rebuked their King for countenancing bishops who called the Scotch invaders rebels; they had stood by their leaders, at the risk of open war, when Charles wished to treat them as traitors for conniving at the proceedings of the Scots. Would not the desertion, in the hour of their extreme need, of allies to whom they thus owed everything, in favour of a King who had given them nothing but what he could not help giving them, have been, on the part of the Covenanters, ingratitude? And did not a penetrating inquisition into the lie of their interests point equally to an unreserved alliance with the Parliament? Charles's candid opinion of their Covenant was still, they well knew, summarised in the expressive word that has been quoted. When he had broken the neck of English Puritanism, would he be long in finding a rope wherewith to hang Scotch Presbyterianism? There would *then* be no English Parliament to stand by them, and the defeated patriots, crushed by Charles and his bishops, would not waste a sigh on their Judas-like wailings. These considerations were too obvious to escape the sagacity of the

Scotch. The clergy spoke decisively on the side of the Parliament. Though a few of the nobles wavered, though Hamilton betook himself to Charles (to be imprisoned for his failure), and Montrose resolved to draw sword for the King, the Covenanters were substantially unanimous in espousing the cause of the English Puritans.

The assistance of the Covenanters was given on certain conditions, which seemed at the time to leave no door open for misunderstanding. The Scots were, as formerly, cautious to avoid the appearance of forcing Scottish institutions upon England. They did not ask their allies to transfer to England the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Scottish Church. A new instrument, entitled the Solemn League and Covenant, set forth that the Church, throughout the three kingdoms, was to be reformed in accordance with "the Word of God and the best Reformed Churches." The creed, the ritual, the discipline ultimately adopted were to result from the deliberations of that Assembly of Divines which the English Parliament had already called, and with which a few leading Scotch divines were to be associated. It was not an "extension of the Scottish system to the other two kingdoms," as the generally accurate and candid Ranke supposes, that was "expected" or proposed by the Scots, but the preparation of a common scheme by the Presbyterians of England as well as of Scotland. They did neither more nor less than carry out the policy sketched in the Great Remonstrance. This is the essential fact which vindicates them in accepting the invitation of the Parliament to enter England; and, in judging their subsequent conduct, we have simply to ask whether they did or did not belie their professions and abandon their principles. The Parliament engaged that the Solemn League and Covenant should be subscribed throughout England. The Scottish Government promised to despatch an army to co-operate with the Parliamentary

troops, stipulating that an English fleet should patrol the Scotch coasts, to prevent descents from Ireland or elsewhere, while the Scottish army was in the south. The maintenance of the monarchy was an integral portion of the Solemn League and Covenant.

Again, therefore, the Blue-Bonnets, upwards of twenty thousand of them, strenuously marching through the January snow—it was now 1644—crossed the border. They advanced rapidly, sweeping the Duke of Newcastle's people out of the northern counties, and establishing themselves in the northern ports. In May they had formed the siege of York, acting in conjunction with Manchester, Fairfax, and Cromwell. On the 2nd of July they took part in the great pitched battle of Marston Moor. Mr. Langton Sanford, in his exhaustive study of the action, demonstrates that it was an obstinate and eventful struggle, bravely contested on both sides. We are to remember that the great body of the Scots were now for the first time seriously engaged. In the old days of holiday-soldiering on Doune Hill, and when 5,000 Englishmen were driven off in panic by a few cannon shots and musket volleys at Newburn on the Tyne, the Scottish army, drilled by soldiers of fortune, who, with old Alexander Leslie, had been attracted back to Scotland by the prospect of military employment, was the best force in the island. But between August, 1642, when the Royal standard had been raised, and July, 1644, when the battle of Marston Moor was fought, English troops had been acquiring a very different quality from that of the runaways of Newburn. Rupert was an efficient cavalry officer, and his troopers, and those of Goring, were accustomed to conquer. Newcastle's White-Coats were powerful, firm, and spirited troops. On the Parliament side, Cromwell had selected, drilled, and habituated to victory a body of men, small indeed, but invincible, which formed the nucleus of the force of the associated eastern

counties, and diffused throughout the whole that intrepid and steadfast spirit which it had caught from its leader.

Cromwell's Ironsides were in the left wing, and here also was a disproportionate amount of the talent available for the conduct of the battle. Not only did Cromwell lead his own men, but David Leslie was in this part of the field, while Scotch Crawford headed the English infantry, and performed his part so well that it was fiercely disputed at the time whether it was to Crawford or to Cromwell that the triumph was mainly due. Mr. Clement Markham, in his excellent biography of Fairfax, points out that Cromwell wrote inadvertently or uncandidly of the "few Scots" under David Leslie. These formed, in fact, a large proportion of the Parliamentary horse. The victory of the Parliamentary left wing was speedy and complete. The left wing of the Cavaliers was also at first successful. Fairfax's Yorkshiremen, posted on the Parliamentary right, got entangled in Moor Lane, and were broken and driven back by the Royalist left. The Parliamentary centre, held by the body of the Scottish foot, was thus uncovered, and the assault in front and flank by the choice troops of Goring and Newcastle was too much for the raw Scotch levies. They fought with resolute valour, the fire of their long lines flashing in red tongues through the dusk, "as if the element itself had been on fire." Before the joint attack of the Royal left and the Royal centre, they were, however, forced to give way, thrown into considerable confusion, driven, in part at least, from the field. Old Leven, after vainly exerting himself to rally the fugitives, took to flight, and rested not till he reached Leeds. A seasoned soldier ought to have known better the strange turns and tides and possibilities of battle. David Leslie, and Crawford, and Frizeall, who had splendidly maintained the honour of Scotland, may well have been ashamed of him. It is more important to observe that the other officers in command of

the centre had not acted unworthily, and that not only was the strife long and bloody before the Scots gave way, but that there was evidently an important rally of the centre to take part, along with the easily-victorious Parliamentary left, in the final defeat of the far less victorious and much more exhausted Royalist left. What seems to prove conclusively that the defeat of the Scots in the centre was but partial, is that, without any perceptible interval after the battle, a formidable army was under command of Leven.

After the victory of Marston Moor the Parliament lay no longer under oppressive fear of the King. An energetic, audacious, and very able party among the English Puritans did not care how soon they got rid of the Scots. The effusive gratitude and admiration with which they had been received when they came trampling down the snow to aid their brothers, gave place to that severe honesty of criticism which accompanies the disenchantments of lapsed affection. The Scots, appealing to their sacrifices for the common cause, were told with painful candour that they had come into England to fight their own battle at England's expense. The rude wit of the Ironsides did not spare the Presbyterian divines, and there began to be doubts as to the plenary inspiration of the Covenant itself.

The party of Presbyterian Royalists, Scotch and English, made a dead-lift effort at Uxbridge, in the commencement of 1645, to come to terms with Charles. But the King, and still more, perhaps, Clarendon, preferred going down in the old ship to being saved on a Presbyterian raft. From that time the Presbyterians lost heart in the war. Their assent to the New Model meant, to a considerable extent, "You Independents must finish him; there is no help for it; but we have misgivings as to the possibility of setting things right by war, and therefore will be out of it." All the same there were heartburnings enough in the carrying out of the New Model, with its

exclusion of stiff-necked Presbyterians from all important military office in the English army. Crawford, in spite of his consummate service in leading the English foot at Marston Moor, was thrust from the ranks of the remodelled army, in compliance with the imperious demand of Cromwell. Manchester, "a sweet, meek man," says Baillie, was shelved through the same irresistible influence. Fairfax became Cromwell's factotum and echo. The Independents gloried in Oliver as their man of men, and old Leven did not eclipse the rising star, or regild his own tarnished laurels, by any brilliant feat of arms.

It was about the very time when the Scots were in death-wrestle with Newcastle's White-Coats on Marston Moor that an event occurred which added a stern energy to the reproachful groanings of the Covenanters. They had, as we saw, stipulated in their treaty with the English Parliament that, when Scotland divested herself of her troops at England's request, a sufficient naval force should be despatched from England to guard the Scottish coasts. This part of the Parliament's engagements had not been fulfilled. Colkitto and his Irish landed in Argyle, and out of this egg Montrose hatched a cockatrice, or rather a leash of cockatrices, wherewith to scourge and mangle Scotland. The Marquis of Argyle, averse to war, managed affairs for the Covenanters during the absence of their army in England, and Montrose had now an opportunity of paying off old debts. The diplomatic Marquis had put on his wiliest smile, and tried to settle Montrose with the *gladius oris;* but, poet as he was, Montrose would give only *os gladii* by way of reply; and with this he did so dazzle and bewilder and bedevil the poor man that he at last sent him skipping to the Scottish camp in England. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the effect of Montrose's campaigns in breaking the strength of Scotland. Need we wonder that the Covenanters began to think that the Parliament

had treated them unhandsomely, and to reflect, in an extremely disenchanted state of mind, on the profuse promises of Vane? June had become December, and the fountain of gushing eloquence was ice.

A sudden gleam of what seemed brilliant fortune visited the Covenanters; but, after lingering about the horizon and lighting it with tantalising glimmer for several months, it went out in murk deeper than what had been before. Leaving Oxford in the summer of 1646, and hovering about for five days in a state of indecision as to whether it was to the Parliament or to the Scots that he ought to surrender himself, Charles entered the Scottish camp at Newark. The Covenanters fell back on the stronger position of Newcastle, and there negotiations commenced. True to their Parliamentary allies, true to those professions of loyalty to the King and the monarchy which were embodied in their Covenant, the Scots implored Charles to agree to a settlement on the only terms on which he could preserve his throne. The great body of the English nation heartily desired peace; the Parliament still possessed what in another year it had ceased to possess, complete control of affairs; the conflict had been carried on within the lines of the constitution; and Crown and Parliament had but to resume the old forms of business in order to work again together. Oliver Cromwell joyfully hoped that he might sheathe his sword in an England where idolatry, will-worship, and licentiousness should no longer mock the people of God. Argyle proceeded to London, and addressed a select gathering of the magnates of the kingdom. On this occasion he appears at his very best, speaking with a placid, magnanimous wisdom, which contemplated and embraced the affairs of Scotland within the general system of the island. Touching delicately but with precision on the principal services which the Scots had rendered to the English Parliament, and on the principal

benefits they had received in return, he expressed in the largest terms his sense of the importance of union to the two nations, and declared—an almost incredible stretch of cosmopolitanism for a Scotchman of those days—that he was prepared to merge even the name of Scotland in that of the kingdom as a whole, if thereby the union with England could be made more harmonious. Nor did he shun to hint that he was no pedantic stickler for the indispensability of Royal approval to arrangements necessary for the national welfare. *Salus populi* was, he said, *lex suprema*. Argyle made a favourable and profound impression in England at this time; and it may be noted that, as this principle of his had been formerly brought forward by Strafford, it was subsequently referred to, first by Ireton, and then by Cromwell, in arguing against the inviolability of Charles. Neither Cromwell nor Ireton, indeed, was in Argyle's audience, but we need not doubt that they knew and considered what he said.

Had the King been honestly desirous of the success of any plan save that of the mutual extirpation of Presbyterians and Independents, an arrangement might probably have been made. It would not have been a bad arrangement. Whatever might have been the Parliamentary edicts for the enforcement of the Covenant and the establishment of Presbytery, a national Church of England on the Presbyterian model would practically have been tolerant, lax, and comprehensive. Looked at from without, the Presbyterian Church wears a formidable appearance—battlemented and grim, with palisado formularies and great guns of dogma. But, within, it has always been easy-going and popular, governed by the sentiment of its members, and issuing its censures at long intervals. It was a fixed idea with almost all religionists in the seventeenth century, that the State ought to sanction and establish some one pattern of ecclesiastical uniformity. This was, in fact, the after-glow

in the atmosphere from the setting of the great idea of the unity of Christendom, which had illuminated the mediæval Church. Laud's scheme for giving effect to this inherited instinct of Christian unity had hopelessly broken down. The main body of laymen, and a large proportion of clergymen, in the Church of England, were doctrinally Presbyterian; as, in fact, they have continued to this day. When the excitement had subsided, and the Scots were well beyond the Tweed, and a sprinkling of moderate Episcopalians had been sent by the constituencies to temper the Presbyterian majority in the House, room might easily have been found in England, as the right and left wings of a central Presbyterian Church, for congregations retaining the old service, and for congregations preferring the Independent model. This would have contented Argyle, Henderson, and, when the Covenanting fervour cooled a little, all rational Scotchmen. This would have contented Pym and the earlier race of Puritans. It would have contented Milton. We know from Cromwell's own words, written when Presbyterians and Independents were far more exasperated than they yet were, that it would have contented him. Had such an arrangement succeeded, the historical results might have been, first, an anticipation by two hundred years of those relations of perfect amity and social coalescence which in our own days reign between England and Scotland; and secondly, a constitution of society in England more simple, homely, less exclusive, a culture more widely diffused and popular, than we have had under the auspices of "the Church of the upper classes."

It could not be. Old Jemmy, with his knack of blundering into a safe course, the Merry Monarch, with his habit of bowing to necessity, would have started the coach again; but between his conscience and his wife, Charles I. succeeded only in bringing matters to a beggarly deadlock. He could neither satisfy the Scots by accepting

their Covenant, nor give the Parliamentary people security for their necks by surrendering the militia. It was in vain that the Commissioners implored him on bended knees and with streaming tears to save himself. He was inexorable. There was absolutely nothing for the Scots to do but to leave him with their English allies, and to march into Scotland. At the time of their march, there was paid to them a part of what had long been due by the English Parliament. Such payments had been made formerly when no King was in the case. Had Charles been a thousand miles away, the money would have been due all the same. If the Scots had drawn sword for Charles when he rejected their terms, they would have made themselves guilty of every drop of blood shed by them since they came into England. If they had refused to take the part of their hard-earned arrears which was paid to them, merely because of the colour which their adversaries might falsely put upon the transaction, they would have acted with an imbecility which, even on the stage, would be too feebly romantic for legitimate effect. But because the transference of the King, and the payment of the money, were of necessity associated in time, historians, who ought to have known that it was one of their most honourable and stringent duties to tie the gall up in the tongue of slanderous faction, and to wipe from honest men the slime of lying imputations, have disgraced themselves by the careless assertion that the transaction stained the fame of Scotland. But justice has begun to be done in this matter. "The money payment," says Ranke, "was brought in a somewhat offensive way into connection with the surrender of the King." This is the truth neatly stated. Out of an offensive coincidence was coined an infamous falsehood.

Amid disappointment and foreboding, in the last days of 1646, the Covenanters marched out of England. They had lost their most brilliant soldier, Lawrence

Crawford. Too recklessly brave, he had been struck by a cannon ball, fired probably at a venture from the walls of Hereford. He was but thirty-four years old, had served on the Continent, in Ireland, in England, had reached all but the highest commands, and had given proof of a valour and a capacity which might have matured into the qualities of a great general. About this time died also Alexander Henderson, their largest-minded, largest-hearted divine, a man supremely needed by Scotland in the difficult time that was at hand.

The English Presbyterians, though they had always honoured and deferentially listened to their Scottish brethren, were not sorry that they left England. They had ceased to be popular, and the Presbyterians in Parliament felt that it would weaken rather than strengthen them, if their policy were supposed to be inspired from Scotland. The fortunes of the English Presbyterians were in the wane. The long, heart-breaking controversy on toleration arose; the dispute on toleration became complicated with the dispute between the Parliamentary majority and the army; and in the summer of 1647 supreme power passed into the hands of the military leaders. The inviolability of Parliament, sacredly dear to the nation, was outraged. Lord Macaulay's expression, "no sooner was the first pressure of military tyranny felt than the nation, unbroken to such servitude, began to struggle fiercely," conveys a wrong idea. There was no national struggle; but the Presbyterians, or, more strictly speaking, a large section of them, fought, as the moderate or Girondin party in the French Revolution fought, for the ascendency they had lost, and for the retention of the Revolution in its original grooves; and a certain number of Cavaliers joined them. The cry of this fighting party, both in its Cavalier and its Presbyterian sections, was that an arrangement must, at all hazards, be made with Charles. There were English

Presbyterians, however, of the highest influence, including Fairfax, who not only held that there was no absolute necessity for coming to terms with the King, but that it was their duty to fight, side by side with Independents, against those Presbyterians who were still prepared to stake all on the good faith of Charles. It was Fairfax, Presbyterian as he was, who, in the stiffest fighting he had ever known, conquered the Presbyterian Royalists of Kent and Essex.

With the Presbyterians of England who took the same side as Fairfax, not with those Presbyterians who died by the sword or by famine rather than relinquish the hope of saving Charles, the true blue Covenanters sympathised. When Duke Hamilton and his brother Lanark, having concluded something between a treaty and an intrigue with Charles in the Isle of Wight, proceeded to Edinburgh in the beginning of 1648, and called upon the nation and the Church to combine in a supreme effort for the rescue of the King, the religious Covenanters in a body refused, and the Church put its ban on the enterprise. Hamilton, who had often shone in council and conference, but had never quite succeeded in anything, went heart and soul into this, his last undertaking, on behalf of a master who had treated him sometimes kindly, sometimes harshly, but whom he had earnestly served, and whom he honestly loved. The Scottish nobility, with the exception of Argyle, of Loudon, and a considerable minority, rallied round the Duke. But the sagacity of the Scottish burghers and peasants was not at fault, and Hamilton's army consisted of great lords and of those whom the great lords could compel to join the standard. The best Covenanting officers, including Alexander and David Leslie, declined to take service under the Duke. He was himself totally incompetent to conduct an important operation in war; and Baillie, his lieutenant-general, best known by the beatings he got

from Montrose, was not of weight enough to make his authority felt by the weak Duke and the wilful nobles.

The army, numbering in effectives less than twenty thousand men, straggled loosely into England by way of Annan and Carlisle. General Monro, with about two thousand five hundred cavalry, had crossed from Ireland to share in the enterprise, and was in Cumberland. Sir Marmaduke Langdale headed a body of Royalists in Lancashire. The Duke went stumbling blindly on, van and rear twenty or thirty miles apart, incapable of holding his force in hand, and quite uninformed, or misinformed, as to the movements of the enemy. Meanwhile, Cromwell, hastening from the siege of Pembroke, breaks in from Yorkshire upon the left flank of the long, straggling line of march. It is now August 16th, 1648, and the main body of the Scottish foot is in Preston. Hamilton, with a few of the cavalry, is present, but the principal divisions of the horse are either far ahead under Middleton, or far behind under Monro. Next morning there is an alarm. Sir Marmaduke, guarding the flank four miles to the eastward, is furiously assailed, and sends to the Duke for assistance. Hamilton and Baillie, persuaded that the attack comes from one Colonel Ashton, who, with a few thousand English Presbyterians, had turned out to fight the Scots for having come without the sanction of the General Assembly, treat the affair as of no consequence. The essential matter, think they, is to get the foot across the Ribble. Instead, therefore, of drawing up the army in battle array on Preston Moor, and sending expresses to hurry Monro forward and Middleton back—the thing which must have been done had they known that Cromwell was upon them—the Scotch commanders send some slight unavailing succour to Sir Marmaduke, and march the entire body of the foot, with the exception of two brigades, across the river.

Oliver was in his most fiery mood, and had with

him an army of nine or ten thousand men, among them a large proportion of veteran Ironsides. Sir Marmaduke and his north-country English fought uncommonly well, but the overwhelming force under Cromwell drove them in upon Preston. The two brigades of Scottish foot, attacked by Cromwell's victorious troops, unsupported by their own cavalry, deserted by Baillie, who was on the other side of the river, fought so stoutly for hours that Cromwell fancied he was engaged with the whole Scottish army. "At last," he writes, "the enemy was put into disorder; many men slain, many prisoners taken; the Duke, with most of the Scots, horse and foot, retreated over the bridge." The Duke was not in the throng of fugitives that Cromwell looked on. At the head of his guard of horse, he had kept the field like a perfectly brave man, until the enemy cut in between him and Ribble Bridge. Sir Marmaduke was with Hamilton, as also Sir James Turner, who is understood to have sat for Scott's Dalgetty. The charge of Cromwell's horse came at last direct upon them. Hamilton met the assailants face to face, and "put two troops of them to a retreat." But they came on again. A second time the Duke and his officers chased them off. Once more they rallied and charged, and, for the third time, giving the word, "King Charles!" Hamilton went in on them. They were broken and chased so far this time that a few minutes could be had by the Duke and his friends for consultation. "Then Sir Marmaduke and I," says Turner, "entreated the Duke to hasten to his army." They put spurs to their horses, swam the Ribble, and thus got round to "the place where Lieutenant-General Baillie had advantageously lodged the foot, on the top of a hill, among very fencible enclosures." This glimpse of Duke Hamilton seems vividly typical of the career of the man. Brilliantly charging, when the battle has been lost for want of generalship; succeeding in the

little matter, but failing in the main enterprise; now, as always, he wins admiration, or pity, but does not hit the mark.

The real battle of Preston ought to have been fought next day, the 18th of August. The cavalry might have been concentrated; the foot were steadily posted on their hill amid fencible enclosures; Baillie and Turner, the only men among the leaders who had the slightest tincture of military knowledge, said, in effect, "Stand fast, and try it." But the babbling nobles and the distracted Duke overruled Baillie and Turner, and the army filed off in the night, to perish miserably; the starving regiments, separated from their leaders, fighting to the death under any "spark in a blue bonnet" who told his comrades to stand shoulder to shoulder, and die like men for the honour of Scotland. Cromwell, who, unlike Clarendon, knew what war was, bears testimony in many places to the courage of the Scots, but nowhere more explicitly than in his letters on the frightful welter of Hamilton's expedition.

The collapse of the enterprise was no sooner known in Scotland than the Argyle and Church party flew to arms and obtained command of the country. Cromwell marched to Edinburgh, and was received with most respectful deference by the Marquis and the clergy. Oliver and Argyle sat banqueting at the same board, while Leven presided. Once more Covenanter and Puritan spoke as brethren to each other, but the glow of enthusiasm in the meeting can hardly have been very bright. Cromwell must have felt that these Scots ought not to love him with so much Scotch blood on his hands, and the Covenanting clergy must have suspected that the arch-patron of the sectaries, the apostle of toleration, the impatient repeller of all clerical pretensions, could have no irrepressible affection for *them*.

Hamilton had been taken prisoner, and condemned to

die. The London Presbyterians exerted themselves to save him. He clung to life, and hoped that the capital sentence might be commuted into a fine of £100,000. He had for ten years been the rival, but had never ceased to be the friend of Argyle, and a word from Argyle to Cromwell might possibly have saved him. But Cromwell had been put into his most savage temper by this whole Presbyterian insurrection. That Cavaliers, malignants, despisers of the saints, should have fought against the godly he could understand and pardon; but that these, who had shared their counsels and their dangers, should have turned against them and joined the enemies of the Lord, made his fury burn like a furnace. By pleading for Hamilton, Argyle might have brought upon himself a dangerous frown from Cromwell. A man with heroic fire in him would have run the risk. But always when we hope for the heroic touch in Argyle, we are disappointed. Coldly, ruthlessly, he had taken the life of the noble Montrose and the wild and brave Colkitto: and now the thin lips opened not to ask mercy for Hamilton.

Another head was to fall besides that of the Duke. Not with fiercer tenacity did Presbyterian Royalism struggle with Fairfax and Cromwell in the field, than Presbyterian or constitutional Royalism struggled with the Independents in the Parliamentary arena at Westminster. Attaining full command of the House, and supported by the feeling of the country, infallibly attested by the results of successive elections to vacant seats, the English Presbyterians patched up at the eleventh hour a kind of arrangement with Charles. But it was not for this that Cromwell had fought. Advancing with long strides from the North, he was in London in the first days of December, 1648. It was tremblingly, painfully, and as slightly as could anywise serve their end, that the army chiefs had formerly violated the sacredness of Parliament. But the sword struck more

sharply when whetted with the blood of Preston. Upwards of a hundred of the representatives of the people were rudely thrust from the doors of the House of Commons. Charles found suddenly that the game of circumlocution and evasion was up, and that the ingenuous and clever scheme of extirpating his enemies by means of each other —that characteristic and unique product of his genius—was turning out a failure. He had trifled with the negotiators, after his military defeat, for some three years: the soldiers settled with him in about six weeks. Amid the amazement and horror of England, Scotland, and Ireland, even Henry Vane flitting into the background in silent dismay, Cromwell and the army took the life of Charles. Alone they did it. The Parliamentary remnant, assuming unlimited power, repudiated monarchy, and proclaimed a Commonwealth.

Here, then, is a nut to crack for those gentlemen whom we saw at their wine with Cromwell at Edinburgh. What were the Covenanters to do? If they threw over the Royal family and made terms with the Commonwealth, they would be permitted to dwell in peace and safety. Scotland was theirs to rule as they pleased. Hitherto, amid the severest temptations, they had observed the league with their Puritan brethren of England. Though the soldiers they had sent to fight the Irish rebels had been left to die of famine, though the neglect of the English Parliament had let in Colkitto and Montrose upon them, though the Scotch Commissioners had been dismissed from London with a coolness almost amounting to contumely, though the Presbyterian eleven had been excluded from the House of Commons, the Covenanters stood by the English Puritans. With a unanimity, a magnanimous moderation, for which they have got little credit, they had accepted from the Assembly of Divines at Westminister a complete scheme of ecclesiastical constitution, including a directory for public worship and that English version of the Psalms,

which, for stern Hebraic majesty and pathos, for rugged grandeur and freedom from all modern pettiness and prettiness, is unequalled among metrical translations. When Hamilton invaded England, the General Assembly of the Church had done the Parliament excellent service by condemning his expedition, and menacing with their dreaded censures all who took part in it. And now, when tidings reached them from Ireland that Cromwell was bearing down all before him "like a fiery torrent," could they not combine duty with interest, and let Royalty alone?

The difficulty was that the terms of the Solemn League and Covenant, embodying the views of Pym and Henderson, were express. They had sworn to stand by their rightful King in defence of their religion and liberties. So long as their religion and liberties were assailed, they were bound to maintain these, in the King's name, though they fought against the King's person. But if the religion and liberties were guaranteed—if the King accepted the Solemn League and Covenant tendered to him in the name of England and of Scotland—there was no alternative but to break their oath or to draw sword in his behalf. Those Covenanters, poor souls, belonged to an age when men looked upon the act of putting their names to political or theological documents, not as enlightened clerical gentlemen now look upon subscription to creeds, but as mercantile gentlemen still look upon endorsement of bills. Bounteous time had not yet brought forth that soft-spoken school of divines whose character and epitaph have been written by Rhadamanthus Ruskin in the single word "Equivocation." In the oath which the Covenanters and the English Puritans had alike sworn, there was no ambiguity.

In order to realise the situation, we must resolutely call to mind that Prince Charles, when he accepted *simpliciter*

the terms of the Covenanters, was a stripling of twenty. In working out his argument in defence of Cromwell, Mr. Carlyle insists with eloquent vehemence upon our recollecting that the curtains of the future rose gradually before Oliver, and that he took step after step without knowing what a day might bring forth. "How much," asks Carlyle, "does one of *us* foresee of his own life? Short way ahead of us it is all dim; an *un*wound skein of possibilities, of apprehensions, attemptibilities, vague-looming hopes." True, perfectly true; just, exquisitely just. Although Cromwell was upwards of forty when the troubles commenced, and was the ablest and most far-seeing man of his time, we are most reasonably asked to believe that he was sincere in his professions of affectionate reverence for the King he beheaded, and of devoted submission to the Parliament which he turned into the street. But with artistic skill which has the effect of consummate special pleading, Mr. Carlyle associates all our ideas of the Prince Charles whom the Covenanters crowned with the Charles II. of the Restoration. In 1650, Charles was of the same age as the "boy Oliver," son of the Protector, whose premature death Mr. Carlyle pathetically commemorates. He had given proof of personal courage and of talent; he had fought for his father, beginning when he was a boy of twelve; but there was no reason to believe that he inherited the scruples which made an arrangement with Charles I. impracticable. He had indeed given a commission to Montrose, who landed in Scotland in arms; but was it to be expected that, at twenty, he should appreciate the views and feelings of the Covenanters nicely enough to understand that it was impossible for him to be assisted *both* by them and by Montrose? He had given no proof of piety; he was fond of mirth and pleasure; but will it be maintained that a party undertaking the defence of constitutional monarchy in Great Britain could have justly

disinherited the heir to the throne, on the ground that he was not personally pious? On such terms the institution of monarchy would be impossible. Had the Covenanters rejected Charles for any such cause, they would have proved themselves either morose and narrow bigots, or cowardly hypocrites, or plain fools. There was some consistency on the part of the Independents, when they laid stress on the levity of the Prince; for the Independents insisted upon proof of conversion before admission to church membership; but the Presbyterian theory has always been that the evidence of conversion is discernible by God's eye only. Baillie explicitly maintains that "it is unjust scrupulosity to require satisfaction of the true grace of every church member." The Covenanters, treating with a boy of twenty, said that they were bound to judge him with charity; and a more reasonable plea was never put in at the bar either of justice, of mercy, or of common sense. Had it been possible to take a vote of the whole English and Scottish nation at the time, the result would without question have been the acceptance of Charles, on terms little different from those of the Covenanters. Fairfax positively refused to take the command against them. Nay, I am convinced that, but for the blood of Charles I. on his hands, but for his fear of Presbyterian ascendency, but for the danger and difficulty there might be in bringing the army to own a king, Cromwell himself would have consented at this time to the proclamation of Charles II. If the Prince was already a finished dissembler and a thorough-paced liar, which I neither affirm nor deny, the Covenanters were not bad enough men to be capable of recognising him as such.

The position of the Covenanters is unassailable on the score of logical and moral consistency; but if many have been found to do them injustice on this point, no one can deny their superb courage. They alone dared to defy the

army which, since its great leader formed it, had shattered every force opposed to it; they alone dared confront Cromwell when he returned to England, after having, in a few months, trampled the Irish rebels into the dust.

The command of the Covenanting army was given to David Leslie: the right man, for he had proved himself an intrepid and successful soldier. But he was a cavalry officer, and he was no transcendent military genius; otherwise he could hardly have missed the great military lessons of Robert Bruce's life, that good infantry are more than a match for the best cavalry, and that the strength of Scotland lay in her spears. It was a deeper, and, as it proved, a fatal misfortune that a Committee of Estates and Church thwarted and trammelled him. His management of the campaign, in so far as it was not overruled by their insolent inspirations, was masterly. Knowing that his troops were for the most part mere recruits—for all who had got a tincture of soldiering either in the ranks of Montrose or of Hamilton were excluded as malignants—he declined battle with Cromwell's veterans, lay in strong defences at Edinburgh, practised his men in marches before the enemy and in night attacks and skirmishes, and harassed and wearied the English till they began to fall sick in great numbers.

It is now drawing to the end of August, 1650, and Cromwell, Lambert, and Monk—for all the best military heads and hearts of the Puritan army are here except Fairfax—find, with inexpressible reluctance, that they must retreat. To give the enemy the slip in such cases, if but for a few hours, is one of the approved manœuvres of generalship, but the Puritan commanders did not gain a minute upon David Leslie. Scarcely had they drawn out of their huts when he was upon them, trampling down the rear with his cavalry, always leaning against the Lammermuirs, or otherwise throwing himself into an impregnable position, when Cromwell faced round for battle. Oliver

was now engaged in an operation to which he was unaccustomed. He was getting his first and last lesson in the art of conducting a retreat. His generalship, in the last days of August, was inferior to Leslie's. Intending to fall back upon England, he ought to have secured by a strong party the difficult gorge leading southward from Dunbar. Leslie, who had a born soldier's eye for topography, cut in, though he was the pursuer, before the English van, and, writes Oliver, "blocked up our way at the pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle." Had Leslie been left to finish his work as he began it, he would, as these words attest, have given checkmate to Cromwell, and brought to a successful end the finest piece of military work in the whole of the civil wars. But he was not allowed to finish it. Baillie, writing at the time and infallibly informed as to the circumstances, distinctly states that the descent of the army from the heights above Dunbar was decided upon against the judgment of the Scottish general. Cromwell penetrated at a glance the meaning of those preliminary movements by which, on the evening of the 2nd of September, Leslie prepared for an engagement. Thrown out of his calculations, surprised when he expected to surprise, finding that his horsemen, though they charged boldly at first, had not the staying power of the Ironsides, and that, when broken, they galloped in panic over the infantry they ought to have supported, Leslie soon gave up the battle for lost. Had Lawrence Crawford been there to manœuvre the foot and steady them in the shock of conflict!—But such speculation is foolish. Cromwell's victory was complete. About 3,000 Scots were slain, about 10,000 taken; the army which had chased the English to Dunbar was annihilated.

Now then, surely little Scotland will give in. She had sent thousands to die by sword and famine in Ireland, thousands to fall in battles and sieges in the first Civil War

in England. The plough of destruction had passed over her back, in six deep, blood-watered furrows, under the heavy hand of Montrose. Her nobility, her gentry, the flower of her mounted men, and about 15,000 of her foot soldiers, had followed Hamilton to be trodden into the mud of the Lancashire lanes. And now her last and finest army was broken to pieces, her thirty cannon taken. Nor was the loss of the army the worst that the Covenanters had to bear after the catastrophe of Dunbar. Divisions appeared among themselves. A number of the straiter-laced announced that they had qualms of conscience on the subject of fighting in company with some of the old Royalists who had crept into the ranks. These grumblers were called Protesters. Cromwell, whose principle, as he had peremptorily laid it down in a letter to Crawford, was that any man ought to be employed that would faithfully serve the State, and who was, at this moment, powerfully seconded by Monk, taken in arms for Charles I., and the restorer of Charles II., artfully inflamed their conscientious irritation. Ulysses was not more skilful in the war of divisive words than Oliver. What with his cunning arguments, what with the swift smiting of his sword, he managed, soon after Dunbar, to ruin the Covenanting cause throughout all the south-western shires, and to leave Leslie nothing in Scotland south of Stirling. Nevertheless, the remnant, such as it was—that is to say, the main body of the old true blue Covenanters—did not waver. The ways of Providence might be dark, but it was for them to walk by the simple shining of honour and duty. "The cause of God and the kingdoms, as hath been these twelve years past"—the cause maintained in the Great Remonstrance, and in the Solemn League between England and Scotland—the cause of the ancient monarchy, reconciled, as they were bound in charity to believe it now reconciled, with freedom and religion—was that for which

they had fought from the first, and for which they would fight to the last.

We have been losing sight of Argyle. The fact is that he was not one of those men who move star-like through the dusky past, forcing the historical eye to read events by their light. His brain was large and clear, but his heart was cold. He worked out the intellectual problem of his time with exactitude; but no swell of feeling rose in his breast to inspire him for mighty action, and to make him an inspiration to others. He saw that Prince Charles had granted all the English Parliament demanded of his father, that constitutional monarchy was now making its last stand against the power of the sword, that a Puritan settlement, under a young King, with guarantees of its permanence as firm as the Puritans chose to require, would be the natural, safe, and honourable conclusion of the Revolution. Seeing all this, he could not abandon Charles. But neither could he throw himself into his cause with the self-sacrificing, whole-hearted enthusiasm of Montrose. He balanced himself so evenly between yes and no, and cast so many wistful glances towards the camp of Cromwell, that Charles suspected him of a design to deliver him up, and actually took flight from Perth under this impression. He returned, indeed, within forty-eight hours, but one can guess whether the relations between himself and the Marquis were likely to be cordial. Some time after the rout of Dunbar, Argyle presented to Charles for signature a letter which was to form the basis of an agreement between them. In this curious document, the Prince engages to make Argyle a Duke, a Knight of the Garter, a gentleman of the bedchamber, to "hearken to his counsels," and, in the event of Charles's restoration to the throne of England, to "see him paid the forty thousand pounds sterling due to him." This is not the sort of loyalty we expect from a hero.

But the fighting Covenanters were of a different temper from Argyle. Let us not impute his chill and calculating spirit to men who might respect but who never loved him. On the 2nd of January, 1651, as if in solemn announcement, four months after Dunbar, that they still held to their principles, and would die for their King, the Covenanters crowned Charles in the Church of Scone. He was conducted by his nobles from the old palace to the old church, the spurs carried by the Earl of Eglinton, the sword by the Earl of Rothes, the sceptre by the Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, the crown by the Marquis of Argyle. On the King's right walked the Great Constable, on his left the Great Marshal. Over his head a canopy of crimson velvet was borne by six earls' sons, and four earls' sons upheld his train. In the church, on a raised platform duly carpeted, was placed the throne. Ere he ascended it, Charles seated himself in a chair placed before the preacher, on the common level of the congregation, and took part in Divine service. Mr. Robert Douglas, Moderator of the Commission of General Assembly, preached the sermon. The text was that stern passage of the Hebrew annals, in which we are told how Jehoiada, priest of Jehovah, and the faithful captains of the host, rescued the boy Joash from the daughter of Jezebel, the intriguing, blood-thirsty Athaliah, and crowned him as the covenanted King of Israel. Mr. Douglas dealt plainly with Charles in his adversity, but the Church of Scotland had not flattered Kings in the day of their power. He was exhorted to be all that Trajan had been said to be—devout at home, courageous in war, just in his judicatories, prudent in his affairs. Of the doctrine of Divine-right royalty—that sugar of lead which the Anglican Church has so industriously dropped into the ears of her Kings—there was no trace. "Kings are deceived," said Mr. Douglas, "who think that the people are ordained for the King, and not the King for the people." "The

King is the MINISTER OF GOD FOR THE PEOPLE'S GOOD." "The King hath his distinct possessions and revenues from the people; he must not oppress and do what he pleases; there must be no tyranny upon the throne." Scotsmen may reflect with pride that these words were spoken to the last King ever crowned in Scotland.

After service, the ceremony of coronation proceeded. Charles, kneeling and lifting up his right hand, said, "I, Charles, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, do assure and declare, by my solemn oath, in the presence of Almighty God, the searcher of hearts, my allowance and approbation of the National Covenant, and of the Solemn League and Covenant . . . and that I shall give my Royal assent to acts and ordinances of Parliament passed, enjoining the same, in my other dominions." Observe the scrupulous respect shown to the rights of the English Parliament! The Crown was set upon Charles's head by the Marquis of Argyle. Under the wintry heaven, as earnestly as ever from the heart of David or of Jeremiah, rose from the congregation that Hebrew cry—

> "Jehovah hear thee in the day
> When trouble He doth send."

The trouble had come, and Jehovah did not avert it. Cut off from all the world, with Oliver Cromwell before them and the haggard hills and moaning ocean behind, the Covenanters still held out for eight long months; and then Leslie, giving his antagonist the slip with an adroit skill that Oliver never equalled, marched with his little army for England. Did Argyle cast in his lot with the intrepid remnant, and do at least one perfectly heroic thing? Alas, no! His heart failed him; he remained behind; and the glory of Worcester is not his. Steadily penetrating into England, Lambert on his flank and Cromwell in his rear, Leslie conducted his army to Worcester. With a mean effusiveness of enthusiasm for the winning side which drew

a contemptuous rebuke from Cromwell himself, the forces of the English counties came flocking, vulture-like, to be in at the death. Enormously out-numbered, ill-armed, half-starving, the little Scottish army fought on for four hours, vindicating for ever the honour of Scotland by spurning, with death before its eyes, the offers of accommodation made by Cromwell at the price of sacrificing the King. The sword was now supreme in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and Cromwell expressly said that Scotland had given the army more trouble than any other part of the three kingdoms.

The Covenanters, who sank in their attempt to establish the monarchy on a constitutional basis ten years before the Restoration, were the fathers of the historical Whig party. The name was first applied to those Covenanters who rose upon and disarmed the stragglers from Hamilton's expedition, as they made their way back to Scotland. The name, or nickname, then given them, was afterwards justly applied to that political party which maintained their principle of submitting neither to the will of a tyrant nor to the dictation of an army, of accepting neither a dynasty without liberty nor liberty with obliteration of the old lines of the constitution. The Puritan Revolution as led by Eliot, Hampden, Pym,—the Puritan Revolution of the Bill of Rights, and the Great Remonstrance, and the Solemn League and Covenant,—the Puritan Revolution which fought the King in his own name, and had as one of its fundamental objects to make the monarchy possible and permanent—was Whig. Had it triumphed in 1650 instead of in 1688, there would probably have been retained in the political and social constitution of England, and in the temper and habits of the people, more of the elevation and moral ardour of the Puritans than have been traceable since the 17th century. Even if we grant that Cromwell, Milton, Ireton, and the Ironside Invincibles of Naseby and

Dunbar, represent the purest resplendence of spiritual enthusiasm that ever glowed in England, we may maintain that this was too much above the habitual mood of the English people for permanence, and that, if a less lofty flight had been attempted, the utter collapse of Puritanism in England when Cromwell died might have been obviated. At the same time, we must hesitate to blame Cromwell and the Independents. If they had no parchment right to toleration,—if neither the Great Remonstrance nor the Solemn League held out any promise of toleration to separate congregations,—yet it was not in human nature that the conquerors of Naseby should surrender to the Covenanters that liberty of worship which they had wrung from Charles. And the Covenanters were at least as resolute in fighting *against* toleration as *for* the monarchy and the King.

During the Protectorate, favour was shown by the ruling powers in Scotland to that party among the Covenanting clergy which had distrusted and forsaken Charles. Protesters were placed in vacant charges by forcible intervention of Cromwell's soldiers, although the congregations detested the intrusion. This riveted the affection of the people to the main body of the Presbyterian preachers. The people clung to a Church identified with the cause of national independence; and though the number of Protesters in the occupation of pulpits increased, the principles of the Sectaries, as Cromwell's men were called, made no way in Scotland. These considerations enable us to do justice to Charles in estimating the guilt of ingratitude laid to his charge on account of his conduct, at the Restoration, to the Church of Scotland. On any showing, it was bad enough. But for eleven years before he ascended the throne, the ministers promoted to livings in Scotland had belonged to the party which did its worst to ruin him, whose divisive courses after Dunbar had caused bitter

anguish to Charles's Covenanting allies. To those Covenanters who had stood by him to the last, Charles was not more ungrateful than the indolent facility of his character, and the furious anti-Presbyterian zeal of his chief advisers, might have led us to expect. David Leslie had no occasion to complain of Charles. He had given up his sword to Cromwell at Worcester, but, like a brave and high-principled man, he declined to make his peace with the Protector, and remained in the Tower till the Restoration. He was then rewarded by Charles with a pension and a peerage.

The hostility of Cromwell endeared the Church of Scotland to the people. The atrocious maladministration of Scotland between 1660 and 1688 had a similar tendency. Physical defeat, political failure, ensured for the Church complete spiritual conquest. She had leant upon the sword, and it pierced her. She had been a great power in politics; and under her auspices disaster followed disaster, army after army was destroyed. When she could not place a squadron in the field, when she was despised and persecuted by statesmen, she became finally and immovably enthroned in the affections of Scotchmen. She had the felicity of being always on the side of Scotland's freedom, independence, or good government—freedom against Charles I., independence against Cromwell, good government against Lauderdale and Claverhouse. She continued, therefore, to be the Church of the Scottish people; and those who have seceded from her since the seventeenth century have seceded, not because they wished to change her, but because they objected to her being changed. No lesson of her history, however, is more impressive than the unquestionable fact that her intermeddling with politics resulted in calamity to herself and to Scotland. Was this the reason why M'Crie, having told the tale of her struggles under Knox and Melville, left the tale of her predominance untold?

For Scotland it was probably, after all, well that the victory of the Covenanters was wholly in the spiritual province. Had the simpleton Committee of Estates and Church let David Leslie deal with Cromwell in his own way; had Oliver been seriously crippled; had the immense party in England which desired nothing better than that Charles should reign under constitutional restraints coalesced with the Covenanters and effected a settlement; then the Scots might, or must, have attained an ascendency in the councils of the island which could hardly have promoted the general welfare. All thoughtful and well-informed Englishmen admit that the vindication of Scottish independence by Bruce and Wallace was a benefit to England. Scotland, had the Reformation been offered at the point of the English sword, would have rejected it as implacably as Ireland, and *two* Irelands would certainly have clogged the wheels of England. But if the Scots had conquered at Dunbar, they could scarcely have failed to become arrogant. Either they might have clung to their local independence, perpetuating a cumbrous and dangerous dualism in Great Britain, or they might have claimed more than their share in the common government. It was beneficial that Scotland should achieve self-respect and the respect of England, but it was also desirable that the *ingenium perfervidum* should be toned down a little, and that Scotchmen should know that they were to Englishmen as one to seven. It is, perhaps, not far from the truth to say that, next to the victory of Bannockburn, the best thing that ever happened to Scotland was the defeat of Dunbar, and that high among the benefactors of Scotland, not far behind Wallace and Bruce, stands Oliver Cromwell. And the man who has made a grand prose Epic out of Cromwell's life is the Scotch Carlyle!

During the Protectorate Argyle was a judicious trimmer, anxiously civil to Oliver, hated as false and half-hearted

both by Scotch and English. At the Restoration he posted up to London, but Charles refused to see him, had him arrested, sent to Scotland, tried, and executed. This was a murder. For all that Argyle did against Charles I. he had obtained the amplest indemnity before he crowned Charles II., and there was no legal ground for exempting him from the general pardon granted to those who had gone with the stream between 1651 and 1660, or had intrigued against the Restoration. Charles II. murdered Argyle. But it was a murder with palliations,—a murder under the strongest temptation. How could life be endurable for Charles while Argyle continued to breathe? There was, for example, the letter about the dukedom, the Garter, the forty thousand pounds. It would not have been pleasant for Charles to have his attention called to that friendly transaction! But that was not the worst. How could the gay Sybarite bear to have his dead past, his buried conscience, raised from the tomb, and set to glare withal on that scowling brow, in those grey, searching eyes? Conscience incarnated in Argyle, conscience, stalking grimly in among the throng of courtiers, say, when Charles sat wreathed in smiles between Buckingham and Nelly, conscience recalling to him that hour when he sat on the floor of the old church of Scone, and heard Mr. Douglas thunder on the rescue of Joash and the sins of the house of Ahab,—that moment when he knelt before God, and, with uplifted hand, swore to maintain the Covenants,—would have made life not worth having for Charles. He committed murder; but no murderer could plead stronger temptation.

VII.

MONTROSE.

CHAPTER VII.

MONTROSE.

IN a recent drama, or failure of a drama, on John Hampden, the hero speaks thus of Charles I. :—

> "O that he were a tyrant bold as bad!
> His subtle vice is so like princeliest virtue,
> That princely hearts will shed their blood for him."

This *ex post facto* prophecy applies with special force to Falkland in England, and in Scotland to Montrose. "The noblest of all the Cavaliers," Montrose has been called; "an accomplished, gallant-hearted, splendid man; what one may call the Hero-Cavalier." In the crowd of striking figures that occupy the stage of the Revolution, there is no one so romantically brilliant as Montrose; no one so picturesquely relieved against other figures that move amid the sad and stormful grandeurs of the time. Those contrasted types of character which have been so well marked in Scottish history as to arrest the attention of Europe,—the cold, cautious, forecasting type, the impetuous and perfervid type,—were never so finely opposed as in the persons of the deep-thoughted, melancholy Argyle, and the impulsive and intrepid Montrose.

James Graham, fifth Earl and first Marquis of Montrose, was born in 1612, in one of his father's castles, near the town of that name. The Grahams were among the most ancient and honourable families of Scotland. Tradition talks of a Graham scaling, in the cause of old

Caledonia, the Roman wall between Forth and Clyde, and with clearer accents of a Graham who was the trustiest and best-beloved of the friends of Wallace,—

"Mente manuque potens, et Vallæ fidus Achates,"—

who sleeps, beneath a stone bearing this inscription, in the old Church of Falkirk, near the field on which he fell. History, taking up the tale from tradition, informs us that one ancestor of Montrose died, sword in hand, at Flodden, and another at Pinkie. His grandfather was High Treasurer to James I.; then Chancellor; finally Viceroy of Scotland. His father was President of Council, and in 1604 and 1606 carried the Great Seal as one of the foremost nobles of Scotland in the Parliaments held at Perth, when the nobility rode in state. This Lord, who in his youth was hot and headstrong, had subsided, long before the birth of his son James, into a quiet country gentleman, vigilantly managing his estates. He was possessed of great baronies in the counties of Perth, Stirling, Dumbarton, and Forfar, and had exact ideas as to the number of oxen for his ploughs, of puncheons of wine in his cellars, of sacks of corn in his granaries. He was an inveterate smoker, perpetually investing in tobacco and tobacco-pipes, a circumstance which has attracted notice from the sensitive dislike with which his son shrank from the slightest smell of tobacco.

Lord James, as from his infancy he was called, was the only son in a family of six. Margaret, the eldest of his sisters, was married to Lord Napier of Merchiston, son of the discoverer of logarithms; and the brother-in-law, a man of parts and character, exerted a great influence on Montrose in his youth. Two of his sisters appear to have been younger than himself. He must have been a beautiful boy. The pride of his father, the pet of his mother and elder sisters, the heir to an exalted title and broad lands, he was likely to feel himself from childhood an important

personage, and to have any seeds of ostentation, vanity, and wilfulness which might be sown in his nature somewhat perilously fostered.

His boyhood was favourable in an eminent degree to the generous and chivalrous virtues. We can fancy him scampering on his pony over the wide green spaces of the old Scottish landscape, when roads were still few, and the way from one of his father's castles to another would be by the drove-roads, or across the sward and the heather. Travelling, even of ladies and children, was then almost universally performed on horseback. Lord James had two ponies expressly his own, and we hear of his fencing-swords and his bow. At Glasgow, whither he proceeded to study at twelve years of age, under the charge of a tutor named William Forrett, he continued to ride, fence, and practise archery. He was attended by a valet and two young pages of his own feudal following, Willy and Mungo Graham. He had a suit of green camlet, with embroidered cloak, and his two pages were dressed in red. He and Forrett rode out together, Lord James on a white horse. Among his books was the History of Geoffrey de Bouillon, and one of his favourite volumes was Raleigh's History of the World. The establishment was supplied with "manchets," the white bread of the period, and oatcake and herrings were important items in the commissariat. These particulars, gleaned by Mr. Mark Napier from memoranda made by Forrett, enable us to realise with vividness the life of the boy Montrose in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, when the Clyde was still a silvery river glancing by the quiet town that clustered round the old Cathedral of Glasgow.

From Glasgow we trace him to St. Andrew's, where he matriculated in the University a few months before his father's death. He was fourteen when the shrewd and experienced Earl, whose predominance might have kept

him beneficially in the shade, and exercised an influence to chasten and concentrate his faculties, was laid in the family vault. From this time Montrose appears to have been very much lord of himself. His was a mind of that order which peculiarly required, to develop its utmost strength, all that wise men mean by discipline. To develop its utmost strength; not necessarily to develop its utmost beauty and natural grace and splendour. There was no malice, or guile, or cross-grained self-will, or obstinate badness of any kind, in young Montrose. He accepted, with open-hearted welcome, the influence of Forrett, of Napier, of every worthy friend or teacher, winning and retaining through life their ardent affection. The poetry, the romance, of his nature bloomed out in frank luxuriance. But the gravity and earnest strength, the patient thoughtfulness, thoroughness, and habit of comprehensive intellectual vision, which are indispensable to men who not only play a brilliant part in great revolutions, but regulate and mould them, were never his; and we cannot be sure that, under the authority of a sagacious, affectionate, and determined father, he might not have attained them. There is no sign that, at college, he engaged seriously in study. He became probably a fluent Latinist, which no man with any pretensions to education could then fail to be; he was fond of Cæsar, whose Commentaries he is said to have carried with him in his campaigns; and he loved all books of chivalrous adventure; but we hear of no study that imposed self-denial, or required severe application. He was a distinguished golf-player and archer. There being now no heir, in the direct line, to the earldom and estates, he was counselled by his friends to marry early, and when only seventeen led to the altar Magdalene Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Southesk. He was already the father of two boys when, on attaining his majority, he started on his Continental travels in 1633.

For three years he remained abroad, in France and Italy. He made himself, say his panegyrists, "perfect in the academies;" learned "as much mathematics as is required for a soldier" (rather less probably than Count Moltke might prescribe); conversed with celebrities, political and erudite; and devoted himself by preference to the study of great men. Doubtless these were years of eager observation, of eager and rapid acquisition. He seems to have already impressed a wide circle with the idea of his superiority, and he was prone to accept the highest estimate which his flatterers formed of him.

Returning from the Continent in 1636, he presented himself at Court. Charles received him coldly, and he was hurt. There is no need to believe with Mr. Napier that the Marquis of Hamilton elaborately plotted to prevent his acquiring influence with the King. Clarendon's remark respecting Charles, that he "did not love strangers nor very confident men," accounts for what happened. A dash of ostentation and self-confidence was conspicuously present in Montrose; and, as his sister Catherine was known to be at this time lurking in London in an adulterous connection with her brother-in-law, it may have occurred to the King that it would be not unbecoming in the young gentleman to carry less sail.

In Scotland, he found himself a person of consequence. He was in the front rank of the nobility, his estates were large, his connection extensive; and there was a general persuasion that he was capable of great things. It was of high importance to secure such a man to the popular cause, and Montrose was not indisposed to throw himself into the movement. The scheme of Thorough, in its two branches of enslavement in Church and State, had been applied to the Scottish Parliament and to the Scottish Church. Mr. Brodie, whose valuable work on our Constitutional History has been, perhaps, too much thrown into the shade by

Hallam, points out the grasping arbitrariness with which, in his visit to Scotland in 1633, Charles laid his hand upon the civil as well as the religious liberties of Scotland. On returning from his travels in 1636, Montrose became convinced that both were in danger, and with all that was best in the intelligence and most fervent in the religion of Scotland, he prepared for their defence. Against Thorough the National Convention of 1638 was Scotland's protest. It corresponds, in its essential meaning, though not in time, to the impeachment of Strafford by the Commons of England. In each instance the respective nations may be pronounced unanimous. Clarendon acted with Hampden and Pym against Strafford; Montrose put his name to the National Covenant as well as Argyle, and sat upon the same Table, or, as we should now say, managing committee, of Covenanting Nobles, with Lothian and Rothes. Baillie says that the Covenanters found it difficult to "guide" him; but this arose, in the earlier stages of the business, not from any defect in his Covenanting zeal, but because he would do things in a high-handed, and what appeared to them an imprudently open way. The Tables, for example, had looked after the Presbyterial elections to the Glasgow Assembly of 1638 with a particularity savouring rather of paternal government on the modern Imperial type than of a government extemporised for the purpose of vindicating, as one chief thing, the freedom of Presbyteries in Scotland. This fact turned up inopportunely in the Assembly itself, through the awkwardness of a clerk, who blurted out the name of the man whom one of the Presbyteries had been instructed by the Edinburgh Tables to return. The Rev. David Dickson endeavoured to explain, hinting that the name in question had been sent down to the Presbytery through negligence. Montrose would not countenance even this modicum of pious guile. He started to his feet, put aside canny David's explanation, and declared that the

Tables would stand to every jot of what they had written. He had no secretiveness in his nature, and could do nothing by halves. He was at this time a resolute and even an enthusiastic Covenanter.

Partly, perhaps, with a view to humouring and leading him, partly, also, because they knew that he was at heart true to the cause, the Covenanters named him Generalissimo of the troops which proceeded to Aberdeen in the beginning of 1639, to check the Marquis of Huntley, who was in arms in the Royal interest, and to chastise the anti-Covenanting town. He was accompanied by General Alexander Leslie, nominally his Adjutant, really his instructor. Montrose took his first practical lessons in war with the aptitude of genius born for the field. The Aberdonians and the Gordons felt the weight of his hand, and the Royalists in the north-east of Scotland were effectually quelled; but even while enforcing the Covenant at the sword-point, he proclaimed that his zeal for the religious liberties of Scotland was not more honest than his allegiance to his Sovereign; and there sprang up and gradually strengthened in him the idea that Argyle and his party were pressing matters too far, that enough had been conceded by Charles, and that the day was drawing near when it would be necessary to make a stand for the Monarchy.

In point of fact, sincere as was the Covenanting zeal of Montrose, it was never so fervent as in some of the Covenanters. He was a religious man, but his religion was a very different thing from that of Cromwell, Vane, or Argyle. With them religion was an impassioned energy of spiritual enthusiasm; with him it was the devout and reverent loyalty with which a noble nature regards the Sovereign of the universe. If the main current of tendency in those years was religious,—if the main factor in world-history was religious earnestness,—the circumstance that

Montrose was not a supremely religious man, would account for his having played a glittering rather than a great part in the Revolution. Cardinal de Retz's compliment gives the reason why it was impossible for him to be a Scottish Cromwell. Cardinal de Retz pronounced him "the solitary being who ever realised to his mind the image of those heroes whom the world sees only in the biographies of Plutarch." A Plutarchian hero was out of date in the age of the Puritans. Montrose aspired to emulate the deeds of Cæsar and Alexander. Cromwell sought the Lord in the Psalms of David, and found a more present and speaking manifestation of God's will in the victories of the Ironside saints even than in the history of the Hebrews. Add to this that, in comparison with Argyle and the best heads in the party, Montrose was deficient in judgment, in experience, in apprehension of the organic facts of the revolution. His lack of judgment is demonstrated by his entire misconception of the views of Argyle and Hamilton. He took up the notion that these men aimed at sovereignty. This, as the sequel proved, was an hallucination. When Charles I. was struck down and not yet beheaded, Hamilton did not attempt to set the Scottish crown on his own head, but lost his life in an effort to replace it and that of England on the head of Charles. When Charles I. was dead, Argyle did not seize the throne of Scotland, but staked all on an attempt to regain for Charles II. the throne of Charles I. The motives of Argyle's conduct, at the period when his path diverged from that of Montrose, are sufficiently clear. Well acquainted with the character of the King, with the policy and projects of Laud and Strafford, with the wrongs of the English Puritans and their estimate of the danger threatening the liberties of the nation, he knew that it would be puerile simplicity to accept the professions of Charles as an adequate guarantee of what Scotland required and demanded. Montrose, as

ardent in his devotion to his country as Argyle, had never conferred with Hampden, never imbibed from the English Puritans their invincible distrust of Charles.

There was much also in the character of Montrose to predispose him to that lofty but somewhat vague idealisation of authority, that enthusiasm for the representative of a long line of kings, that reverence for the established order of things, and that partly aristocratic, partly feminine, habit of shrinking from the coarser and cruder associations of democracy, which constitute the poetry of modern Toryism. Mr. Mark Napier has printed an essay by Montrose, brief, but of singular interest, in which his conception of kingly authority and popular freedom, and of the relation between the two, is set forth with as much lucidity as is common in writings of that generation, and with a certain stateliness and pomp of expression which, viewed in connection with the touches of poetry occurring in Montrose's verse, may be held to prove that, in altered circumstances, he might have been a remarkable writer. The value or valuelessness of the piece in respect of political philosophy may be gauged by the fact that Montrose has not grasped the central idea of politics in modern times, to wit, representation. The truth that sovereignty resides in the people, and that kingship is a delegation from the people, which was then beginning to make itself felt as a power in world-history, and was firmly apprehended by Hampden, Cromwell, Pym, and Vane, has no place in Montrose's essay. The notion of royal authority as something distinct, or even Divine; not derived from, but balanced against, national right or freedom;—a notion which has bewildered political fanciers, down to the days of Lord Beaconsfield;—this is what he fundamentally goes upon. "The king's prerogative," he says, "and the subject's privilege are so far from incompatibility, that the one can never stand unless supported by the other. For the sovereign being strong,

and in full possession of his lawful power and prerogative, is able to protect his subjects from oppression, and maintain their liberties entire; otherwise not. On the other side, a people, enjoying freely their just liberties and privileges, maintaineth the prince's honour and prerogative out of the great affection they carry towards him; which is the greatest strength against foreign invasion, or intestine insurrection, that a prince can possibly be possessed with." He speaks of "the oppression and tyranny of subjects, the most fierce, insatiable, and insupportable tyranny in the world." He is prepared to go lengths in submission to the "prince," which shows that he never kindled into sympathy with the high, proud, and free spirit of the English Puritans, never got beyond the figment of indefeasible right in an anointed king. Subjects, he declares, "in wisdom and duty are obliged to tolerate the vices of the prince as they do storms and tempests, and other natural evils which are compensated with better times succeeding." Here were the germs of a Royalism as enthusiastic as could be found among the young lords and swashbucklers who were now beginning to cluster round Charles at Whitehall.

With Montrose, in his political speculations or dreams, were associated Napier of Merchiston, Sir George Stirling of Keir, and Sir Archibald Stewart of Blackhall. These had "occasion to meet often" in Merchiston Hall, the residence of Napier, near Edinburgh, a turreted keep or castle, with bartizan atop, on which, in the feudal times, the sentinel made his rounds, and which, in the less martial days that now were, afforded on summer evenings a pleasant lounge. There Montrose and his friends, secure from intrusion, could talk politics, theoretical and practical, casting a glance at intervals over the loveliest landscape, the green-blue Pentlands on the left, the soft undulating swell of Corstorphine hill, on the right, while the setting sun flooded with

saffron glow the valley that lay between. At the foot of the tower, now fronted with a white dwelling-house, but which then stood bare and gaunt, were the meadows which logarithmic Napier, as fond of experimental farming as of algebra, had nursed into sap and luxuriance. Algebra and cow-feeding do not seem naturally promotive of theological speculation, but the inventor of logarithms gave play to his imagination in the study of prophecy, and was an intrepid theorist on Antichrist and Armageddon. Lord Napier, Montrose's friend and brother-in-law, was the son of this many-sided genius, and seems to have inherited his vein of imaginative enthusiasm rather than his sagacious intelligence of algebraic figures and agricultural facts. In such society Montrose found himself steadily growing in that romantic loyalty which is rooted in the affections rather than in the intellect, and in opposition to the Covenanting chiefs. He was working himself out of the main current of his country's history, and getting into a track of his own.

We can imagine the effect which a personal interview with Charles, at the period when he made his first important concessions to his Scottish subjects, would have upon Montrose. They met at Berwick in July, 1639, when the King, finding it impracticable to reduce the Scots by force of arms, patched up an agreement with the Covenanters, and might well seem, to one predisposed to trust him, to have yielded all that his countrymen could reasonably expect. Charles completely won the heart of Montrose, who did not come at once to a breach with the Covenanters, but vehemently exerted himself to oppose by constitutional methods the party which suspected the King. He placed himself in frank antagonism to Argyle in the Parliament which met in Edinburgh early in 1640. His belief was that the King meant well, and that the objects of the Covenant had been secured. He was now

in constant correspondence with Charles, but his letters contained nothing to imply that he had ceased to be a Covenanter. Nay, he made bold to give his Royal correspondent advice which is surprising for its courageous honesty. "Practise, sir, the temperate government; it fitteth the humour and disposition of Scotland best; it gladdeth the hearts of your subjects; strongest is that power which is based on the happiness of the subject."

The position of Montrose was rapidly becoming painful, rapidly becoming untenable. Restlessness, agitation, petulant loquacity were the external signs of a conflict with which his mind was torn. Anxiously and ardently loyal, he could not enter with enthusiasm into the views of those who promoted the second Scottish levy against Charles, or take any delight in the advance into England in the summer of 1640. It was undeniable, however, that the Covenanters had many causes of offence, and as they professed, in the new appeal to arms, to fight not against the King but his evil counsellors, he did not come to an open rupture with the Scottish leaders. He commanded 2,500 men in Alexander Leslie's army, and dashed gallantly into the Tweed when the lot fell upon him to be the first to cross the river. But before marching for England, he had joined with nineteen other Scottish noblemen in an engagement to check the disloyal predominance of Argyle and Hamilton, and his correspondence with the King was not suspended on account of his being, to all appearance, in arms against him. We shall not, I think, do injustice to Montrose if we believe that, though probably half-unconscious of the fact, he was at this time irritated by finding himself restricted to a secondary part in Scottish affairs. At the Council Board he was eclipsed by Argyle; in the field he was eclipsed by Leslie. He would have been ashamed to own to himself such a feeling; but it was one element in his unrest; for he was impatient, masterful,

proud, and had more confidence in himself than he had yet communicated to other people. Mr. Mark Napier says that he told Colonel Cochrane at Newcastle that he thought of following the wars abroad, and complained of being "a man envied," whom "all means were used to cross." His capacity of obedience was not so great as it has generally been in great commanders. Splendidly generous to all who "were, or were willing to be, inferior to him," he was not, Clarendon hints, equally happy in his dealings with "superiors and equals."

On the other hand, it were shallow to impute to him conscious treachery. He declared that he had a right to correspond with his sovereign, devoted allegiance to whom was professed by every Covenanter arrayed against him. Montrose had no reserve; wore his heart on his sleeve; talked to every one who would listen to him against Argyle. Even Mr. Napier, who is as mad as a March hare in admiration for his hero, admits that at this time he conducted himself like a "simpleton." His fury against Argyle hurried him at length into an extremity of indiscretion. Mr. John Stewart of Ladywell brought him a story about Argyle's having suggested a deposition of the King, and intending to seize the dictatorship. It is absurd to suppose that Argyle said anything like this; it is inconceivable that he should have said it to Mr. Stewart; but Montrose gave ear to the tale and went about spreading it. Argyle denied on oath the charge made by Stewart, and the latter was condemned and executed for the crime of leasi-making, that is, of telling lies calculated to provoke disagreement between the King and his subjects. At the same time when he was discreditably mixing himself up in the Ladywell business, Montrose was detected in a correspondence with Charles of a more suspicious nature than had previously been made public. Along with his friends Napier, Stirling of Keir, and

Stewart of Blackhall, he was arrested, and thrown into Edinburgh Castle on a charge of plotting. This was in June, 1641.

The short visit of the King to Edinburgh in the following August has extraordinary interest for one who studies the character of Charles I., and a considerable interest for one who studies the less puzzling character of Montrose. Charles could never give his heart wholly either to supremely able men or to men of perfect moral uprightness and temperate wisdom. Neither the commanding genius of Wentworth, nor the constitutional moderation of Falkland, was quite to his mind. He liked young, showy, extravagantly promising men, whose boyish ecstasies of loyalty were incense to his self-worship. In Digby he found one such man, in Montrose another; and it was to bring to maturity schemes based upon the support of the Digby party in England, and the Montrose party in Scotland, that he proceeded to Edinburgh in 1641. He told Hyde that he would "undertake for the Church," if nothing serious were effected against it before he went to Scotland. The English Root and Branch party, aiming as they did at the abolition of Episcopacy, had thoroughly alarmed him. He was brought into a state of mind in which it was easy for him to throw into provisional abeyance his projects for the ecclesiastical organisation of Scotland, and to make any sacrifices which might be necessary to secure the support of the Scots to his English policy. Montrose and he, therefore, had common ground. True to the Covenant, Montrose could require and obtain for Scotland the religious and civil privileges which the Covenanters demanded. If Charles, on the other hand, overthrew Argyle and Hamilton, and placed the administration of Scotland in the hands of Montrose, he might return to London with the certainty not only that his English policy would meet with no interruption from the North, but

that in case of emergency it would be supported by a body of troops from Scotland.

Montrose's imprudence, landing him in Edinburgh Castle, increased the difficulty of carrying out this plan, but did not render it hopeless. Clarendon says that "by the introduction of Mr. William Murray of the bedchamber," Montrose "came privately to the King" and conferred with him on the plan. Mr. Brodie and Professor Masson hold that Montrose could not have conferred personally with Charles, because he was in prison. But Clarendon's statement implies knowledge by the writer that Montrose was in prison. The interview was "private," and Mr. William Murray was the instrument who managed the probably not very difficult bribings and whisperings which were necessary to bring it about. If Montrose had been at large, he would have been in daily attendance upon the King, and Clarendon's evident intention, in making any mention of William Murray and of privacy, is to give pointedness to the statement that, in spite of his confinement, Montrose made his way to Charles. There is no likelihood, however, that Montrose advised the King to put Argyle and Hamilton to death. If he did, the wickedness of the counsel would be somewhat palliated by the consideration that he might look upon Argyle and Hamilton as the murderers of Stewart of Ladywell; but the arrest of these noblemen and the overturn of their administration were sufficient for Montrose's scheme; and it is hardly conceivable that he would have advised a step which must have convulsed Scotland with horror and indignation. The scheme, whatever may have been its details, failed utterly. Charles and Montrose were not the men to concert and execute a plot against Argyle. The King was as usual the victim of his own cunning. Hamilton and Argyle received information of what was on foot, and left Edinburgh declaring their lives in danger. Charles was profuse in dis-

avowals, and though the popular chiefs both in Scotland and England disbelieved him, the shrewd and cautious Argyle was willing to make matters easy for reconcilement. Montrose and his friends were released from prison. Argyle was created a marquis. Charles conceded all the demands of the Scots and returned to London.

Montrose affirmed in his latest hours that he had been true to the National Covenant of Scotland. Nothing which we have seen is inconsistent with this position. There is every reason to believe that he viewed with satisfaction the concessions made by the King to the Covenanters, although he was doubtless mortified to find that the administration of affairs must continue in the hands of his rivals. His loyalty had been deepening in fervour, and he would henceforth feel that impassioned devotion was the sentiment wherewith he and all Scotsmen ought to regard Charles.

He was accordingly prepared to encounter with impassioned resistance the proposal of Vane in 1643, that Scotland should take part with the English Parliament, and send an army to oppose the King. He had signed the National Covenant of Scotland: he never signed, he infinitely detested, the Solemn League and Covenant. The descendant of Scotland's ancient kings had given the Scots all they asked; he was now struggling sword in hand with his English subjects; and Montrose declared that, if his countrymen fought against Charles, he would fight against his countrymen. "The Covenant," he said in a solemn hour, "I took; I own it, and adhere to it. Bishops, I care not for them; I never intended to advance their interest; but when the King had granted you all your desires, and you were every one sitting under his own vine, and under his fig-tree, that then you should have taken a party in England by the hand, and entered into a League and Covenant with them against the King, was the thing I

judged my duty to oppose to the uttermost." All the logic of Scottish Royalism is in these words; and, for one who believed that Charles was honest, the argument was complete and invulnerable. There were reasons which made it impossible for Argyle and the other leaders to take the part of Charles; but the Covenanters of Scotland never saw good day from the time they parted company with Montrose.

When Alexander Leslie and his Scots entered England to assist the Parliament in January, 1644, Montrose was in the Royal camp at Oxford, eagerly offering his services. How different might have been the sequel if Charles had placed Montrose in a position whence he could have made his way to the chief command in England! In the beginning of 1644, the spirit of the English cavaliers was unbroken, the military resources of Charles were great. What from first to last was wanting to the Royal cause was an adequately able military man; and who shall say what the result might have been if the military genius which was to burn itself away in the Highlands of Scotland had found its work in marshalling, and bringing into the field, and directing in battle, the immense fighting power available on the side of Charles in England? Montrose, however, was not yet known, and his immediate promotion to high command would have given offence to the English Cavaliers. Some troops were placed at his disposal, and in March, 1644, he commenced operations in the North of England. He took Morpeth Castle, displaying in the exploit courage, promptitude, and energy, but effected nothing of importance. He does not appear to have mastered the conditions of the struggle in the south, or to have perceived where the vital part of the business was being transacted. Had he done so, he would surely have shown himself at Marston Moor, as Cromwell did; and might, in the hour of battle, have supplemented with effect "Newcastle's heartless head,

and Rupert's headless heel." He was not present on that memorable field, and evinced his ignorance of the pass to which it had brought the King's affairs by asking Prince Rupert to give him a thousand horse, in order that he might cut his way with them into Scotland. Rupert marked his sense of the inopportuneness of this request by calling to his own standard the men whom Montrose commanded, and leaving him to make his way to Scotland as he could.

He had ample parchment powers from the King, but absolutely nothing else. Prince Maurice was nominally invested with the chief command in Scotland, and Montrose had been named his Lieutenant-General. It was necessary for him to enter Scotland disguised as a groom, in attendance on his two friends, Sir William Rollo and Colonel Sibbald. In their journey across the Scottish lowlands, a soldier who had fought under Montrose recognised him, but the honest fellow kept the secret. He passed through Perth and Angus, not daring to turn aside even into his own mansion, to look at his countess and children, and drew bridle finally at Tullibelton, a remote and secluded locality between Perth and Dunkeld. It was now the 22nd of August, 1644.

He lurked for a little time in profound concealment, haunting the hills at night, and stealing into a small cottage at daybreak, and dispatched his two friends to ascertain what glimpse of hope there might be for the Royal cause in Scotland. They returned with gloomy looks and dismal words. The Covenanting Committee of Estates, dominated by Argyle, was everywhere triumphant. Huntley had retired from the conflict, and had betaken himself to the remote fastnesses of Strathnaver, in Caithness. One night, when Montrose had taken up his quarters in Methven Wood, he observed a Highlander carrying the well-known rallying sign of the clans—a fiery cross. Venturing to accost the clansman, he learns that he is an emissary of Alexander

MacDonald or Colkitto, a Scot by birth, who had served under the Earl of Antrim in Ireland, and had landed with some 1,200 or 1,600 men on the coast of Argyleshire. The messenger, besides carrying the fiery cross, had been instructed by Colkitto to make his way to Montrose, who was believed to be at Carlisle, and to deliver to him a letter. Montrose lost no time in sending the Highlander back with commands to Colkitto to meet him at the castle of Blair, among the braes of Athol. Colkitto had established himself in the castle of Blair, when Montrose, who had walked twenty miles across the hills with a single attendant, was seen coming through the heather.

Something in his look told the brave Irish and Highlanders that this was the man they sought. Montrose was now thirty-two, the vigour of perfect manhood blending in his face and person with the last and noblest beauty of youth. The Highland dress displayed to advantage his exquisitely-formed limbs and lithe and sinewy frame. His chestnut hair, his proud forehead and piercing grey eye, his aquiline nose, his ruddy and white complexion, his expression of perfect intrepidity and joyful hope, revealed to the quick Celtic apprehension the supreme chieftain and warrior. The lone hills of Athol rang with the fierce acclamations of the clans. The Stewarts and Robertsons, though well affected to the King, had hesitated about joining Colkitto, but they at once placed themselves under the orders of the Royal Lieutenant. They were in number 800, and 300 of Huntley's men, whose spirit was less easily broken than that of their chief, came in from Badenoch. Lord Kilpont, Sir John Drummond, and Montrose's own nephew, the Master of Maderty, joined with their retainers. Montrose saw himself at the head of a tight little army of, say, 3,000 men, and with that solemn ostentation which characterised him, and by which he knew how to act upon the fervid fancy of the Highlanders, he unfurled the Royal

standard. The Highlanders and Irish lacked almost everything but valour. The Irish had "rusty, battered matchlocks," and one round of ammunition. There was no artillery, no cavalry. Many of the Highlanders had not even swords. Pikes, clubs, bows and arrows, figured in their miscellaneous armament, and a considerable number had no weapons at all. Montrose led them instantly to battle.

The Scottish army, horse and foot, was at this time in England, and the force which could be collected on the spur of the moment to meet the impending attack consisted of farm servants, apprentices, burghers zealous for the Covenant but unaccustomed to arms, with a few gentlemen to form a troop or two of cavalry. These wanted only drill to become excellent soldiers, but drill was indispensable, and, with Montrose and Colkitto at hand, impracticable. Lord Elcho, who was in command of the Covenanters, drew out on the heaths of Tippermuir and Cultmalindy, near Perth. His men were twice as numerous as those of Montrose. They had six or eight cannon in front. Soon after dawn on the 1st of September, 1644, the Royal army appeared. Montrose arranged his troops in one line three deep, the Irish in the centre. He called the attention of those who had no weapons to the large flints which lay about upon the moor, capable of being applied with eminent effect by Highland arms to Covenanting heads. At about seven in the morning he gave the word to charge, and the little army sprang forward. The Irish, having fired their one volley, clubbed muskets and fell on. The Highlanders, uttering yells of exultation and fury, dashed into the incoherent masses, which knew barely enough of soldiership to stand in rank. An hour had scarce passed before cannon, colours, baggage had been taken, and the army of the Covenant was a wild mob hurrying towards Perth. In the brief clash of actual conflict only a score or two had fallen, but many

hundreds were slain in the flight. The loss on the side of Montrose was insignificant, and the victorious army took possession of Perth.

With the indefinable power of one suited by nature for command, Montrose had inspired the clans with confidence the moment he had placed himself at their head. He had apprehended with nicest precision the character of the force at his disposal and that of the levies under Lord Elcho. He saw that the way to handle the Highlanders was to launch them like a bolt at the enemy, their power lying essentially in the charge. In point of fact the Highland charge, well delivered, has on all occasions carried everything before it; again and again, even so late as 1745, it broke the bayonet line of disciplined troops; and there can be no doubt that, had Montrose or Dundee been in command, it would have shattered Cumberland's army at Culloden. But while he appreciated the fighting capacities of the Highlanders, and used them in a masterly manner, Montrose did not show himself qualified to cope with the defects of a Highland army. A military genius, calm and comprehensive, as well as prompt and intrepid, would have perceived these to be, if incurable, fatal to permanence of success. At the moment which in war is most precious of all, the moment when victory is to be improved, the clansmen habitually left the standard in order to reach their native glens and deposit their booty. If the season happened to be that of harvest, they would go to gather in their patches of corn. The commander saw his lines, steadfast in battle, melt away under the sun of victory.

This habit of the Highlanders may have been invincible, and Montrose may have known it to be so; but the fact is not self-evident, and there is no proof that he displayed skill or determination in grappling with the mischief. It would have been the part of a military pedant to attempt to turn the Highlanders at once into

regular soldiers, or to destroy the organisation of the clans; but a far-sighted commander in Montrose's position would have felt the absolute necessity of imparting to them enough of the character of soldiers, as distinguished from brigands, to make them capable of being depended on in the crisis of a campaign. They were excitable, warm-hearted, imaginative, and Montrose knew how to stir their enthusiasm. Had he appealed to them, when victory first crowned his standard, as the only army in Scotland maintaining the Royal cause; had he called upon them to rise from robbers into soldiers; had he pledged his honour that, when the King got his own again, their services would be rewarded; it is not certain that his efforts would have been fruitless. Even if the necessity to yield to some extent to Highland prepossessions was inexorable, a troop, chosen from the various clans and trusted by all, might have been periodically deputed to carry home the plunder, and at the same time to recruit. Having gained command of Perth at the very commencement of his operations, Montrose might have formed a military chest, which he had subsequent opportunities of replenishing, and he might thus have gradually taken the Highlanders into the King's pay, and strengthened his hold upon them. No such measures seem to have occurred to him. The poetry of war, the romance of the battle and the march, have been familiar to all since the time of Homer, but the prose of war, not so generally known, is essential to success in the business. Criticism, however, is easy; and it is after all not quite certain that the most cool and practical of soldiers, a Cæsar, a Frederick, a Napoleon, would have made more of the Highland army than Montrose.

Twelve days after the battle of Tippermuir he was in the north-east of Scotland, marching down the left bank of the Dee to visit Aberdeen. On the 13th of September, he defeated the forces mustered to defend the town. The fighting

was more severe than at Tippermuir, but the overthrow of the Covenanters was complete, and the infuriated Irishmen poured into Aberdeen. Montrose, who, with Henderson and other clerical leaders, had at one time done his best to convince the Aberdonians that they ought to take the Covenant and fight the King, and at another had inflicted upon them harsh military chastisement for slowness in following his advice, was bound to exert himself strenuously to protect the town from pillage. Unfortunately, a drummer who had been his herald to the townsmen was shot. An insult, unattended with bloodshed, had been done to his flag before the battle of Tippermuir. Proud of his commission from his sovereign, and knowing that it entitled him, on any showing, to all belligerent rights, he was incensed at these outrages. It is also urged by his apologists that it was beyond his power to restrain the Irish, and that he did what he could to draw them from their prey by pitching his camp, the day after the battle, at Kintore, a village ten miles distant from Aberdeen. It is unquestionable, however, that he made no personal attempt to check the Irish, and that they committed horrible atrocities in what was then one of the most loyal towns in Scotland. No one has imputed deliberate cruelty to Montrose, but he was culpably reckless of blood, and the butchery in the streets of Aberdeen has left a stain upon his name.

Argyle had not been unaware of the landing of Colkitto from Ireland. Thinking it would be easy to crush the little band of Irish, he had hastened to seize their boats, but had subsequently been languid in his operations against them, as if the business were too trivial for serious attention. The battles of Tippermuir and Deeside startled him into activity. He put himself, along with Lord Lothian, at the head of such a body of horse and foot as could be relied upon to defeat Montrose if only he could be brought to an engagement. But though he detested Argyle, both personally and

on account of his disaffection to Charles, and though he knew the importance of every blow that could be struck for the Royal cause, Montrose would not fight at a disadvantage. He retreated before Argyle, and struck westward from the neighbourhood of Aberdeen. Finding himself headed by a second body of Covenanters posted on the left bank of the Spey, he marched up the valley of that river, penetrated into Badenoch, and wheeling round by Athol marched again down Deeside. Argyle kept patiently on his track, and the Covenanters of Moray were ready to turn him when his columns showed their heads on the banks of Spey. Once, at the castle of Fyvie, he was almost caught napping; but by his presence of mind and fertility of resource, and by the dashing courage of the Irish, he was extricated from the peril. At Fyvie, as formerly on Deeside, he greatly increased the efficiency of his few horse by interspersing foot soldiers in their ranks, and astonishing the opposing cavalry by the discharge of musketry in their faces. Montrose was familiarly acquainted with Cæsar's Commentaries, and is said to have carried the book with him in his campaigns. It is probable that the expedient of mixing cavalry with infantry was suggested both to Gustavus Adolphus and to Montrose by Cæsar's tactics at Pharsalia. Its adoption by the Swede set Frederick of Prussia upon using it in his first battle; but at Molwitz it was misapplied and disastrous.

Three times did Montrose lead Argyle up Spey, round by Athol, and down Dee. Thinking at last that his enemy would be glad to rest and that the work of crushing him might be resumed in spring, Argyle drew off his troops, threw up the command, and retired to enjoy a few weeks of repose in his castle of Inverary. Between him and Montrose towered the loftiest hill ranges in Great Britain, and he flattered himself that no one except his devoted retainers of the clan Campbell knew the passes which led through those mountains into his feudal domain. It was now December,

and the austere Marquis might reflect with satisfaction that Montrose, who had not dared to meet him in fight, must winter in the hungry wilds of Athol. What could even a puissant Argyle make of an enemy, if he would not turn and fight him? The mood of the great Maccallumore would be one of mild self-adulation, spiced with pleasant contempt for his enemy.

Suddenly, before December's moon had filled her horn, he was startled to learn that Montrose was upon him. "Wading through drifts of snow, scaling precipices, and traversing mountain-paths known to none save the solitary shepherd or huntsman," the Highlanders made their way into Argyleshire and began laying it waste with fire and sword. Argyle stepped into a fishing-boat and escaped. Montrose, dividing his army into three bodies, ravaged the country. Every man capable of bearing arms against King Charles who fell into their hands was put to death; the cattle were driven off, the houses burned. Most of the men, it is probable, imitated their chief, and took to flight as soon as the fires on the horizon announced the arrival of Montrose.

The work of devastation was continued into the first month of the new year, and towards its close the Royal army marched in the direction of Inverness, where Seaforth was gathering force in the interest of the Covenanters. Montrose encamped at Kilcummin at the head of Loch Ness. Meanwhile Argyle had been making preparations. He drew a body of troops from the Lowlands, mustered his clansmen, and took up his quarters in the castle of Inverlochy. Once more he breathed freely, for the Lochaber range lay between him and his foe.

With the glance of genius Montrose perceived his opportunity, and acted upon it with the audacity of a commander who had inspired his men with his own dauntless and resolute spirit. Starting at sunrise, he entered the

rugged ravine of the Tarf. "Through gorge and over mountain, now crossing the awful ridges of Corry-arrick, now plunging into the valley of the rising Spey, now climbing the wild mountains of Glenroy to the Spean," wading through snow-drifts, fording rivers and hill burns up to their girdles, the Highlanders pressed on until, "having placed the Lochaber mountains behind them, they beheld from the skirts of Ben Nevis, reposing under the bright moon of a clear frosty night, the yet bloodless shore of Loch Eil, and the frowning towers of Inverlochy." At five o'clock in the winter evening the van of Montrose appeared; at eight the rear had closed up. Next morning the Campbells stood gallantly to their arms, their chief having betaken himself to his barge in order to behold the battle from a place of safety. In spite of the admitted valour of his clan, he was signally defeated. The spell which he had cast upon the imagination of the Highlanders was broken, and his power as the head of a formidable body of Highland warriors permanently injured.

It was natural that Montrose should now experience a sense of almost intoxicating elation. He had rendered brilliant service to the master whom he ardently loved, and he had eclipsed and discredited a rival with whom he had for long years been engaged in internecine conflict, and who had at one time been so much in the ascendant as to be able to exercise towards him a contemptuous leniency. The importance of his victories to the cause of Charles he over-rated. Mr. Napier prints a letter addressed by him to the King after the battle of Inverlochy, in which he urges His Majesty to come to no terms with the Parliament, and speaks confidently of his own ability to do great things, in the ensuing summer, for the Royal cause. He had manifestly no accurate knowledge of the posture of affairs in England, and was unable to gauge the importance of those military changes in the Parliament's army which were

being introduced under the influence of Cromwell. He can hardly be blamed for supposing that English Royalism could still do something considerable for the King. The dream of his ambition was to lead an army into England, form a junction with the Royal forces, and re-establish the monarchy. Had he been at Charles's right hand, absolutely commanding his troops in England as well as in Scotland, the current of our history might have flowed in a different channel; but between him and the Royal camp lay the Scottish army under Alexander Leslie, and he had no force adequate to encounter it. Among Charles's many weaknesses was that of facile hope, and the tone of exultation and promise in which Montrose now wrote may have been one among the fatal influences which induced him to refuse an arrangement either with the Parliament, or with the Scots, or with both, and so lured him to his doom.

Meanwhile Montrose, who could gain nothing by lingering in Argyleshire, struck away again for the north-east, attempting to raise the Gordons and the country generally for the King, and laying waste the Covenanting districts in his path. The town of Dundee was noted for its zeal for the Covenant, and he resolved to chastise it. The Committee of Estates, however, had not been idle. Summoning General Baillie and Colonel Urry from the army in England, and putting under their command 3,000 well-drilled foot and nearly 1,000 good horse, they had sent them in pursuit of the Royal army. Montrose had actually stormed Dundee, and the Irish and Highlanders had commenced the work of pillage. Many of them were already drunk. The alarm was suddenly raised that Baillie and Urry were at hand. Montrose perceived that the sole chance of safety was in immediate retreat. Exerting himself with the utmost skill and presence of mind, he succeeded in drawing off the plunderers. The intoxicated men were driven on in front. At the head of his few horse he cut in between the

enemy and the rear; a safe retreat was effected, and at midnight he halted his column near Arbroath.

Baillie jogged steadily on behind, and Montrose learned that he had occupied the road to the Grampians. The Covenanting General, believing that his enemy could not escape, allowed his men to snatch a few hours of repose. But Montrose was vividly awake. The Highlanders had now got the drink out of their heads, and understood that they must shake themselves up and march for life. Silent, like a long black snake winding through the darkness, the column stole past the camp of Baillie and made for the hills. The Covenanting General followed as soon as he learned that Montrose had given him the slip, and it was not until after a march (including the storm of Dundee) of three days and two nights that Montrose permitted his men to rest. "I have often," writes Dr. Wishart, Montrose's chaplain and biographer, "heard those who were esteemed the most experienced officers, not in Britain only, but in France and Germany, prefer this march to his most celebrated victories." Justice, however, requires the admission, that, if Montrose could, by vehement personal exertion, draw off his men from the sack of Dundee, he cannot be held free from responsibility for the atrocities they committed in Aberdeen.

Since the day when he had raised the Royal standard, it had been one main object with Montrose to prevail upon the loyal gentlemen of the name of Gordon to join him. The Marquis of Huntley, their feudal chief, had abandoned hope, and would not order them to rise. Montrose now determined upon an effort to secure once for all the service of the clan. For this purpose he despatched Lord Gordon, a zealous and intrepid loyalist, to call the gentlemen of his family to arms. They obeyed the call with unwonted alacrity, and a considerable body of horse came together. Hearing of this movement, Baillie detached Colonel Urry

with such force as might crush Lord Gordon before he effected a junction with Montrose. Urry increased his numbers by associating with his own detachment the Covenanters of Moray and those serving under the Earls of Seaforth and Sutherland. Penetrating the intention of the Covenanters, Montrose executed one of his meteor-like marches, joined Lord Gordon, and, though still outnumbered by Urry, prepared to give battle. The scene of the conflict was the village of Auldearn, a few miles from the town of Nairn.

Montrose's plan of battle revealed the strategist. He posted Colkitto with a small body of Irishmen and Highlanders on the right of the village. His object was to attract to this point a large proportion of Urry's army, and engage it in a vain attack, while he was winning the battle in another part of the field. He therefore displayed the Royal standard where Colkitto fought. His practice had been to rear the flag in the key of the position where he commanded in person. It would be fatal to his plan if Colkitto were driven from the field and the force engaged against him released; therefore he was posted in enclosures which Montrose well knew he could hold, but was strictly enjoined not to leave them. Montrose himself took up his position on the left of the village. Between his post and that of Colkitto were the houses of the hamlet. He ostentatiously placed his guns in front of the houses, and Urry naturally thought that a body of infantry lay behind. Montrose had in fact only a sham centre. His real fighting power, horse and foot, was concentrated on the left under his own eye. His design was to break Urry's right with an overpowering force, and then to charge his left, while Colkitto should at length sally from his enclosures and assist in the decisive struggle.

Urry ordered his battle exactly as Montrose intended. His veteran troops he sent to charge on his left, where the

Royal standard, floating over Montrose's right, marked, as he believed, the station of the general and the key of the position. Colkitto, safe in his enclosures, defied the attack. But the enemy galled him with their reproaches, and the headstrong chief led out his men to fight in the open. Here they soon had the worst of it. Montrose learned that the great strength massed by Urry on the Covenanting left had broken Colkitto, and that the Irish were recoiling in partial confusion. A less resolute commander, or one whose self-possession was less calm, would have sent help to Colkitto, and thus deprived himself of that superiority of force in charging Urry's right, on which he had calculated for victory. Montrose was not disconcerted. He saw that the moment had come for putting his scheme into execution. He called out to Lord Gordon that Colkitto was conquering on the right, and that, unless they made haste, he would carry off the honours of the day. The Gordon gentlemen charged and broke the Covenanting horse. The infantry of Urry's right fought bravely, but the main force of Montrose was opposed to them, and they gave way. He then led his troops, flushed with victory, to support Colkitto. Mac-Donald, a man of colossal proportions and gigantic strength, had defended his followers as they made good their retreat into the enclosures, engaging the pikemen hand to hand, fixing their pike-heads, three or four at a time, in the tough bull-hide of his target, and cutting them short off at the iron by the whistling sweep of his broadsword. The combined force of Montrose and Colkitto proved irresistible. Urry was defeated with great slaughter. The loss of the Royal army was almost incredibly small. No battle won by Hannibal was more expressly the result of the genius of the commander. The idea of throwing the enemy a bone to worry in one part of the field, while the rest of his force is being annihilated and victory made sure elsewhere, was applied by Marlborough at Blenheim, and was the efficient

cause of that splendid victory. There is little probability that Marlborough had studied the battle of Auldearn, but the expedients of military genius of the highest order, to wit, the inventive order, are apt to coincide.

This battle was fought in May, 1645. After much marching and counter-marching, Baillie ventured to engage Montrose at Alford, on the River Don, in Aberdeenshire. He was defeated, and his army broken to pieces. There was now no force in the north of Scotland that could look Montrose in the face. Argyle, however, and the Edinburgh Convention of Estates, resolved upon a last great effort. They raised a larger army than any of those they had lost, and placed it under Baillie; but Argyle, Lanark, and Crawford-Lindsay were appointed to exercise over him a joint superintendence. They forced him to bring Montrose, who had now descended into the low countries and crossed the Forth, to action. The battle of Kilsyth was fought on the morning of the 15th of August. Seldom or never had the disproportion of strength been greater against Montrose, but none of his victories had been easier, and Baillie's army was utterly destroyed. In the warm summer morning, Montrose ordered his men to strip to their shirts that the broadsword might have unencumbered play, and that they might not fail in the expected pursuit. Accustomed to conquer, and placing absolute confidence in their leader, the clans vied with each other in the headlong impetuosity of their charge, and drove the Covenanters, horse and foot, before them, in tumultuous flight. Baillie, though smarting under defeat, seems as a soldier to have been struck with the splendid courage and picturesque fierceness of the Highlanders. They came on at full speed, targets aloft, heads and shoulders bent low, in the literal attitude of the tiger when he springs. Montrose lost scarce a dozen men; the Covenanters, whom the swift-footed

mountaineers pursued for ten miles, had four or five thousand slain.

All Scotland, except the national fortresses, was now in the hands of Montrose. Neither Edinburgh nor Glasgow made any resistance, and having levied a contribution on Glasgow, he called a Parliament to meet in that town in the name of the King. But his dazzling success rendered only more conspicuous the fatal defects in the system of warfare he was pursuing. He had formed no body of spearmen on whom he could depend to stand the charge of effective horse, and victory was, as at first, the signal for the Highlanders to return to their hills. The victory of Kilsyth had been fertile in plunder, and the season of harvest was near; both circumstances tended to thin the ranks of Montrose. While King Charles was hoping that his brilliant Lieutenant would lead an army across the Border to his deliverance, and sending Sir Robert Spottiswood with a new commission and new orders, the Royal army dwindled away, and Montrose found himself at the head of no larger a body of troops than had at first gathered round him on the hills of Athol. It may, as was formerly said, have been impossible for him to change the habits of the Highlanders, but he ought to have been alive to the extreme peril to which those habits exposed him in the Low Country. He knew that the Scottish army in England was well supplied with cavalry. A perfectly-organised system of intelligence, keeping him informed as to the state of the country within twenty miles of his camp, especially in the direction of England, was to him an absolute condition of existence. He had a sufficient force of cavalry to enable him to organise such a system, and this essential part of the duty of a commander was well understood in that age. Oliver Cromwell, had he been in the place of Montrose, would have known within a few hours everything that took place in the Scottish camp in England. Montrose's first

thought, after the battle of Kilsyth, ought to have been, "Argyle and his friends are beaten in Scotland, and infuriated beyond all bounds; their next thought will be to strike a blow from England." How often have great men fallen by oversights which small men would not have committed! "O negligence, fit for a fool to fall by!" says Shakespeare's Wolsey; and even Shakespeare may have known by experience the bitterness of Wolsey's pang.

Montrose crept gradually southward with his diminished army, and in the second week of September was stationed at Selkirk, his cavalry being quartered with himself in the town, while the infantry occupied an elevated plateau called Philiphaugh, on the north. Between Philiphaugh and Selkirk flows the Ettrick; the infantry were on the left bank, the cavalry on the right. This disposition of the Royal forces has been pronounced faulty, but we must recollect that in the first half of September Scottish rivers are generally low, and that, if the Ettrick could be easily forded, a few minutes' trot would bring cavalry lying in Selkirk upon the plain of Philiphaugh. On the night between the 12th and 13th of September, 1645, General David Leslie, next to Montrose the most energetic and capable commander contributed by Scotland to the civil war, having, by a swift march from Newcastle along the East Coast and then southward from Edinburgh, reached the vicinity, placed his men, principally horse, and numbering five or six thousand, in and about Melrose. The Royalists were but four miles away, and we realise the intense hatred with which they were regarded in the district when we learn that not a whisper of the presence of Leslie's army reached the Royal camp. Mr. Napier tells us that more than once in the night the scouts came in and reported all safe. Commanding only a few hundred cavalry, and a mere skeleton of his Highland host, Montrose, had he been apprized of Leslie's approach, would doubtless have

attempted to escape by one of his extraordinary marches. Had his army been as large as before the battle of Kilsyth, he might, in spite of his surprise, have defeated Leslie; for the Highlanders, nimble as leopards, were formidable to cavalry, and his own inventiveness and dexterity in battle might have wrought one of the miracles which are possible to genius. But with his diminished force he had no chance. Leslie's horsemen, emerging from the white mist of a September morning, crashed in upon both his wings at once. Montrose was immediately in the field, and disputed the matter for some time, but his little army was cut to pieces. At the head of about thirty troopers, he made good his retreat to the Highlands.

Before the battle of Kilsyth the Royal cause in England had been hopelessly lost. Royalism, pure and simple, as professed by the English Cavaliers, perished on the field of Naseby. Had Montrose succeeded, after Kilsyth, in penetrating into England, he would have found the fragments of Charles's army too shattered to reunite, and would have encountered a force of English and Scots in the Parliamentary interest, numbering at least fifty thousand men. After uselessly protracting hostilities for some time in the Highlands, he was commanded by the King to lay down his arms. He retired in disguise to Norway, and thence proceeded to join Prince Charles, who, from various stations on the Continent, was watching the course of events in England.

Until the death of the King, Argyle and his party in Scotland maintained their alliance with the English Puritan leaders. Shortly before that event, Cromwell, having destroyed Hamilton's army, marched to Edinburgh, and was received with "many honours and civilities." The death of the King at last overcame the profound reluctance of Argyle to quarrel with the English Parliament. Negotiations commenced between the Estates of Scotland and

Charles II. Montrose, feeling that there could be no real reconciliation between him and Argyle, and conscious of an invincible repugnance to the project of a league between Charles II. and the Covenanters, advised the young King to attempt no arrangement with the latter. Charles gave Montrose a commission to land in Scotland in arms, but did not discontinue negotiations with Argyle. A few hundred German mercenaries, a body of unwarlike fishermen, whom he forced to join his standard in Orkney, and a considerable party of Royalist officers, among them his old opponent Colonel Urry, constituted the force with which Montrose made a descent upon Scotland in the spring of 1650. He was suddenly attacked, on the borders of Ross-shire, by Colonel Strahan, a Covenanter of the straitest sect. The Germans surrendered; the Orkney fishermen made little resistance; the Scottish companions of Montrose were overpowered.

Soon after the battle, he was taken and led in triumph to Edinburgh. The Estates of Scotland, avoiding question as to the legality of the expedition in which, under commission of that Charles II. whose title they were then undertaking to vindicate, he had been last engaged, treated him as already condemned to die under sentence of attainder passed against him while ravaging the territory of Argyle in 1644.

His bearing in presence of the Parliament was as calmly dauntless as on the battlefield in the moment of victory. He exulted in his loyalty. It had, indeed, been with him a pure and lofty feeling, and by rare good fortune he never knew Charles I. well enough to be disenchanted. "I never had passion on earth," he wrote to Charles II., "so great as that to do the King your father service." He asserted the faithfulness of his adherence to the National Covenant, and avowed that he had neither taken nor approved of the Solemn League and Covenant. He indignantly denied that

he had countenanced acts of military violence. "He had never spilt the blood of a prisoner, even in retaliation of the cold-blooded murder of his officers and friends—nay, he had spared the lives of thousands in the very shock of battle." Clarendon states that Lauderdale, though incensed against Montrose, could not cite against him one act of violence or cruelty except those done in the field.

His sentence was that he should be hanged on a gallows thirty feet high, his head fixed upon the tolbooth of Edinburgh, his limbs placed over the gates of four Scottish towns. On the night before his execution he wrote with a diamond upon the window of his prison, those well-known lines which, in their pathetic dignity, attest, if nothing else, a composure of feeling, a serenity of intellectual consciousness, a perfect self-possession, remarkable in the immediate nearness of a cruel death.

"Let them bestow on every airt* a limb,
Then open all my veins that I may swim
To Thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake;
Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air:
Lord! since Thou knowest where all those atoms are,
I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident Thou'lt raise me with the just."

The majesty of his demeanour, both while being drawn into Edinburgh on a cart, and as he walked in scarlet cloak, trimmed with gold lace, to the place of execution, so impressed the multitude that not a taunt was uttered, and many an eye was wet. All that is told of him when in prison tends to exalt our conception of his character. When the clergy remind him that he has been excommunicated, and urge him to repent, in order that the Church may remove her censures, he answers that the thought of his excommunication causes him pain, and that he would gladly have it removed by confessing his sins as a man, but that he has nothing to repent of in his conduct to his King

* Point of the compass.

and his country. He can more sharply check the officiousness of the non-professional zealot. Johnston of Warriston, who lived to be one of Cromwell's Lords, finds him, the day before his death, combing out his beautiful locks, and snivels some suggestion that the hour is too solemn for such work. "I will arrange my head as I please to-day, while it is still my own," answers Montrose; "to-morrow it will be yours, and you may deal with it as you list." He is not a Pagan, proud and self-centred; but neither is he quite a Puritan. He rises into a more genial atmosphere, he approaches a higher Christian type, than those of his age. He does not crouch before his Maker; he stands erect; not arrogantly, not in mean terror and abject self-depreciation, but in reverent affection and trust, as a man ought to stand.

VIII.

MILTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

MILTON.

THE Puritan poet might be expected to show us more of Puritanism than any other man; for the poet is in deepest union with the spirit of his generation. In so far, indeed, as he is a world-poet, he will be more than his age; he will stand up from the crowd to receive light from past generations, and to "take the morning" of the future: but not the less will he be the child, the most characteristic child, of his time. No Puritan, not Cromwell himself, was more Puritan than Milton. Imagination singles out these two and places them apart, the Puritan poet and the Puritan king. In power of brain and fiery strength of will, in velocity and intrepidity of intellectual vision, they were about equal. Cromwell was superior in massive sense and infallible certitude of practical glance; Milton had the incommunicable gift of poetic genius, enabling him to extract the finest essence of Puritan nobleness, and preserve it for posterity, "married to immortal verse" and equally immortal prose. Watch well the steps of these two, and you will not fail to catch some notes of the music to which marched the historical procession of Puritanism.

John Milton, as we see him before the outbreak of the civil war, was the most comprehensively cultured young man in England, probably in Europe. The languages of Greece and Rome were to him as mother

tongues. He read the Italian poets and the great poetical masters of his own country. He was able to enjoy and appraise all the Renaissance could tell or teach him. Here and there the dead hand of resuscitated antiquity had struck with its stiffening touch into the poetry which he had already written. The glorious roll of music and imagery in the opening stanzas of his Hymn of the Nativity, leading us along a world veiled in maiden snow, beneath amazed stars, to the shepherds waiting the angels' song, had been broken by the alien and ignoble apparition of "the mighty Pan." The gracious quietude and vivid simplicity of the lines in Comus,

> "They left me then when the gray-hooded Even
> Like a sad votarist in Palmer's weed,"

had been smitten into tuneless artificiality by the introduction of "Phœbus' wain." But his own England, its "hedge-row elms and hillocks green," its cottage windows caressed by

> "the sweet-briar or the vine,
> Or the twisted eglantine,"

had wooed him with a finer magic than that of pseudo-classicism, lending merriment to his eye and song to his lip in morning walks,

> "While the ploughman, near at hand,
> Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
> And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
> And the mower whets his scythe,
> And every shepherd tells his tale
> Under the hawthorn in the dale."

In 1623, when Milton was a boy of fifteen, John Heminge and Henry Condell, "only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare," had given to the world the folio edition of Shakespeare's dramas, very anxious that the said folio might commend itself to "the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren," William Earl of this and Philip Earl of that, and exceed-

ingly unconscious that, next to the production of the works themselves, they were doing the most important thing done, or likely to be done, in the literary history of the world. Milton read Shakespeare, and in the lines which he wrote upon him in 1630, there is something like the due throb of transcendent admiration. A superb enthusiasm, an imaginative audacity bordering on the gigantesque, are embodied in Milton's idea of Shakespeare's readers being, "with wonder and astonishment," cast into a state of trance-like death, made into "marble with too much conceiving," and thus forming a grave worthy of the poet.

> "Thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
> Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
> And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
> That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

But the lines in L'Allegro,

> "Sweetest Shakespeare, nature's child,
> Warbles his native wood-notes wild,"

though right in laying emphasis upon Shakespeare's sweetness, convey a suggestion of something like depreciation. Not thus would you speak if you intended to describe greatness colossal and unapproached. To apply the term "nature's child" to one who exhausted the possibilities of art is like praising a consummate general for understanding regimental drill, and a reference to the "wood-notes wild" of him who wrote Hamlet and the Tempest, Othello, Macbeth, Lear, and Julius Cæsar, is like saying that the Himalayan range carries grass-tufts and daisies. Beneath the radiant expanse of the Shakespearian mind, the entire phenomenon of Puritanism may be contemplated as an angry spot of storm, moving along the face of the sea, beneath soft unfathomable brilliance of summer air. All that was wrong in the social philosophy of Puritanism is checked and rectified by Sir Toby's answer to Malvolio, himself "a kind of Puritan." "Dost thou think, because

thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" Puritanism, in its best mood of reverent submission, could say no more in vindication of the ways of God to men, than is said by Isabel :—

> "All the souls that were, were forfeit once;
> And He who might the vantage best have took
> Found out the remedy."

And never did Puritanism more inly realise, more delicately and intensely express, the soul of Christian morality, than had been done by Portia :—

> "The quality of mercy is not strained;
> It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

Shakespeare may with some propriety be called the poet of the Reformation: for he is pre-eminently the poet of freedom, the poet of man; and the Reformation denotes and dates for us a magnificent awakening, energising, expanding of the human mind; but he was not, and could not be, the poet of Puritanism. He was too great for that. He was incapable of being a partisan, or of giving up to the noblest of special developments what was meant for mankind. Nor would the England of the Puritan period have been so rich a field for the Shakespearian drama as the England of Elizabeth. When Englishmen were arrayed in hostile camps, when every family circle was rent with unutterable heartburnings, how, to mention nothing else, could the most marvellous faculty of humour that ever dwelt in man have found in England, to love and laugh at, and to preserve for the love and laughter of all times, the Dogberries, the Bottoms, the Petruchios, the Malvolios, the Sir Tobys, the Launces, the Lancelot Gobbos, the Falstaffs, the grave-diggers, the clowns, the Pucks, the Ariels, the Calibans, which are but minor figures in works so far beyond the common reach of literary art that language has no epithet by which to characterise them? It was in a still,

great time, of energy healthful and therefore calm, of enjoyment, of proud strength and exuberant life, tortured by no raging antagonisms, no rabid fanaticisms, that Shakespeare, with a genius capable of sympathetically embracing and bodying forth every type of man, every phase of permanent human emotion—loving all, tolerating all, interested in evil as well as in good, clear that even the fool and the rogue have uses in a world so dull as ours, and where there is so much smoke to be consumed by the summer lightning of laughter,—could do his unique and inestimable work.

We have arrived, therefore, at the first of those distinctions by which we must endeavour to edge round and mark off the individuality of Milton. He was not of that class of poets whose inspiration lies essentially in their boundless, all-penetrating, all-tolerating sympathy; for whom concrete men and women in their whole range of character, from sage to simpleton, from saint to sot, from ape to archangel, are endlessly interesting; who are not uncontrollably fired with reforming ardour; who do not expect the world to become much better than it is; who, if the truth must out, have an inextinguishable tenderness for evil, and will keep a lurking place at the world's chimney-corner for the devil himself. Nothing is more curiously characteristic of Shakespeare than the manifest enjoyment with which, by subtlest sympathy, he reads every secret in the diabolical breast of Iago. Goethe throws all his cleverness and all his heart into a version of *Reineke Fuchs*, and carefully explains to Eckermann that he does not intend Mephistopheles to be finally cast out. Burns, no more doubting the existence of Satan than of his own grandfather, feels to him exactly as Goethe felt to Mephistopheles:—

> "But fare ye weel, auld Nickie Ben,
> O wad ye tak' a thocht an' men',
> Ye aiblins micht—I dinna ken—
> Yet hae a stake;
> I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
> Ev'n for your sake."

As Shakespeare is the supreme name in this order of poets, the men of mightiest imagination, of sympathy and of humour, Milton stands first in that other great order which is too didactic for humour, and of which Schiller is the best recent representative. He was called the lady of his College, not only for his beautiful face but because of the vestal purity and austerity of his virtue. The men of the former class are intuitive, passionate, impulsive; not steadily conscious of their powers; fitful, unsystematic. Their love is ecstasy; their errors are the intoxication of joy; their sorrows are as the pangs of death. Himmelhoch jauchzend,—zum Tode betrübt; panting with rapture, to death brought low: happy only in this, that their whole soul is thrown into their every mood, and counting life past when the intellect ceases to wander and the heart to love.

"When head and heart are whirling wild,
What better can be found?
The man who neither loves nor errs
Were better underground." *

Milton, the poet of Puritanism, stands out in bold contrast to these imperfect characters but entrancing bards. From his infancy there was nothing unregulated in his life. His father, clearly a superior man, of keen Protestantism, successful in business, well skilled in music, soon perceived that a new race of immortals had been born in his house. He began, apparently with the conscious and delighted assent of his son, to give the young Apollo such an education as Plato might have prescribed. An eminently good education it proved to be; only not so good, with a view to the production of a world-poet, as that which nature, jealous of the Platos and pedagogues, and apt to

* "Wenn dir's in Kopf und Herzen schwirrt,
Was willst du Bessres haben?
Wer nicht mehr liebt und nicht mehr irrt,
Der lasse sich begraben."—GOETHE.

tumble them and their grammatical appurtenances out of window when she has one of her miraculous children on hand, had provided for that Stratford lad who came to London, broken in reputation and probably almost broken in heart, some forty years earlier, to be a hanger on of the theatres, and to mount the intellectual throne of the world. No deer-stealing expeditions late o' nights when the moon silvered the elms of Charlecote chase, no passionate love affairs and wild boy-marriage, for the predestined poet of Paradise Lost. Milton, carefully grounded in the tongues, went in due course to Cambridge University, and during those years when the youthful mind is in its stage of richest recipiency, lived among the kind of men who haunt seats of learning. On the whole, the most uninteresting men in existence; whose very knowledge is a learned ignorance; not bees of industry, who have hoarded information by experience, but book-*worms*. Mr. Trollope, by a rare felicity of genius, has managed to get these people into novels, but no one has yet got them into poetry. It is important, also, that Milton was never to any distracting extent in love. If Shakespeare had been a distinguished university man, would he have told us of a catch that could "draw three souls out of one weaver"? And if the boy of eighteen had not been in a fine frenzy about Anne Hathaway, could he have known how Juliet and Romeo, Othello and Desdemona, loved?

The inspiration of Milton's genius was not that of personal experience and emotion. He sang by no means as the bird sings, to give voice to the feelings with which the strings of the heart are vibrating to agony. He was a student of music and of beauty, training himself to excel in the august art of song, aware of its difficulty, but aware also of his powers. Conscious education of this kind is perilous; genius, tamed and regulated, is apt to lose its wings and become capable only of the sober paces of prose.

It is, therefore, a proof of the fiery and inextinguishable nature of Milton's genius that it triumphed over the artificiality of his training; that there is the pulse of a true poetical life in his most highly-wrought poems, and that the whole mountain of his learning glows with the strong internal flame. His inspiration was from within, the inspiration of a profound enthusiasm for beauty and an impassioned devotion to virtue. The district in which he lived during the period of his most elaborate self-education is not marked enough to have disturbed, by strong impressions from without, the development of his genius from within. Horton lies where the dead flat of South-eastern Buckingham meets the equally dead flat of South-western Middlesex. Egham Hill, not quite so high as Hampstead, and the chalk knoll on which Windsor Castle fails to be sublime, are the loftiest ground in the immediate neighbourhood. Staines, the Pontes of the Romans, and Runnymead with its associations, are near. The parish church of Horton, in which Milton worshipped for five or six years, and in which his mother is buried, has one of the Norman porches common in the district, but is drearily heavy in its general structure, and forms a notable contrast to that fine example of the old English church in which, by the willows of Avon, lie Shakespeare's bones. The river Colne breaks itself, a[illegible] miles to the north, into a leash of streams, the most [illegible]siderable of which flows by Horton. The abounding water-courses are veiled with willows, but the tree does not seem to have attracted Milton's attention. It was reserved for the poet-painter of the Liber Studiorum to show what depths of homely pathos, and what exquisite picturesqueness of gnarled and knotted line, could be found in a pollard willow, and for Tennyson to reveal the poetic expressiveness of the tree as denoting a solemn and pensive landscape, such as that amid whose "willowy hills and fields" rose the carol,

> "Mournful, holy,
> Chaunted loudly, chaunted lowly,
> Till her blood was frozen slowly,
> And her eyes were darkened wholly,"

of the Lady of Shalott. About ten miles to the north of Horton is Harefield, a village probably quite as silent to-day as in Milton's time, for the railway, at Uxbridge, is five miles distant, and all who live near the steel highway have left the little place. Here Milton would see a less uniform landscape; hills of pleasant undulation, and the Colne, still undivided, lighting with pale gleam its wooded valley.

In such country ,John Milton, animated by high intellectual passion, gathering himself up in what, compared with the habitudes of the sympathetic poets, may be characterised as a certain proud isolation, trained himself for conquest in the world of mind. To some, even though intelligent and friendly, he seemed to be wasting his years, and in a well-known sonnet he makes a poetical confession that the same thought had struck warningly upon his own heart. But above the hasty rebukes of friends, and deeper than the hints of conscience in moments of self-reproach, was the predominant conviction that he who, in his youth, addresses himself, with the whole energy of his soul, to culture, is in the path of duty, and need not shrink from "the great Taskmaster's eye." Culture, indeed, is judged by mankind, and, whatever the Sophist and Epicurean schools may say, is rightly judged by mankind, with reference to its end. The study of the beautiful, without view to anything but the pleasure it affords or the distinction it procures, is named dilettantism, a term not strictly of contempt but sharply excluding all idea of heroic desert Goethe, for example, is recognised as one of the most superbly gifted men of recent times, and as perhaps the best cultured; but a suspicion has got into the mind

of the world that his culture was self-centered and self-sufficing, a suspicion, I believe, unjust, but invincible hitherto by the testimony of Mr. Carlyle and two or three others who have studied him most deeply; and therefore the heart-homage of mankind is inexorably denied him. It would not be paradoxical to allege that Milton erred on the opposite side,—that he was too consciously alive to the duty of annexing high service, with God for feudal superior, to his self-culture, as the condition of its being noble. But the moral instincts of the race pronounce that he was in the main right, for they recognise a radiancy transfiguring the culture inspired by devotion to mankind and governed by a sense of duty, more warmly touched with the bloom of life than the ice-like brilliance of mere æsthetic sensibility, scientific curiosity, or intellectual ambition.

Few things in the whole range of literary art are so fine as the works composed by Milton during those years of calm yet ardent self-education which intervened between his leaving Cambridge and his visiting Italy. Allusion has already been made to L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. In addition to the bright, crisp touch of their landscape sketching, and their comprehensive felicity of thought, sentiment, imagery, and diction, there is in them a subtle melodiousness, attained by skilful interweaving of the trochee and the iambus with one or two anapæstic tones, of which the language had previously possessed no example, and which has proved to this day inimitable. But the pre-eminent work of the time is Comus. After Goethe and Keats have been in the lists, this continues far and away the best poem of its class, the best attempt of a modern to strike the lyre of Greece. It has the defect which seems inevitable in such poetry, the defect of incongruity. This appears in the opening lines. A spirit, whose duty it is to wait upon virtuous ladies on

earth, may well enough have a mansion in the skies; but spirits and mansions were certainly not to be found "before the starry threshold of Jove's court." And when this spirit talks of "the crown that virtue gives," of "eternity," and above all of the "sin-worn mould" of "this dim spot which men call Earth," all sense of illusion vanishes, and Jove and his court are felt to be as much out of place as they would be in the Epistle to the Romans. The introduction of the epithets "sin-worn" and "dim," as characterising the world of living men, in a speech by a familiar of Jove's court, may well surprise us when we recall Milton's love of Homer. The poet of the Iliad and the heroes of whom he sang did not regard the world of Greece and of its islands, of Asia Minor and the garden-fringed coast of Syria down to Sidon and Tyre, as dim or sad, but as filled with light and with jocund life. The very idea of sin had hardly glimmered on their minds. Probably, however, Milton made no serious attempt to keep the work true to the antique in colour.

Comus is a descriptive poem, with something of dramatic form, but no aim at dramatic verisimilitude, the subject being the triumph of Vestal Purity, by force of its own radiance, over rude strength and malign enchantment.

> "So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
> That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
> A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
> Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt."

The tale is told beautifully, simply; without plot or any artifice; and with no regard to superficial probabilities. Frankly discarding everything of the drama, except its form, the poet does not stoop, as, within certain limits, the successful dramatist must, to be a literary mocking-bird. Aloft on his perch, like a nightingale, he fills the grove with his music, varying his note as the subject varies, but

always with the same volume of sound and the same rich and mellow tone. None of the masters of English poetry, Milton's predecessors, not Chaucer, not Spenser, not Shakespeare even, had done much to detract from the originality, or to herald the perfection of Comus. Chaucer's blank verse is not to be mentioned with that of Milton. Chaucer, indeed, had little sense of beauty, little sense of melody; Milton's nature was instinct with both. Chaucer was a strong, observant, active-minded man, who could see the point of a story, and tell it in a straightforward way. His works are historically invaluable, as enabling us to strip the middle age of that veneer and that tinsel with which modern affectation and literary cant have overlaid it. Reading Chaucer, we learn how different from the society of a refined age was the society of a time when the company of Canterbury pilgrims, including knight, clergyman, and nun, could listen, well pleased, to descriptions which would now be hooted from the stage of the lowest music-hall in London. Chaucer has a true gift of narrative, a sympathy with brave and strenuous life, a good heart, and a vein of humour characteristically English and very gross; but we look almost in vain in his works for either beauty or music. In much of Shakespeare's blank verse there is an idiomatic purity, united with an inexpressible sweetness, which Milton does not reach. Shakespeare spoke and read only English, as Sophocles spoke and read only Greek; and acquaintance with but one language seems a condition of perfect purity of diction, perfect idiomatic faithfulness, in its use. Milton's speech is composite, and in its jewelled wealth there is stateliness almost too much for grace. But except Shakespeare's passages of *poetry*—those priceless passages in which the poet puts the dramatist aside, and we feel that it is not the mere character in the play that *speaks*, but Shakespeare himself who *sings*—there is nothing

in our language to vie with the blank verse of Comus. That of Paradise Lost has a martial grandeur all its own, but the long resounding march becomes at length almost monotonous; in Comus the inventive subtlety of modulation is so exquisite that the charm of the music is every moment new. There is perpetual variation in perpetual unity, like the marshalled moving of waves all one way, while in each ridgy swell of liquid crystal there is some subtle change of form and light, due to pauses in the wind, reflections from the green deeps below, or gleams in the sky above. The diction and imagery are throughout inventive; there is hardly a conventional epithet in the poem. Surely nothing was ever said in any tongue more beautiful than this, spoken of the raptures of song heard in the night:—

> "How sweetly did they float upon the wings
> Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,
> *At every fall smoothing the raven down*
> *Of darkness, till it smiled!*"

Night and darkness always make Milton sublime. He was probably fond of night-walks. He speaks of going abroad to hear the nightingales, and there are lines in Comus which prove that he did not draw on his fancy in painting the scenery of darkness. Take one illustration. "Black usurping mists" have hidden moon and stars, and the poet invokes a lowlier light to direct him:—

> "Some gentle taper,
> Though a rush-candle from the wicker-hole
> Of some clay habitation, visit us
> *With thy long-levelled rule of streaming light!*"

No one who has seen, in a moonless night, when mist shrouded the landscape, the glowing spark of village stithy or cottage lamp shoot its white beam athwart the fog, can doubt that this last line is a transcript from Milton's own observation. It is interesting to find that the poet who is noted among his brethren for imaginative

breadth and sublimity should be so sharp of glance. There is a masterly little etching in the same style in L'Allegro:—

> "When the cock with lively din,
> Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
> And to the stack or the barn door,
> *Stoutly struts his dames before.*"

From this to "gorgeous Tragedy," sweeping by "in sceptred pall," the range is wide. It was, however, the same vividness of imaginative glance that perceived the barn-door strut of the cock and the visioned sweep of Tragedy.

These early masterpieces of Milton strike one as combining a true poetic life with the highest possible degree of ornamentation consistent with vitality. The presence of a genuine poetic inspiration is felt, but the hand of conscious and careful elaboration is known to have been never far away. The result is beauty in poise of fine perfection between possible defects. It is beauty magical in its delightfulness, yet with no cloying sweetness, no mere prettiness or pettiness; it is beauty grave and dignified, yet not rigid. Flowers are beautiful, but Miss Mutrie's or Van Huysum's best flowers are not great art. Crude veracity, on the other hand, goes for nothing. A grasp of truth as firm as Holbein's, a sense of loveliness as refined as Correggio's in his noblest mood, combine in the beauty of Milton's early pieces. Hence their enduring power. The spring flowers would be tiresome if they remained with us all the year; the beauty of a fine mountain line never wearies. In moderation, in gracious reserve, Milton was faithful to the Greek ideal; these works, therefore, while not moving us, on a first perusal, so strongly as the hectic intensities of modernism, defy the tooth of time, and charm us the more the longer they are known.

But, after all, the prime interest of these poems is that which they possess as tones out of the life of Milton, passages, eloquently expressive, in the biography which such

a man, in the mere writing down of his thoughts and imaginings, puts on record. Biography not of the body, but of the soul. In this element of melody and beauty dwelt the spirit of John Milton; spreading pinions of learning and imagination, and taking its way down the vistas of the past, to the shrines of wisdom and the treasure-fields of poetry, to return with glory on its wings. One hears the morning stars singing together in the calm heaven over his head. The ecstasy of high poetic inspiration becomes in these earlier poems a trance-like repose.

Milton's personal appearance at this time was in brilliant correspondence with the ideal which imagination might form of a youthful poet. Perfect in all bodily proportions, an accomplished fencer, with delicate flowing hair, and beautiful features, through which genius, still half in slumber, shed its mystic glow, he was all that the imagination of Greece saw in the young Hyperion or Apollo. Greek, indeed, he was during this period in a very deep sense—a sense which may well have been overlooked in connection with the great Puritan poet. There was a composure in his nature, a self-sufficience and calm joyfulness, of the kind which Goethe imputes to the Greeks. The prevailing tone of his mind, intellectual rather than emotional, was Hellenic; his habit of viewing man in the type rather than in the individual, his high abstract conception of the race, without consuming ardour of affection for men in the concrete, was Hellenic. Now and always his view of woman was Hellenic rather than Christian. From this mainly is derived that unmelodious fibre, harsh and hard, which runs through his life and his poetry. He fixedly regarded woman as inferior to man; the tenderness of chivalry, the piercing, wailing tenderness of Dante, the glorious transporting tenderness of Shakespeare, were beyond him. His literary enthusiasm was for the ancients. Nor can we err in affirming that the source of his liberalism, of

his devotion to freedom and strong Republican bent, was to a large extent Hellenic. Vane's democratic faith was drawn directly out of the New Testament; Cromwell, a sturdy Englishman, did not go much upon theories of any kind, but was prepared to die rather than that his country should forfeit liberty and prove false to the Reformation; Milton was animated by a fervour akin to that of those ancient patriots who stood with Demosthenes against Philip, or with Brutus against Cæsar. There were other and mightier elements in his character, but we shall have no right idea of the personality of Milton unless we understand his strong affinity for the genius of Greece and of Rome.

And yet he was from the first Puritan. When his brother Christopher declared for prerogative, he leaned towards the struggling patriots. Rather than tie himself up with subscriptions, and accept the rule of bishops, he declined to take orders in the Church. When the Revolution broke out, he at once waived the literary ambition which was to him what the conquest of Asia had been to the young Alexander, hastened home from Italy, where he had been starring it in Academies, put his garland and singing robes aside, and took his place in the controversial battle-field. "Lie thou there, my laurel-bough;" here is other work.

This fact is significant in relation both to Puritanism and to Milton. It is one of the chief among a multitude of proofs, that the general Puritan movement, as contrasted with the Catholic reaction inspired by Loyola, the Anglican compromise incarnated in Laud, and the Renaissance as distinct from both, was, in Milton's early period, the main current of England's and the world's progress. Milton perceived that the mediæval Church had played its part, and that the human mind had outgrown its tutelage. Turning with peremptory decision from Rome,

he was sensible of no fascination in that Anglican Church which could not give her whole heart, either to Rome or to the Reformation. In halfness he could not dwell. Compromise in essential matters was to his nature as frost to fire. The melodious effeminacy, the quaint sweetness, of the Anglican bards, from Herbert to Keble, had no attraction for this strong man. But had not the Renaissance a legitimate claim on his homage? Ought he not to have cast in his lot with that purely intellectual and artistic movement, which went its own way, independently both of Catholicism and Protestantism? That is an interesting question.

I venture to say that what was greatest even in that part of his inspiration which Milton drew from Greece would have impelled him to choose as we know him to have chosen. The fittest company for the poet of a great period is that of the practical men of his time. Whatever the Renaissance might have told Milton, living Greece would have bidden him be in the throng of living men. The truth is that, though we have been assured a thousand times that Greece worshipped beauty and art, Greece did nothing of the kind. The Greeks, as compared with the Orientals, perhaps even as compared with the Romans, were not a superstitious people; but, in the living period of their history, they were religious, earnest, eminently practical; and their supreme works of art, their best temples and statues, were not produced merely to be looked at and admired, but in reverent recognition of the gods, and with a view to their propitiation. The highest Greek works are beautiful, because the Greeks were more richly gifted than any other race with the æsthetic sense, but their æsthetic sense, instead of superseding their religion, ministered to it. The Renaissance attempted a revival of Greece; but it got no further than restoring the grave of Greece, than decking with a few cold brilliants the

corpse of Greece. Great art has always hitherto been connected with the life of a great nation, with the grand utilities of its domestic and social life, with the mightier interests of its spiritual life; and the Renaissance, in so far as it was an attempt to resuscitate the art of Greece, was destined to be but a fleeting phase in historical evolution. "Er gräcisirt nirgends," says Goethe of Raphael, with one of those pen-strokes by which it is his way to strike out a great truth, "fühlt, denkt, handelt aber durchaus wie ein Grieche." Had Raphael been a man to set about reviving the antique—Greecising, as Goethe says better in German than we can in English—he would by the very fact have shown that he could not feel, think, act as a Greek. Serene, whole-hearted activity, in unison with the great tones of the life of the times, is the true Hellenism.

It was the highest *art* instinct, therefore, which impelled Milton, after expatiating on the delights and ambitions of "calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts," to add these memorable words: "But were it the meanest under-service, if God by His secretary conscience enjoins it, it were sad for me if I should draw back." It was a lower *art* instinct which prompted Winckelmann to make an insincere profession of the Roman Catholic religion in order that he might study the antique in Rome. Shakespeare, in the same circumstances, would have done as Milton did. With somewhat more doubtfulness, I dare to believe that Goethe would have done as Milton did. Goethe defends Winckelmann, but on the ground that Winckelmann was essentially a born heathen (einen gründlich geborenen Heiden), of whom baptism could not make a Christian. Goethe was a universalist, worshipping in the temple of all time, discerning and prizing the excellences of all schools of art, and of all religions; Winckelmann, as Goethe depicts him, was a particularist, with a special organ for Greek art, and as

such Goethe comprehended his whole nature, and could make allowance for it. His apology for Winckelmann is at bottom that a Christian conscience did not exist in the man, and that pretended conversion was no more, in his case, am oral act than getting into new harness would be a moral act in a horse. Goethe would not have admitted that the æsthetic sense is capable, under any circumstances, of rightfully and beneficently taking the place of the moral imperative. If Milton had sequestered himself in the culture of the beautiful when duty called him to the service of his country, he would never have been one of the poets of the world. We might have had from him a miracle of learning and elaboration, "pencilled over," to use his own language, "with all the curious touches of art, even to the perfection of a faultless picture;" but the inspiration of a great time would not have thrilled through it, as that inspiration thrills through Paradise Lost, with the modulation of the long-rolling thunder peal, nor would it have taught many generations how lofty was the enthusiasm, how mighty the fervour, that dwelt in the Puritans of England.

Opening the earliest of his prose works, we feel that we have entered the second of those periods into which Milton's history naturally divides itself. We are aware of a gigantic strength, an emotional force and agitation, a clash and clang of militant energy, which suggest that the delicate preludings of his earlier poetry were but the flute-music before the Spartan charge. Who would have thought that, in the fine spirit-spun reins of that harmony, feelings so impetuous and impatient, seer-like intuitions so keen, intense, and vivid, had been disciplined to a movement soft and measured as that of Cytherea's doves?

Milton continues a poet although he now writes in prose. Almost the whole of his two Books on Reformation in England, published in 1641, when Strafford had

fallen, when King and nation seemed to be reconciled, when it still appeared an easy thing to reform the Church on the Puritan model, might be arranged in line and stanza as a magnificent dithyrambic poem. In the first sentence there is a fervent intrepidity of imaginative glance which comes upon us as something new. He strikes the key-note of the treatise by expressing unbounded enthusiasm for the Reformation. After the story of the death and resurrection of Christ, nothing, he says, is "more worthy to take up the whole passion of pity on the one side, and joy on the other," than the corruption of the early Church, and, after many a tedious age, the "wonderful and happy Reformation." Launching out then into one of those wide circuits of intellectual survey, which, both in poetry and in prose, were habitual with Milton, he returns at its close to the point from which he set out, and repeats, with more than lyric exultation, the opening stave. "When I recall to mind at last, after so many dark ages, wherein the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the Church; how the bright and blissful Reformation (by Divine power) struck through the black and settled night of ignorance and anti-Christian tyranny, methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears; and the sweet odour of the returning Gospel imbathe his soul with the fragrancy of heaven. Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it, the schools opened, Divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues, the princes and cities trooping apace to the new-erected banner of salvation; the martyrs, with the unresistible might of weakness, shaking the powers of darkness, and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon."

The Reformed Church, with primitive bishops, chosen by the testimony of their colleagues, and the suffrage of

the people, was to be worthy of her "eternal and shortly-expected King." "Shortly-expected,"—this is a characteristic note of Puritanism. Vane and Cromwell both thought it likely that Christ was about to appear, and to be the visible King of His saints. Apart from Christ's personal reign, Milton believed in the power of the Church to maintain herself. "I am not of opinion to think the Church a vine in this respect, because, as they take it, she cannot subsist without clasping about the elm of worldly strength and felicity, as if the heavenly city could not support itself without the props and buttresses of secular authority." His conception of the nation as a whole is pointedly Miltonic. "A commonwealth ought to be but as one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of an honest man." Woe betide the commonwealth if the Church is denied freedom and self-government. "Must Church-government, that is appointed in the Gospel, and has chief respect to the soul, be conformable and pliant to civil, that is, arbitrary, and chiefly conversant about the visible and external part of man? This is the very maxim that moulded the calves of Bethel and of Dan; this was the quintessence of Jeroboam's policy, he made religion conform to his politic interests; and this was the sin that watched over the Israelites till their final captivity."

Vividly illuminative in relation to Puritanism as a living thing is Milton's attitude towards the Laudian ceremonies. In respect of logic, his position is that the Church should not curtail the liberty of Christians, that there should be no *imposition* of anything not enjoined in the Word of God. In respect of feeling, he is the impassioned devotee, who requires no sensuous imagery to express the fervour of his soul. He will not suffer imagination, in her well-meaning play, to insult with ornament the austere loveliness of truth. When the religious ardour is in its first fiery glow, it disdains the aid of the allegorising faculty and

the æsthetic sense. The Puritans had returned to the fervour of the early Christians, and were under the inspiration which had thrilled Saint Paul when he wrote to the Galatians, "How turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements, whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage? Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years. I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain." There is a mood of imagination in which it throws out imagery, as there is a stage in the heating of iron when it throws out sparks; but there is an imaginative fervour which corresponds to the blinding glow of iron molten into liquid fire, and this requires no metaphoric sparkling. The religious ecstasy which manifests itself, as the religious ecstasy of Cromwell's soldiers manifested itself, in tears and agonised prayer, turns from music and picture. But it is equally true that religious rapture so high-wrought is naturally fleeting, and that music and painting, and solemn architecture, may be so applied as to promote that reverent interest in religious truth, that mildly emotional participation in acts of public worship, which are better than apathy, and which average people prefer to impassioned feeling. This consideration is to be taken into account in estimating the force of Laud's pleading on behalf of what he called the beauty of holiness. Feeling may be sincere although not intense, and if all men, except dishonest and affected men, have a claim to freedom in respect of emotional moods, the majestic trimming of a Hooker, the melodious moderation of a Keble, must not be denied an appreciative sympathy. Say that their songs are songs of the sick-room; is the sick-room to have no music? Of the highest inspiration, however, in all forms, whether of the poetical inspiration or the more potent religious inspiration, whether of the inspiration of Lear and Othello or the inspiration of the prophecies of Isaiah and the letters of Paul, intensity is a characteristic;

and in times of revolution the inspiration which goes deepest down towards the fire-fountains and the tear-fountains will prevail.

In the treatise before us we see Milton's Puritan fervour combined with the exultant hope and faith of a spirit still in its youth. He knows no moderation. "We must not run, they say,"—thus he scornfully exclaims—"into sudden extremes." Away with such a rule except as applied to things indifferent! "If it be found that those two extremes be vice and virtue, falsehood and truth, the greater extremity of virtue and superlative truth we run into, the more virtuous and the more wise we become; and he that, flying from degenerate and traditional corruption, fears to shoot himself too far into the meeting embraces of a Divinely-warranted reformation, had better not have run at all." A courage so high is fitly associated with the faith of youth. "Lordship and victory," says Milton, "are but the pages of justice and virtue." It is a faith which nature gives a man when she has still to get his life's work out of him. Goethe, in a mood rare with him, but terrible when it came, wrote this:—

"Jeglichen Schwärmer schlagt mir ans Kreuz im dreissigsten Jahre;
Kennt er nun einmal die Welt, wird der Betrogne der Schelm."

All the disenchantment of the Restoration, which turned so many an enthusiast into a scoundrel, did not infect Milton with the bitter badness that despairs of man; but at sixty he would have put something more of qualification and reserve than at thirty into his view of the connection between lordship and victory on the one hand and justice and virtue on the other.

His conception of Church discipline is characteristically Puritan. The liberty he loves shrinks contemptuously from licence. "Well knows every wise nation, that their liberty consists in manly and honest labours, in sobriety and rigorous honour to the marriage-bed, which in both sexes

should be bred up from chaste hopes to loyal enjoyments; and when the people slacken, and fall to looseness and riot, then do they as much as if they laid down their necks for some wild tyrant to get up and ride." The principles of discrimination between State rule and Church rule, laid down in this treatise, are perfectly and permanently sound. The authority of the Church "which Christ, and St. Paul in His name, confers," has absolutely no material strength to support it. The pains and penalties by which it is enforced are purely spiritual. The utmost the Church can do is to excommunicate; and if the excommunicated man "can be at peace in his own soul," if he firmly believes that the ecclesiastical sentence has not been ratified by God, he "may have fair leave to tell all his bags over undiminished of the least farthing, may eat his dainties, drink his wine, use his delights, enjoy his lands and liberties, not the least skin rased, not the least hair misplaced, for all that excommunication has done." It is only for him who believes the Church to carry the keys of the kingdom of heaven that excommunication becomes the "dreadful and inviolable prerogative of Christ's diadem." Even then the severity is to be accompanied with infinite tenderness. "As a tender mother takes her child and holds it over the pit with scaring words, that it may learn to fear where danger is; so doth excommunication as dearly and as freely, without money, use her wholesome and saving terrors: she is instant, she beseeches, by all the dear and sweet promises of salvation she entices and woos; by all the threatenings and thunders of the law and rejected gospel, she charges and adjures; this is all her armoury, her munition, her artillery." Of course Milton rejects absolutely the notion that the clergy constitute the Church. The clergy are but the ministers of the Church, and it is by "full and free election" that they are to be chosen to hold, in their several charges, the "pastorly rod and sheep-hook of Christ."

Such is Milton's, such, in its purest form, is the Puritan theory of Church discipline. Christians are viewed as a company of brothers and fellow-soldiers loyal to Christ their King. As in all brotherhoods animated and bound together by the sympathy of a great purpose, by the enthusiasm of a mighty affection, offence against the fundamental principles of the Christian society, that is of the Church, entails discipline upon the offender and, in the last resort, exclusion. This is all. In such Church discipline there can be nothing hostile to civil freedom. It requires no civil sanction; and, in its essence, it cannot, in the nature of things, be affected by material force. The penalty is exclusion from Christ's Church; the instrument by which the penalty is enforced is essentially the *sentiment* of the Church; and so long as this sentiment is expressed, if not by word of mouth, then by glance of eye, or even by feeling in the secret places of the heart, the excommunicated one is not restored. The Roman Catholic Church claims temporal power to back up her spiritual sentences. Of this she has been deprived. But Bismarck's million bayonets cannot protect Dr. Döllinger against the spiritual discipline of the Church in which he was ordained. He has his own conscience; he has his appeal to Christ's law in the Bible; he has his appeal to Christ in the court of heaven; and these may well be enough to turn Rome's anathemas aside: but the arrow of spiritual discipline can glance away only from spiritual armour. And marvellously incapable as we, in these days, have become of sympathising with any manifestation of firm will and purifying vitality in religious brotherhoods,—far as we have travelled, in our mutinous confusions, from the conception of such discipline as bound together an order of knights when chivalry was in its prime, or a Puritan Church when Puritanism was in its first love, —we must surely, when Christian discipline is thus apprehended, perceive that the Church which can voluntarily

surrender *it*, is fallen indeed. Even a club would feel itself degraded if it confessed incompetence to administer its affairs and fix its list of membership.

It may be doubted whether the Presbyterians, whom Milton ardently backed against the Prelatists both in his Books on Reformation and in his Reasons of Church Government, accepted without qualification his account of their discipline. He declares, indeed, that he has no fear "lest any crookedness, any wrinkle or spot, should be found in Presbyterian government;" but he is careful to explain that "all God's people" possess, on the authority of St. Peter, "the title of clergy," and are to be associated with the pastor in the administration of censure, propositions which would, I think, have received only a suspicious and guarded acceptance, if even so much, from the Presbyterians of the period. It may, in point of fact, be asked whether Milton's ideal of Church government and discipline could under any circumstances be realised. He expressly excludes all "courts of plea and indictment," all "bill and process," in one word, the whole apparatus of judicial inquiry, which appears to be indispensable in order to the ascertainment of guilt or innocence. It seems likely, nevertheless, that his views upon this subject had an important practical resemblance to those of Cromwell and Vane. These men had an invincible jealousy of Church Courts. Milton no sooner had experience of the interpretation of his Presbyterian ideal into Presbyterian actuality than he growled out his disappointment, and declared that New Presbyter was old priest writ large. Candour will admit, however, that this memorable change of opinion may have been connected with certain interesting but not altogether pleasing circumstances in Milton's domestic life, at which it is now time for us to look.

Early in the summer of 1643, he took a journey into the country, without informing his friends in London that he

had anything more than recreation in view. He returned after a month's absence, bringing with him a wife. She was a girl of seventeen, Mary, eldest daughter of Richard Powell, of Forest-hill, in Oxfordshire. Her family were Royalists, and she had been accustomed to dance with Royalist officers from the King's quarters in Oxford. She soon found her London life intolerably irksome, and obtained her husband's permission to visit her parents. She refused to return, and her relatives countenanced her in her refusal. Within a few months Milton had published the first of four treatises, addressed to the Parliament of England, in which he proposed a fundamental modification in the laws relating to marriage. His views appeared to the divines of the Westminster Assembly so objectionable that, in the event of Presbyterian church discipline having been fully established in England, he would certainly have been called to account. As it belongs to the sensitive poetical nature to be powerfully influenced by all personal circumstances, there is no offence to charity in the notion that Milton's experience of sharp opposition from the Presbyterians to his opinions on divorce may have assisted to congeal into keen repugnance his early sympathy with Presbyterianism.

In his first book on divorce, Milton makes no direct allusion to his own case, but, recollecting what he was at Horton, we can read between the lines one or two hints as to his courtship, and can discern the cause of its being, in essential points, a failure. Ought not the disposition of the woman, asks a supposed maintainer of the inflexible sacredness of the marriage bond, to have been ascertained before wedlock? "For all the wariness that may be used," replies Milton, "it may befall a discreet man to be mistaken in his choice." And if he has been a virtuous, austere youth, who never went abroad at night except to hear the nightingales or unsphere the spirit of Plato, what then? So much the worse for him. "The soberest and best governed men are

least practised in these affairs. . . . It is not strange, though many, who have spent their youth chastely, are in some things not so quicksighted, while they haste too eagerly to light the nuptial torch." The free and easy fellows, "by reason of their bold accustoming, prove most successful in their matches, because their wild affections, unsettling at will, have been as so many divorces to teach them experience." A hard arrangement surely for the immaculate youths! But in fact nature has an inveterate underhand kindliness for her scamps, and this Shakespeare and Goethe knew, if John Calvin and John Milton didn't. One can see how Mary Powell comported herself when Milton was paying his addresses. "The bashful muteness of a virgin may oft-times hide all the unliveliness and natural sloth which is really unfit for conversation." The poor girl was probably dazzled into silence by his talk, and thought that when he was married he would come down from his elevation and be like other men. If she hoped that he would descend, he hoped that she would rise. "Where any indisposition is suspected, what more usual than the persuasion of friends that acquaintance, as it increases, will amend all?" Both were disappointed, but it was the man of thirty-five, not the girl of seventeen, who was to blame. The minute investigation conducted by Professor Masson into the particulars of Milton's first marriage strongly confirms me in the opinion that the fault was Milton's.

Milton's doctrine of marriage is simple. The union is primarily a conversing of soul with soul. Incompatibility, therefore, is a valid ground of divorce. Marriage was instituted to relieve man's spirit pining in "unkindly solitariness," by "an intimate and speaking help, a ready and reviving associate." Of all except the high intellectual and moral ends of marriage he is loftily disdainful. He assigns to married love all those spiritual joys which seem, as such, to pertain rather to friendship; and the man who

cannot love his wife as the sister of his spirit, is permitted, nay, is bound, to give her a bill of divorcement and send her away. Otherwise his cureless condition "must needs be to him, if especially his complexion incline him to melancholy, a daily trouble and pain of loss, in some degree like that which reprobates feel." Lest, therefore, "so noble a creature as man" should find in marriage that the woman, instead of alleviating, helps rather "to increase that same God-forbidden loneliness, which will in time draw on with it a general discomfort and dejection of mind," the way of divorce is open to him.

A Dorothea Brooke and a John Milton might on these terms have realised an ideally perfect marriage union. But in ordinary circumstances, it can be neither safe nor fair that the power should be all on the side of the man, and submission be the sole duty of the woman. Milton declares with stern brevity that woman is created for man, not man for woman; and for the woman, even to the length of divorce, the will of the husband is law. The Church,—"the corrupt and venal discipline of clergy-courts," as he now phrases it,—has nothing to do with the matter. Nor does it fall under the civil jurisdiction. It was "so clear in nature and reason, that it was left to a man's own arbitrament, to be determined between God and his own conscience." It might not be always pleasant to be the wife even of "so noble a creature as man" on these conditions.

When Milton's wife left him in 1643 the affairs of the King may have seemed to her family in so promising a posture that it was safer for her and for them to suspend all visible connection with the zealous Puritan. But in 1645 Charles was overthrown, and association with Milton might be useful to a Royalist family. He was the man, besides, to carry out his principles, whether they occasioned scandal or not. He had resolved to form a connection with another lady, which, as he had obtained no legal divorce

from his wife, could have been marriage only in the judgment of his own conscience and reason. By a virtuous stratagem Mrs. Milton obtained access to his presence, and, falling at his feet, implored him to forgive her. He not only took her back, but opened his house to her family, who came to London when Oxford surrendered to the Parliament. His logic gave way at once to the personal appeal, for he was at heart generous and kind; but they were an unhappy couple.

His three daughters, Anne, Deborah, and Mary, were the children of his first wife. He was twice married after her death in 1653, but had no more children. So early as 1644 his sight began to fail, and when his little girls were left motherless, they could be known to him, as Professor Masson* touchingly says, "only as tiny voices of complaint going about in the darkness." The tiny voices did not move him to love or pity. His impatient and imperious nature had doubtless undergone exquisite misery from the moaning discontent of his wife; the daughters took the mother's part so soon as they were able to understand her sorrows; and the grave Puritan displeasure with which Milton regarded the mother seems to have been transferred to the children. His austerity as a Puritan and a pedagogue, and the worse than old Hebrew meanness of his estimate of women, appear to the greatest disadvantage in connection with his daughters. Had they been sons, he would have thrown all his ardour into the enterprise of their education. The training of boys was one of his enthusiasms; but his daughters were taught nothing except to read, and were ordered to read aloud to him in languages of which they did not understand a word. Naturally they never loved him; his fame, which they were not able to appreciate, cast on them no ray of comforting light; but they thought probably in sad and scared be-

* In the Encyclopædia Britannica.

wilderment of the relations between their unhappy wraith-like mother, and their Titan father. How different the warm and tender relations between Shakespeare and his children! In that instance it was the daughter, the pet Judith, who was the demure sweet Puritan, yet with a trace of her father's wit in her, and able to enjoy all the depth of his smile when he would ask her whether cakes and ale were to be *quite* abolished when the reign of the saints came in. Milton frowned on his daughters as undutiful, but they would hardly have been undutiful if he had been tender. His relations with women were comprehensively infelicitous. Even as a poet his weakest point was here. Charlotte Brontë says that he tried to see the first woman but saw her not. He never supremely loved, and it is perhaps only through love that a man attains the power of performing with fine rightness any duty to woman, whether as lover, husband, father, or poet.

Milton wrote a glowing tract on education, devoted himself with assiduity to the education of his nephews, and for several years took pupils. But he was too original, too contemptuous of commonplace methods and needs, to be in the ordinary sense a successful schoolmaster. He would have been in place at the Court of some Eastern king, training princes for the purple; or in some Platonic Republic, preparing the children of the State for war and government. His tract on education reads like the ordinances of an ideal University, chaunted in rhythmic prose. But even in the Puritan age, dwellers in Cheapside could discern no particular advantage for their children in being made Miltonic.

From the cheerless discomfort of his domestic circle we turn with a sense of relief to those aspects of his life in which he is seen in connection with the historical movement of this time. "How his brow lightened as the music rose!" When the revolution passed on to the central

paroxysms of its wrath and triumph, and more timid men shrank back alarmed, his spirit rose in sympathy with the passion of the time. "He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha!" His intellectual habit being no slow process of ratiocination, no laborious weighing of probability against probability, but a fiery intuitive leaping from conviction to conviction, he had no sympathy, no patience, with the doubts of weaker men. Against Charles his passion of indignation rose to the transcendent pitch. The volcanic fervour and directness of Milton found unutterable offence in the shuffling, guileful Stuart. In his exultation over the fallen King, however, and in the harshness of his references to others with whom he once had sympathised, the hard, unmelodious fibre in his nature comes into view. We recall, not to the advantage of Milton, the touch of heart-searching pathos which Shakespeare, though his man of men was the "all-honoured Roman Brutus," could throw into an allusion to the death of kings. All historians are agreed that Milton's imputation to Charles of the murder of his father is unjust.

The political cynic, nay, the candid observer though no cynic, fails not to perceive, in reading Milton's prose, that his faith and his hope constantly light up his canvas with ideal colours, and that it is an impossible perfection he depicts. The England which rises to the eye of his imagination is a vision. "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means." There is not and has not been any such England. What then? Has not many an eye, following

Milton's as he looked upon his transfigured country, sparkled with a kindred enthusiasm? Is not the glow of poetic inspiration as it warms the heart and sends a thrill of new energy along the brain, more vitalising than the chill formula of the political philosopher? Milton's prose writings are studded with words and phrases of intense nobleness, that beacon the gloom of sordid ages, and send rays of star-like illumination into the dusk of compromise, conventionality, hypocrisy. They are a sovereign antidote to moral cowardice, to all base, poor, cringing, frost-bitten moods of mind. They suit, as they express, the elevated moments of humanity.

When even Harry Vane refused to sanction Cromwell, Milton did not flinch. In his first prose work he had said that, "to govern a nation piously and justly, which only is to say happily, is for a spirit of the greatest size and divinest mettle." Through the "cloud," as he says in one of his proudest sonnets, "not of war only but detractions rude," he had watched Cromwell "ploughing his way," and when the victor of Worcester hung up his armour, he was ready to hail him as England's "chief of men." In the Second Defence of the People of England, published when Cromwell was Protector, Milton declares that his countrymen have given way to his unsurpassable valour and virtue, and that there is nothing in human society more pleasing to God or more accordant with reason, than that the most worthy should be at the head of affairs. Parliament had been talking and promising; manipulating schemes and constitutions: but month after month had gone by and the wain stuck fast in the mire. Then Cromwell stepped forward, made of his right arm a sceptre for the people, and with one giant push set the machine in motion. Here, quoth the Puritan poet, is the Puritan king; God Almighty signs his title. And so, for once, the historic sketcher can signalise a group which Shakespeare himself could not have

out-done in dramatic effectiveness. John Milton, Latin Secretary to Oliver Cromwell! It could hardly be known to Cromwell that the blind scholar who wrote to his dictation was one of the greatest poets of all time; but it is pleasant to think that there was something of personal intercourse and of the fellowship of friend with friend between the two. Milton subsequently commended a Commonwealth as contrasted with a Monarchy, on the ground that, whereas "a king must be adored like a demi-god," the greatest in a free Commonwealth "walk the street as other men, may be spoken to freely, familiarly, friendly." This is not given, but may it not be taken, as a hint of the kind of converse which sometimes occurred between Cromwell and Milton?

It is, however, painfully instructive to observe that Milton, like Vane, failed to see that Puritanism could not stand without Oliver. Arguing earnestly in a pamphlet-letter, addressed to Monk, for the perpetuation of the Commonwealth, he speaks of liberty and religion, "fought for, gained, and many years possessed, *except in those unhappy interruptions, which God hath removed.*" The words put by me into italics seem to allude to the predominance of the Cromwells, father and son, and form a disappointing contrast to Milton's praise of Oliver when Lord Protector.

At the Restoration his life was spared. He had ceased to be a force in party politics, and Charles II., whose grand principle was to get rid of men who might help to send him again on his travels, knew that the poet and apologist of Puritanism was not dangerous in the sense in which Vane and Argyle were dangerous. If a whole skin and a sufficiency of food and raiment had been enough to make Milton happy, the mean reflections of Johnson on his complaint, that he had "fallen on evil times" and "evil tongues," would have had some sense in them. Otherwise they have none. It was an evil time for John Milton when he, who had spoken to Principalities and Powers in England's and

in Cromwell's name, saw his country self-degraded in the eyes of Europe. But in one sense the new time was propitious to Milton. Sequestered from public life, he could recall the ambition of his youth, and recollect that the arena of political controversy was not his chosen sphere. He resumed his lyre, and commenced, at fifty, the great business of his life. It is one of the wonders of history that such a purpose as his, deliberately suspended for twenty years, should have been executed.

We saw how, from the bright serenity, and sweet, calm cadence of his early poems, Milton, at the call of duty, passed into the agitated atmosphere of his prose writings. We now see him returning to a placid, intellectual region, and subjecting those energies which, in his prose, had revealed their wild, almost savage strength, to the finer, severer discipline of poetic melody. One figures him as a Homeric warrior, who, in the cool of dawn, mounted his chariot and practised his horses in proud, measured pacings by the river bank; who heard suddenly the cry of combat, turned his coursers' heads to the fray, and, through long hours of conflict, urged them on the enemy; and who, at last, when the struggle was over, and shadows lengthened in the westering sun, reigned them up in measured pacing as of the morning, only that now, in the grandeur of their tread, there was the memory of battle. Realise it by what imagery we may, there is a difference, there is also an affinity between Milton's prose and his poetry, which, if we would understand him, we must apprehend. Had he left us only his poetry, we should have had little surmise of the tremendous strength that lay in him. We can now see that, both in the poetry and the prose, we have Milton, another, yet the same. In the prose the torrent foams, leaps, rages, tosses rocks about; in the poetry the torrent sings a song. In the prose, the tempest hurtles in the air, driving the clouds before it like autumn leaves; in the

poetry, the great wind is imprisoned in the breast and plumes of a bird,* floating in the sky and flooding the vault of heaven with grave sweet melody.

Such is Paradise Lost. The rhythm of it is the inspiration of the Puritan time in its purest form. This is the sound that then was in the ears and hearts of men. As the Homeric rhythm, the clangour and martial tumult of the Iliad, give us a more inward acquaintance with the spirit of that young civilisation than any possible accumulation of detail, so the "cathedral music" of Paradise Lost, its moral elevation, its lack of softer tones and delicate and dewy touches, enable us, better than any bulletins from the field or any records of debate, to understand the great Puritan enthusiasm. It was not in its meaner and more repulsive attributes, that the strength of Puritanism lay; and Paradise Lost is therefore the best historical monument of the Revolution.

Richardson did an excellent piece of service when he hunted up the information that Milton "would sometimes," while engaged on Paradise Lost, "lie awake whole nights, but not a verse could he make, and on a sudden his poetical faculty would rush upon him with an *impetus* or *æstrum*." Johnson's sneer at this, as if Richardson were a foolish wonder-seeker, may be taken to fix the low-water mark of our critical literature. That inspiration — that divine madness—which true critics, poets, and artists, from Plato to Lionardo da Vinci, have known or felt to be the condition of right production in art, had become for Johnson the mere alacrity of the literary craftsman when his hand is in. Lionardo, "often," according to Mr. Pater, "coming

* "We will take the bird first. It is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like a blown flame; it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it;—*is* the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself."—RUSKIN's Queen of the Air.

the whole length of Milan to give a single touch" to his picture of the Supper, scornfully refusing to take up his brush, "except at the moment of invention," worked on the same principles with the author of Paradise Lost. A poetic seer of the antique type, Milton knew that the elaborate and dearly-prized culture of his life could but furbish the instruments, or furnish the materials, of poetic production, and that it would be an offence to the spirit he invoked to lift up his voice except when its tongue of fire sat upon him. The transport of poetic inspiration has not, since his death, visited any man in Great Britain,—it would be safe to add, in the world,—in ardency at the same time so intense and *so sustained* as his. In him there dwelt also a tone of what, though allied to the poetic inspiration, is distinct from it—namely, the religious inspiration. He would have been a great poet in any age; but had he not lived in the age of the Puritans, he might have been more like a Greek dramatist, less like a Hebrew prophet. The religious inspiration of Puritanism was stronger in Cromwell.

The triumph of the Puritan poet was as signal as the triumph of the Puritan king. No Anglican minstrel is nearly equal to Milton; neither the Temple nor the Christian Year will compare with Paradise Lost. We naturally place it side by side with the poem in which Dante enshrined Catholicism. Dante excels Milton in tenderness; in intimate knowledge of the human heart; in the delineation of all passions, except revenge and ambition, pride and hatred. Dante has the infallible Shakespearian touch whenever his theme is love; Milton in the like case paints with great literary dexterity and with a frank audacity of sensuous colour which would fain be passionate and tender; but he never gets beyond painted love.

> "For contemplation he, and valour formed;
> For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
> He, for God only, she, for God in him:

His fair large front, and eye sublime, declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks,
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist,
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay."

These celebrated and very noble lines embody Milton's inexorable sentence upon woman as man's inferior and plaything. He is perhaps on one occasion, or even on two, more happy in his treatment of love; but this is, to say the least, a critical instance; and does he not egregiously fail? For Eve's face he has not a word; not one syllable for the crimson of the lip, for the ravishment of the smile. Conventional golden tresses, slender waist, and ringlets "wanton," which surely they had no call to be in Eden;—this is what we find in Milton's first woman, whom Charlotte Brontë says he never saw. Against Dante, on the other hand, and in favour of Milton, we have to put the traces of Middle-age childishness, the nursery goblinism, grotesquerie, and allegorical wire-drawing, which are present in the Divine Comedy. The sustained grandeur which has made "Miltonic" a convertible term with "sublime" is far above all that.

Who is Milton's hero? It is rather an awkward question. He cannot be Adam, who is passive both in his fall and in his rise. Milton cannot have intended it to be Christ, for he makes Him the unquestioned hero of Paradise Regained. It will be difficult to come to any other conclusion than that the hero, unintentionally, of course, is Satan. Shelley takes this for granted, as if no question could be raised on the point, in the preface to his Prometheus. The two first books are the most sublime, and their interest

centres in the fiend. Throughout the poem Satan is the speaker of lines which it is impossible not to recognise as characteristically Miltonic :—

> "The mind is its own place, and in itself
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
> What matter where, if I be still the same?"

The conception of Satan is wonderful in breadth and simplicity. He refuses to submit to God, but there is in him otherwise no subtle or malignant badness. He never stoops to the whine of the mean, discontented rebel. He does not accuse "heaven's potentate." He admits that he has been ungrateful. No glimpse of hope encourages him to give in. "Evil," he says, "be thou my good;" but the sense that evil must be his good agonises him, and it is by an effort that he is wicked. He admires Adam and Eve. He "could love" them, and that for a reason which contradicts all one's conceptions of diabolic logic :—

> "So lively shines
> In them Divine resemblance, and such grace
> The hand that shaped them on their shape hath poured."

He has to argue himself up to the bitter cruelty of injuring such helpless, harmless creatures. He is out of sight the most moral of known devils. Job's tempter is insolent to Jehovah, and viciously and slanderously spiteful towards the man of Uz. Compared with Iago, or with Goethe's "spirit that always denies," who devises refined tormentings for the innocent Gretchen, the one drop of comfort on whose burning tongue is the torture-throb of human hearts, Milton's devil is honest and virtuous. It is with a sense of actual amazement that we remark the length to which, in Paradise Regained, Milton permits Satan to appeal to our pity, as a being whose fate it is to be bad, but who clings desperately to the memory and tradition of goodness, and gropes in his fallen nature for relics of virtue

as a miser might grope in the embers of his burnt house for some dearest treasure :—

> "Though I have lost
> Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
> To be belov'd of God, I have not lost
> To love, at least, contemplate and admire,
> What I see excellent in good or fair,
> Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense."

These words are addressed by Satan to Christ, and in the reply made by the Saviour there is no assertion that they are hypocritical.

In all this, however, Milton is true to Puritanism. His Satan incarnates with errorless accuracy the Puritan conception of superlative sin. Satan has rebelled against the Divine sovereignty. This is enough. For this his brow must be knitup in corrugations of eternal pain.

It is not so easy at the first glance to see that the task which Milton imposes on himself in the outset of the poem, "to justify the ways of God to man," is distinctively Puritan. The Puritan idea, in its most conspicuous manifestations, was much rather that the ways of God to man require no justification. God's part is to declare His will, man's to do it; submission, not criticism, becomes the creature. And yet Milton struck no false note in the first lines of the Puritan poem. The explicit and unquestioning submission to the Divine will of such men as Milton, Vane, and Cromwell, was associated with perfect conviction that God is Infinite Justice and Infinite Love. Logical proof of the fact they might never ask; they certainly did not make their faith dependent on their power to comprehend the scope and bearings of the Divine Government; but of the fact itself they had absolutely no doubt.

Nevertheless, if we view Milton's statement of his purpose, in connection with the general movement of the Reformation, we shall find it to be impressively right. Deep among the impelling forces of that great revolution,

unacknowledged at the time, and by many still rejected and denied, but, perhaps, most potent of all, was the energy of human reason, awaking from its sleep, clearing its eyes, daring to scan the dusky heavens with its own optical instruments. Homer had no surmise, the most distant, of the claims of the aggressive intellect in its moods of aspiration and of doubt. Æschylus, as the latest, and, I think, the wisest, of the critics of the Prometheus Bound believe, made no question of the right of Zeus to afflict the rebellious Titan. Nor did Dante think of justifying the ways of God to men. But of Protestantism, in its later phases, this has been a leading problem. And it is a legitimate as well as a sublime problem, however difficult; for when reason has once detected flaws in the conception of God, worship is to that extent consciously rendered to an idol. As humanity has advanced, it has learned, or begun to learn, to respect the creature, to do justice to the finite, to reverence itself—a solemn and glorious step onward, and nowise inconsistent with worship of the Infinite, nay, perhaps, the condition of reasonable worship.

The question then rises, whether Milton has succeeded or failed in solving the problem he states. Paradise Lost is essentially an idealisation of that theology which Augustine and Calvin based, mainly, though not exclusively, on those parts of the writings of Paul, in which the inspiration, perfectly Divine, which the greatest of the Apostles derived from Christ, is modified, if not chilled, by a sense of the necessity of reconciling Christ and Gamaliel, and of tacking on the new Christian ethics of universal love and brotherhood to the old scheme of Judaism. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin":—this is Paul's starting-point, when his inspiration stoops from its heavenliest transport, and becomes consciously logical and argumentative. We should be launched into controversies

which have no definable limit, were we to inquire what, in strict critical estimate, Paul meant by those words, and by the contrast which he draws between Adam and Christ. But it appears on the very face of the passage, that he writes in an expansive and exultant mood, finding in Adam a representative, on the widest conceivable scale, of man under sinful and deathful conditions, as contrasted with Christ, representing man under righteous and deathless conditions. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that, as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." St. Paul, who even in his dialectical mood was an inspired apostle of Jesus, probably intended nothing more, by his allusion to the sin of Adam, than to put, in the strongest form accessible to him, his main contention (against the exclusive tendency of his Judaising opponents), that every human being, Jew or Gentile, is invited to receive eternal life in Christ.

Out of this and a few other misapplied passages of Scripture, rose the terrific doctrine of the Fall, the background of all Augustinian theology. Through the sin of Adam, all generations of men come into the world under the wrath and curse of their Creator, blackened and blasted in soul and body, hating good and loving evil. Their very virtues, to use the words of Article XIII. of the Church of England, "have the nature of sin." The proper subject of the great Puritan poem was the Fall, and Milton shows, by his choice of a name, that this was essentially his idea. In answering, therefore, the question whether he succeeds or fails in "justifying,"—in reconciling with intelligible and tenable principles of justice,—"the ways of God to man," we turn to his account of the Fall.

Adam takes the apple rather than relinquish the wife whom God had given him :—

"With thee
Certain my resolution is to die:
How can I live without thee? How forego
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?"

Eve had been beguiled by Satan in form of the serpent. Of course a serpent could talk only by miracle, and, strange to say, Milton represents Eve as sharp enough to discern this fact:—

"Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endued;
Redouble then this miracle, and say
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?"

The serpent explains that the charming gift of speech has been obtained by eating of the tree of knowledge, and convinces her that she also will be benefited by partaking of the fruit. Then follows the "mortal taste" which "brought death into the world and all our woe." Eve's mistake in interpreting the first recorded miracle laid her descendants to the latest ages under "God's wrath and curse," and made them liable "to all the miseries of this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell for ever." These are the words of the Shorter Catechism, the most affectionately revered of all the productions of the Puritan Synod of Westminster.

The Fall is followed in the scheme of Puritan theology, and in the conception of Milton's poem, by redemption. Christ obeys the law, and suffers the penalty due to Adam's sin. His death on the cross redeems man from death,—

"As many as offered life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works."

For these death becomes,

"Like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life."

And at last "the woman's Seed," revealed in the clouds

from heaven, will "dissolve Satan with his perverted world,"

> "Then raise
> From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,
> New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date,
> Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love;
> To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss."

This is formally sufficient in relation to the plan of Milton's poem. Satan will in the long run be vanquished. The world will regain its primal splendour among the stars of God, or glow with a fairer brightness than before. Supposing, as Milton does not in terms forbid us to suppose, that every man who fell in Adam has the offer of redemption in Christ made to him, and is excluded from the redeemed company only by his own conscious refusal to be saved, we cannot deny that the vindication of Providence has been successful. And beyond question this general impression of Christ's work was the inspiring impulse of the whole religious movement which originated with Luther and Calvin and sent its last great tidal wave into Puritan England. It was by thinking of redemption rather than of reprobation, by exultant trust in Christ their King, in whose strength they could conquer death and hell, that the soldiers of Cromwell became invincible.

But it is a circumstance of fateful import that the triumph of Christ, as depicted by Milton, is mainly in a *new* heaven and earth, the present heaven and earth having been burnt up. And as salvation is mainly future, so there is a state of damnation of which, in the concluding portions of his poem, Milton says little, but which, as realised for us in the hell of the earlier books, is of supreme importance. Take the delineations of hell out of Paradise Lost, and the whole work will collapse. Into the greatest poem of Protestantism, as into the greatest poem of Catholicism, enters the unutterable horror which, for nearly two thousand years, has sat as a nightmare on the breast of Christendom. Neither in Homer nor in Shake-

speare have we anything corresponding to the Dantesque or Miltonic hell. Afar, on the dawning rim of European civilisation—written as on the golden bars of morning—are the Homeric poems. In modern times, representing all that western civilisation has felt, thought, and hoped for, we have the works of Shakespeare. It is man as he is, man on his green world, with its summer showers and its wintry blasts, its trees that flush ruddy and white with blossom to be often smitten into fruitlessness by the east wind, its gleamings of beauty at morning and evening with long grey hours of toil between, that forms the subject of both. In both there is the shadow. Homer knows of Hades and its pallid, melancholy ghosts. Shakespeare is for ever wondering and pondering over the secrets of sorrow and of evil, of the night and of the grave; and between and amid the ripplings of his infinite laughter, there are snatches of tenderest wail. But neither in Homer nor in Shakespeare is there anything corresponding to the Dantesque or Miltonic hell. The sad look of the Greeks towards the future is essentially the cloud on the face of the happy child at the thought of being sent to bed, attesting and measuring his present joy. A prison-house of the universe, in which ingenious, exquisite, elaborate torture is inflicted to all eternity, whether as described in revolting and grotesque detail by Dante or in more sublime but not less appalling imagery by Milton, is so monstrous a conception, that we may doubt whether works of which it forms an integral part will be permanently enshrined among the household treasures of mankind. These limnings, especially Dante's, perpetuate the most ghastly horrors of those infernal old times (which fools call good) before judicial and penal torture was abolished; particulars of agony such as the gnawing of the tongue in torment, the very thought of which almost drives us, who are beginning to be Christ-like enough to cease to be inhuman, mad, but which were

doubtless familiar to those accustomed to the incidents of ancient executions. One of the main themes of Jesus Christ's teachings was the majesty, the severity, the unchangeableness of God's moral government, as contrasted with the levity of the world's judgments. In enforcing this great idea He used a variety of illustrations. Some of these quite dispense with the instrumentality of fire; as the leading one of the exclusion of guests from a marriage-supper. Some of them almost pointedly negative permanence of fire; for the use of fire in burning the weeds that have injured a crop is to make an end of them. The hell of Dante and Milton is the result of two processes: the intense and gloating selection of the imagery of fire; and the addition of a device, purely gratuitous, not countenanced in the remotest hint of Scripture, by which fire is made to yield a maximum of pain. This device Milton borrowed from Dante. We may read Milton's description of it.

> "The parching air
> Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.
> Thither, by harpy-footed Furies haled,
> At certain revolutions all the damned
> Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
> Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
> From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
> Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
> Immovable, infixed and frozen round,
> Periods of times, thence hurried back to fire."

And so there is no prospect that "our torments may become our elements." From whom Dante got this truly devilish notion I know not; but there is, I think, proof in his poem that there was a taint of cruelty in his own nature; and indeed, if we can trust the evidence of Roman relentlessness to Carthage, of the gladiatorial shows, and of the savage treatment of animals in modern Italy, the taint must be pronounced general in the Italian race. It seems likely that poetry, however noble in execution, which is

inseparably associated with a stupendous horror and incredibility, will be outgrown and left behind by the race, and that both the Divine Comedy and Paradise Lost will sooner or later be peremptorily refused a place among the constellations beside the poems of Homer and the dramas of Shakespeare.

The spiritual depths of Christianity, the Divine power of kindness and self-sacrifice, were fully fathomed neither in Paradise Lost nor in Paradise Regained. In these dwells the inspiration of Puritan battle, but there were gentler tones in the angels' song above the fields of Bethlehem. Deeper Christian tones than any in Milton are to be found scattered through the hymnology of the Christian Church, in Goethe's musings on the divine depth of sorrow, in Mrs. Browning's Drama of Exile and Tennyson's In Memoriam. These, however, are single tones: no such body of Christian music, no religious poems so great, so monumental, as Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained, have been produced since the time of Milton.

In the evil times of the Restoration, in the land of the Philistines, the Puritan Samson Agonistes ended his days. Serene and strong; conscious that the ambition of his youth had been achieved. He begins the day with the Hebrew Bible, listens reverently to words in which Moses, or David, or Isaiah spake of God. But he attends no church, belongs to no communion, and has no form of worship in his family; notable circumstances, which we may refer, in part at least, to his blindness, but significant of more than that. His religion was of the spirit, and did not take kindly to any form. Though the most Puritan of the Puritans, he had never stopped long in the ranks of any Puritan party, or given satisfaction to Puritan ecclesiastics and theologians. In his youth he had loved the night; in his old age he loves the pure sunlight of early morning as it glimmers on his sightless eyes. The music

which had been his delight since childhood has still its charm, and he either sings or plays on the organ or bass-violin every day. In his grey coat, at the door of his house in Bunhill Fields, he sits on clear afternoons; a proud, ruggedly genial old man, with sharp satiric touches in his talk, the untunable fibre in him to the last. Eminent foreigners come to see him; friends approach reverently, drawn by the splendour of his discourse. It would range, one can well imagine, in glittering freedom, like "arabesques of lightning," over all ages and all literatures. He was the prince of scholars; a memory of superlative power waiting as handmaid on the queenliest imagination. The whole spectacle of ancient civilisation, its cities, its camps, its landscapes, was before him. There he sat in his grey coat, like a statue cut in granite. He recanted nothing, repented of nothing. England had made a sordid failure, but he had not failed. His soul's fellowship was with the great Republicans of Greece and Rome, and with the Psalmist and Isaiah and Oliver Cromwell.

IX.

SIR HENRY VANE.

CHAPTER IX.

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THE younger Vane, whom most people have heard of as the man to whom Cromwell said, "Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" exhibited a combination of spiritual enthusiasm with dialectical subtlety, of the stiffest individualism with passionate devotion to the cause, which was eminently characteristic of English Puritanism.

At the age of fifteen occurred that crisis in his spiritual history which determined the main character of his future life, and which he would have called his conversion. Until then, he tells us, he lived the life of a worldling; but at fifteen it pleased God to reveal His Son in him; and from that time forward he conferred not with flesh and blood. At Oxford, to which he went from Westminster School, he found that his conscience did not permit him to take the oath of supremacy, and, after lingering for a time in the town, he travelled on the Continent, and made his way, as was customary for spiritual knights-errants of the period, to Geneva. His fervid devoutness and his dialectical skill were here alike sure of aliment and exercise. The son of an English Privy Councillor, the heir of an ancient and opulent house, precocious at once in talent and in piety, he could scarce fail to receive from the hierarchs of the Puritan Rome sufficient deference to flatter his intellectual pride; while their argumentative dexterity, practised in the debates

of the most controversial of all eras, would polish to a gossamer attenuation that subtlety which he had by nature. He returned to England in a white glow of Puritan enthusiasm; and it seems probable that the Court looked with chagrin upon the prospect of such an addition to the Puritan ranks. It was arranged that Laud should take young Harry in hand, with a view to convincing him of the error of his ways. The result was what might have been foreseen. Laud was choleric, punctilious, intolerant of opposition; Vane's temper was invincibly placid, and he had that ineffable self-complacency which is irritating in any man, insufferably irritating in a stripling. Finding that he made no progress, Laud flew into a passion and brought the discussion to an end.

It was probably with no displeasure that the paternal Sir Henry Vane now learned that the heart of his son was drawn towards the Puritan paradise of the far West. Sir Harry *père* was a pointed contrast to Sir Harry *fils*. The father was the most pliant of courtiers, the son the most unbending of enthusiasts. The father could adapt himself to any hole, round or square; the son could never find a hole that would quite suit him. The son could adjust himself neither to Charles I. nor to Oliver Cromwell; the father bowed and smiled and ate good things, and made himself generally useful, under Charles, under the Parliament, and under the Protector. Father and son appear to have remained on good terms all their lives—a circumstance due, perhaps, to the entireness of their heterogeneity in character and ambition, and to the consequent impossibility of rivalship between them. They were of Welsh blood, one Howel ap Vane of Monmouthshire being their first recorded ancestor. Another of the line had received knighthood for valour on the field of Poictiers. It is somewhat curious that there should have been a strong dash of Welsh blood both in Cromwell and in Vane. In their emotional

intensity, and in the impassioned fervour of their religious convictions, both were Celts.

Harry Vane was nineteen years of age, when, in the early part of 1635, he landed at Boston. On first making the acquaintance of his Puritan fellow-emigrants, he had been looked upon as a surprising, if not an alarming, phenomenon. His long hair, his marked features, his courtly dress, his aristocratic deportment, struck them as more compatible with the character of a Court spy than with that of a chosen vessel of Puritanism. But they soon found out their mistake. In prayer and in theological discourse and disputation, the young aristocrat had more staying power than the longest-winded of the party. He was admitted to the freedom of Massachusetts on the 3rd of March, 1635, and in the following year was appointed Governor of the Colony.

American writers are naturally interested in Vane's residence in Boston and governorship of Massachusetts. His election to the chief magistracy at a time when young men generally are but entering the University proves him to have possessed remarkable qualities; and Mr. Upham, one of his American biographers, gives instances of his adroitness and tact; but, on the whole, his governship was not a success. Clarendon's account is that, through his unparalleled intellectual subtlety, he involved the colony in interminable disputes and dissensions; and this seems to be an uncivil statement of a substantial fact. He did not bring the disputes into the colony, but, having to deal with disputes, he did so, not as a man of action, but as an irrefragable logician, who drew distinctions too fine to be visible to ordinary eye-sight.

Massachusetts was blessed or cursed with a Mrs. Hutchinson, a preaching woman, clever, vehement, disputatious, censorious, qualified in a rare degree to set men by the ears. She held weekly one or more public meetings, at

which she rehearsed the sermons delivered from some Boston pulpit the Sunday before, with critical commentary of her own. The theology of the preachers generally did not give her satisfaction, Mr. Cotton alone having the good fortune to command her approbation. One can hardly imagine a machinery adapted to inflict more exquisite torment upon the pastors of a Puritan colony than that worked by Mrs. Hutchinson. Caustic and ironical criticism is incomparably more piquant than neutral or mildly applausive criticism. Preachers are probably more sensitive to contemptuous criticism than any other class; and the supreme and agonising touch is given to criticism unfavourable to yourself when your rival is selected. for commendation. Add that, in Massachusetts, the pastors would naturally be looked up to, and would form the habit of expecting to be looked up to, as the Heaven-sent guides, philosophers, and friends of the people; and the efficacy of Mrs. Hutchinson, as a social blister, will be appreciated. Boston became a scene of fierce contention between Hutchinsonians and anti-Hutchinsonians. The preachers naturally bethought them that pulpit criticism was a game at which two could play, and tried whether they could not review the lady's discourses. They discovered that her theology was tainted with sundry errors, Antinomian and Sabellian. Whether the preachers would have detected Mrs. Hutchinson's heresies, if she had praised them as much as she praised Mr. Cotton, may be open to doubt. Vane took her part, defending her with the chivalrous ardour with which he always clung to the weaker party, and was ready to prove, by distinctions which his logical subtlety made it easy for him to draw, that her doctrines, though sounding like heresies, were all right. A glance at the dispute will help us to realise the aspect of human life in a New England settlement of the seventeenth century.

According to the theology of the Reformers and

Puritans, sanctification is in no sense or degree the price of salvation. In plainer terms, his own good works have absolutely no effect in procuring for a man pardon of sin and life everlasting. Good works, nevertheless, according to the same theological scheme, are absolutely inseparable from a state of acceptance with God and life in Christ. On these points Puritan theologians are agreed; and Vane and Mrs. Hutchinson would doubtless have maintained them against all comers. But Mrs. Hutchinson might very well distinguish between works really good and certain ostensibly good works, which, in Puritan circles, passed themselves off as good. Vane and her other supporters declared that she struck only at Pharisaism, formality, hypocrisy, affirming that demure faces and long prayers were no infallible proofs of saving faith; her opponents alleged that she taught the admitted and deadly heresy that good works are not essential to salvation, and that the believer may continue in sin.

The colony buzzed with disputation like a distracted beehive. Out of the question of Mrs. Hutchinson's heresy, or in addition to it, arose the question of the right of the Church to punish her for her theological delinquency, and in the discussion of this also Vane was ready with his subtle distinctions and irrefragable logic. A few words used by him in the controversy will enable us to apprehend his conception of the application of Bible law to the affairs both of Church and of State. "Churches have no liberty to receive or to reject, at their discretions, but at the discretion of Christ. Whatsoever is done in word or deed, in Church or Commonwealth, must be done in the name of the Lord Jesus. (Col. iii. 17.) Neither hath Church nor Commonwealth any other than ministerial power from Christ (Eph. v. 23), who is the Head of the Church, and the Prince of the Kings of the Earth (Rev. i. 5)." These words read like the ordinance of a comprehensive theo-

cracy, spiritual and civil. To bring Church and State into complete accordance with the law of Christ was the object of Vane's life. His principle involved the sovereignty, in Church and State, of Christ's people; and it was a fundamental idea of Vane's that the saints had an inalienable claim to reign upon earth. The reign of the saints was the Puritan cause in its purest form. Their authority was, no doubt, derivative; they were themselves wholly in subjection to Christ; they had no discretionary power to augment or to diminish, by jot or tittle, the laws of Christ's kingdom, spiritual and temporal, as set forth in the Bible; but they were exalted above the proudest kings of the world. All this might be made to look beautiful on paper, and to glow in the periods of enraptured eloquence; but Vane does not seem to have perceived that, in applying Scriptural law to affairs, interminable disputation might arise. It is the temptation of all young men of enthusiastic temperament—it is the mistake of unpractical men in all circumstances—to forget that people fall out, not in stating general principles, but in applying them to particular cases. Listening to the statement of general principles, every one thinks that they exactly suit *his* application of them. Nero would have told you that kings ought to govern mercifully, and Jeffreys that judges ought to judge justly. *Latet dolus in generalibus.* When you come to the particular case, it can be determined only in one way; every real diversity of character and opinion tells: and the *dolus* that lay hid like a snake in the flowery grass of generality, emerges with hiss and fang. The Puritans of Massachusetts found that Vane's exquisite delineations of heavenly law did not settle the questions that required answer in the colony. They declined to continue him in the governorship, and put Winthrop, probably a much more commonplace man, into the seat. With a party in Massachusetts Vane continued popular; but he had not been successful, and the essential

reason for his failure lay in this—that his genius dealt with the abstract rather than the concrete, and was apt to issue rather in exquisitely syllogistic argumentation than in measures suited to practical wants.

Returning to England in 1637, he found ample occupation for his observant and speculative faculties. It was in this year that Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick, lawyer, clergyman, and physician, who had written against the bishops, were cruelly mutilated in Palace Yard, fined £5,000 a-piece, and consigned to perpetual imprisonment in remote castles. Laud and Strafford were at the height of their power. Parliament had not sat for eight years. Servile judges were prepared to enable the King to dispense permanently with Parliament by deciding, in the great ship-money case, that he was legally entitled to levy ship-money upon householders in inland counties. Vane entered into relations with the leading Puritans, and in his intercourse with the Court was on the outlook for information that might be useful to the party. He sat as Member for Hull in the Short Parliament, which met and was speedily dissolved in the spring of 1640. The electors of Hull returned him also to the Long Parliament.

He speedily became conspicuous in the Root and Branch party, whose views are sufficiently indicated by their name. They proposed to sweep away the entire Episcopal system, putting in its place a system which they did not define, and of which they probably had no very precise idea, but which would bring the Church of England into close accordance with the other branches of the Reformed Church in Geneva, France, Holland, and Scotland. Though not minutely defining their system, they appear to have had no hesitation in calling it Presbyterianism. Hampden, Cromwell, Vane, and other leading members of this party in the House, were in cordial sympathy with the Covenanters, and Milton, out-of-doors, wrote of Presbytery

in a strain of enthusiasm and with a splendour and melodiousness of language which were never enlisted in its service before or since. Lauding Presbytery, Milton lauded also its Scottish advocates, extolling "the patience, the fortitude, the firm obedience of the nobles and people of Scotland." The discipline of Presbytery, as the perfect and genial union of liberty and law, was expressly commended by Milton. Here, too, danger and deception were lurking in generalities, and the day was not far distant when Milton was to speak in savagely contemptuous terms of a discipline which frowned sternly on his doctrine of divorce. It is easy to understand how there should be sympathy between Milton and Vane. Both were dwellers in the ideal, both born Platonists, if we are to accept Coleridge's shrewd division of all men into Platonists and Aristotelians; Vane's ideal fields lying in the region of theoretic abstraction, Milton's in the heaven of poetry, neither being able to endure the compromises and shortcomings of actual life. The gifts of Vane and of Milton were, in some sense, complementary to each other. Vane lacked imaginative fire; Milton was impetuous to a fault. Vane's writing is a river moving slow between willow-hung banks in an endless plain; Milton's is a torrent in flood, rending its way down hill. Vane could track a thought with unwearіable patience into a thousand theoretical ramifications; Milton had no capacity, but might have much admiration, for such work.

Vane, Cromwell, and Milton were at all events agreed that England ought not to pause half-way in reforming the Church. In his first pamphlet Milton took up the position thus described by Professor Masson, "that the European Reformation begun by Luther had been arrested in England at a point far less advanced than that which it had reached in other countries, and that, in consequence, England had ever since been suffering, and struggling, and incapacitated,

as by a load of night-mare only half thrown off, for the full and free exercise of her splendid spirit." In May, 1641, Vane and Cromwell, adroitly using Sir Edward Deering as their instrument, introduced a Bill into the House of Commons "for the utter abolishing and taking away of all archbishops, bishops, their chancellors and commissaries, deans, deans and chapters, archdeacons, prebendaries, chants, canons, and all other their under-officers." Vane's speech on the occasion was studiously practical in argument and moderate in tone. Episcopacy, he urged, could be defended only by substantially the same arguments as defended Popery; it had been tried in England and had proved unfavourable to piety; it alienated the Protestants of England from the Reformed Church; it tended to bring back Popery; it was hostile to civil freedom, and favourable to arbitrary conceptions of government. No one could call this kind of reasoning abstruse or fantastical.

The Bill, however, was not carried. Vane and Cromwell had gone too fast. The debate on the proposed abolition of the Anglican hierarchy marks a point at which there occurred a rally on behalf of the Church and of Charles. The Commons had proceeded almost as one man against Strafford, and even in attempting to save the Earl from capital punishment, Digby had been able to command no more than a trifling minority. But when Strafford had fallen, and Laud and his impositions had been alike put down, a formidable party in the House began to manifest enthusiasm for the Church of England, and that organisation began vaguely to shape itself on which the defence of the existing order of things was ultimately to depend. The King was prepared to stand by the Church with a very different degree of determination from any he had shown in protecting Strafford; and about this time he cast his eye upon Edward Hyde, the future Clarendon—eloquent, circumspect, and devoted to the cause of the

bishops—as one who was likely to prove a valuable auxiliary. With Hyde acted Falkland, and a large and growing party in both Houses. Two events concurred to stay the reaction and to hurry on the Revolution. In the autumn of 1641 England was convulsed with intelligence of the Irish Rebellion, and in the first days of 1642 Charles attempted the arrest of the five members. These events told with immense effect in favour of the Root and Branch men, but even after they took place, bloodshed might have been averted, and the Puritans might have been spared the disastrous necessity of making their victory too complete, if Hyde had possessed capacity and magnanimity enough to enable him to believe that Pym and Hampden would not press the Church to extremities, and that it was madness to follow the infatuated King to the North and transfer the conflict from the Parliamentary arena to the field.

Cromwell felt that he could best serve the cause where fighting was to be done; but Vane, intrepid in speculation, had the reputation of physical timidity. He raised no regiment, but restricted himself to legislative action for the cause. In friendship and in opinion he and Cromwell continued as before. When Hampden fell, in the summer of 1643, and Pym died a few months later, Vane became the most important of those leaders of the party who confined themselves to their Parliamentary duties. He had been appointed Joint-Secretary of the Navy in 1640, and both in this capacity and in the work of Committees proved himself a consummate man of business. It now fell to him to conduct to a favourable conclusion a negotiation on which the issue of the war might depend. In the summer of 1643, as the reader has been sufficiently informed, the scale of the Parliament was dangerously depressed. The King was carrying all before him in the West; Newcastle had not been checked in the North and East; the Queen had succeeded in landing important succours and was marching

them across England to the Royal camp; and, on the whole, it seemed likely, if not inevitable, that, should no important accession of force be gained by the patriots, a brief campaign in 1644 would bring the war to a close and lay the liberties of England in the dust. Cromwell was fully sensible of the danger, for he knew that the troops of the Eastern Counties which he had been organising were not numerous enough to cope with Newcastle, and there was little probability that Essex and Waller, with no Hampden now to keep them to their work, would give a good account of the King.

Clarendon has not overlooked the critical nature of the situation, and dwells with bitter emphasis on the means by which the fortune of the war was changed. "Vane," he says, "was chosen to cozen and deceive a whole nation." There was no need for deception. The Root and Branch party had always been in sympathy with the Scots, and it was now sufficiently evident that if the Puritans were put down in England, the Covenanters could not long remain supreme in Scotland. Vane was chosen to convince the Scots that it was necessary for them to make a great effort to save the common cause. The negotiation doubtless was ticklish, but there is no reason to believe that Vane had any idea of deceiving the Scots. Clarendon, writing after the event, forgot that the event was hidden from the eyes of Vane. It may be doubted whether the most sagacious man that ever lived could, in a Revolution, predict his own career for a year. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Dog or not, he did it. Oliver Cromwell's contemporaries, when they saw how things fell out, exclaimed:—"The vile traitor! he planned the whole with a view to getting a throne for himself!" And they called up spectres, apparitions, witch-women, to show how it had been all foreseen and expected. Clarendon makes essentially the same mistake when he talks of Vane cozening the Scots in 1643. Vane engaged that the Parliament and people of England

should subscribe the Solemn League and Covenant, in which it was stipulated that there should be erected in each of the three kingdoms an ecclesiastical establishment in harmony with "the word of God" and "the practice of the best Reformed Churches." The suggestion of Clarendon is that by these expressions the Scotch understood Scottish Presbyterianism, while Vane intended them to be elastic enough to include Independency. The fact, however, is that the Scots did *not* insist upon a transference to England of their Scottish standard and ritual. They agreed that a scheme should be drawn up by an Assembly of Divines, meeting at Westminster, and consisting almost entirely of Englishmen; and this scheme, formally setting aside the previous Scottish standards, the Church of Scotland loyally accepted from England in 1647. So early as 1638 the Covenanters avowed, at the Glasgow General Assembly, that they could not sanction the independence of individual congregations. It ought to be remembered, also, though it is very apt to be forgotten, that, in the Great Remonstrance, the Puritan and Patriot majority in the House of Commons distinctly repudiated the claim of separate congregations to independence. If, therefore, there was any deception in the case, it must have been on the side of Vane, for it was never alleged that the Scots had promised to tolerate Independents. But why should we suppose Vane to have foreseen that a question which had not disturbed the unanimity of those who presented the Great Remonstrance was destined to become a source of contention between different sections of the party? At lowest he might hope that a way would be found, when the difficulty did emerge, for overcoming it. It is the old story. *Dolus latet in generalibus.* Assent to the same *words* was taken for equivalent to agreement in the same *things*, and it turned out to be other than equivalent; but we need not believe that there was any "cozening" in the case.

Vane accomplished the object of his mission. An army

of Scots marched into England in the first days of January, 1644, and after rendering other important services to the Parliament, assisted Manchester and Cromwell, in the following July, in winning the decisive victory of Marston Moor. Those auroral splendours of promise and of hope which accompany all revolutions in their earlier stages, never shone more brightly than at the moment when, through the moving eloquence of Vane, the Parliament of England and the people of Scotland found themselves knit together in a league of amity and mutual defence. The enthusiasm of the period burns in Milton's two books on Reformation in England with an intensity which, to use his own imagery, like light flashed from a diamond mirror, pierces and almost pains the eyeballs of a coldly scientific generation. The magnificent words in which Milton apostrophises the allied nations could never have been addressed to them so appropriately as when Pym, Vane, and Cromwell were putting their hands to the Solemn League and Covenant. "Go on both, hand in hand," exclaims the poet of Puritanism, "O nations, never to be disunited; be the praise and the heroic song of all posterity; merit this, but seek only virtue, not to extend your limits (for what needs to win a fading triumphant laurel out of the tears of wretched men?); but to settle the pure worship of God in His Church, and justice in the State: then shall the hardest difficulties smooth out themselves before ye; envy shall sink to hell, craft and malice be confounded, whether it be home-bred mischief or outlandish cunning: yea, other nations will then covet to serve ye, for lordship and victory are but the pages of justice and virtue. Commit securely to true wisdom the vanquishing and uncasing of craft and subtlety, which are but her two runagates; join your invincible might to do worthy and godlike deeds; and then he that seeks to break your union, a cleaving curse be his inheritance to all generations!"

Within a few years of the publication of these glowing sentences, there might have been found not a few in England and in Scotland to assert that Milton had, in them, invoked a curse upon his own head. So soon as the sense of a tremendous common danger was removed, symptoms of estrangement began to appear between Presbyterians and Independents, and between English and Scotch. The rift within the lute, at first so slight that the eye of Pym, as he sank over-wearied and died in the end of 1643, may not have detected it, enlarged until it changed the music of Puritan harmony into discord; and the ancient hatred between Scot and Englishman, which, since the days of Elizabeth, had been softening, and which at this moment had been transformed into the ardour of friendship, became once more as rancorous as it had been in the days of Flodden.

The reason alleged by Vane, Milton, and Cromwell for obstructing Presbyterian ascendency was that the Presbyterians, instead of granting toleration to Puritans differing from them on questions of Church government, insisted upon erecting a system of intolerance hardly less objectionable than that which had been displaced. In vain did the Presbyterians affirm that Presbytery, though as viewed from the outside it might appear to be severe, was in reality a genial and tolerant system. "Excommunications," wrote Baillie, "are so strange in all Reformed Churches, that in a whole province a man in all his life will scarce be witness to one." But whatever alleviation might be hoped for in practice, the simple fact was that the Presbyterians refused toleration to men who had risked their lives for the cause. This offended that instinct of justice in the breast of Oliver Cromwell which was more firmly rooted even than his reverence for Magna Charta. Happily we have in Baillie's own words explicit evidence of what it was that the party of Vane, Milton, and Cromwell

demanded, and the Presbyterians refused. "They plead," he writes, "for a toleration to other sects as well as to themselves." This seems to him too obviously absurd, or even awful, to require refutation. "At last," he says again, "they did give us a paper, requiring expressly a full toleration of congregations in their way everywhere, separate from ours. In our answer we did flatly deny such a vast liberty." Vane's ideas on the subject were astounding to Baillie. "Twice at our table he (Vane) hath prolixly, earnestly, and passionately reasoned for a full liberty of conscience to all religions, without any exception." This would seem to imply that Vane was willing to concede toleration to Roman Catholics—a fact which, could we be quite sure of it, would entitle him to higher praise than can be accorded either to Milton or to Cromwell. What leaves in my mind a trace of doubt whether Vane's conception of toleration corresponded at all points to that of intelligent men in the nineteenth century is that, to the last, he resented it as a misrepresentation that he proposed to tolerate "sectaries;" but I cannot undertake to define the term as used by him. Perhaps he referred to those little knots of professors of immoral or blasphemous crotchets by which Puritan England was infested. Devoted as he was to liberty, he had, like all true Puritans, a lively abhorrence of licence.

Though we should do injustice both to Cromwell and to Vane if we believed them to have been much influenced in their indomitable stand for religious freedom by consideration of the way in which the Presbyterian discipline might act upon themselves, it is nevertheless probable, or more than probable, that, in the event of its having had full swing in England, they would have had personal experience of its incidence. Cromwell, a great field preacher (in more senses than one), could not easily have reconciled himself to ecclesiastical arrangements permitting no man to exercise

his gifts at the head of his regiment unless he had received Presbyterial ordination. Vane was indifferent to matters of form, and held that all the Churches of his time erred in over-valuing them relatively to spirit and life. Papists, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, were of one mind, said Vane, in "preferring the Church in name, show, and outward order, before what it is in spirit and truth as it is the living body of Christ." His own theological views are difficult to define; they seem to have been an unexampled combination of Calvinism, Platonism, and mysticism. "God," he says in his treatise on Eternal Life, "is in His being the highest reason." It is the blasphemy of blasphemies, Vane would have declared, to deny that the Almighty must, by necessity of nature, proceed "in such manner as is exactly consistent with the wisdom and justice of a most holy God." The will of the Infinite Reason must be reasonable, of the Infinite Justice just, of the Infinite Love loving. It has been maintained by some that Vane held the theory of universal salvation as professed by Origen. I have not seen any passage of his writing that proves this, but I must confess to having failed to make much way in reading him. I tried the book on Eternal Life. The style is clear enough; the ideas are not separately difficult to apprehend; but the subtlety of the distinctions, the multiplicity of the subsidiary clauses and qualifications, the astonishing complexity of the tissue of thought, added to a monotonous flow of silvery language, lend it a high mesmerising power. There is no end to Vane's distinctions. He distinguishes between the creation of the soul and the creation of the body; between the "state of being" which the heavens and earth had before being created and that into which they were created; between the male and female principles created complete in Adam before Eve appeared. In the tenet of a creation

of all things, first in idea, then in fact, there is obviously an affinity to Platonism; and in that queer notion about male and female principles or attributes having been at one period combined in Adam, is there not a kind of anticipation of one of the most curious suggestions of Darwin? Of God, Vane says that He "cannot but will good, as of His own nature bound up unto it." This was the fundamental position of Vane's Calvinism. When it is distinctly kept in view, Calvinism becomes a sublime, consistent, and practically beneficent system of theistic optimism; when it is ignored, as it commonly is by shallow assailants of Calvinism, the Augustinian theology, with its poetical counterpart in the Dantean Inferno, is but a hideous development of the *culte* of Moloch.

In the ticklish business of remodelling the army—that is to say, of coaxing the Presbyterians to put the sword into the hand of the Independents—Vane acted with Cromwell. Throughout the tiresome and fruitless negotiations between Charles and the Parliament, after the collapse of the Royal cause, they continued to be of one mind. When, in 1648, the war again broke out—when the English Presbyterians fought for the King, and Duke Hamilton led his Scots into England to assist them—Vane, in the House, co-operated with Cromwell in the field, and it may be a question which had the more difficult part to play. The Presbyterians had recovered their majority in Parliament, which had been wrested from them by the forcible exclusion of the Presbyterian Eleven; and the awkward fact became indubitable that, if constitutional forms were rigidly adhered to, the objects for which Fairfax and Cromwell had been stiffly fighting for months would require to be abandoned. In forming an opinion upon the subsequent rupture between Cromwell and Vane, we must keep in view the incidents of their previous association. If Vane, in antagonism to Cromwell, was a passionate purist in constitutional form,

we are bound to ask whether, between the summer of 1647, when the army struck down the leaders of the Parliamentary majority, and April, 1653, when Cromwell dissolved the Parliament, Vane had or had not given Cromwell encouragement to believe that constitutional forms might, under certain circumstances, cease to be inviolable. I confess that Vane's conduct during this period seems to me to go far to justify Cromwell's contemptuous refusal to impute to Parliamentary inviolability in 1653 the sacredness which Vane *then* claimed for it.

It is, however, to be said for Vane that the insertion of the thin end of the wedge of military force, that was ultimately to rend asunder the knotty trunk of Parliamentary inviolability, took place at first by a "solution of continuity" almost imperceptibly slight. The Presbyterian Eleven were really excluded from the House by the army, but they spared constitutional sensibilities by absenting themselves without actual introduction of the sword. The House was soon afterwards subjected to violence by the Presbyterian mob of London; but attention ought to be directed to the essentially important fact that the mob acted with the majority—that they did, in point of fact, attempt to vindicate against the army the legitimate expression of the national will. From the beginning of the troubles, moreover, the Commons had never scrupled to avail themselves of the aid of the London populace in securing deference to their majority on the part of the King. A mob acting with a Parliamentary majority is on the side of law; a Parliament defended from the insults of a mob by an army which had exacted, as the price of its service, the exclusion of the leaders of the majority, has sacrificed its independence and ceased to represent the national constituency. If it is in any case possible for a mob to act constitutionally when intruding itself into a representative assembly, the mob of London acted constitutionally when it poured into the

House of Commons, demanding that the legislation dictated by the army should be reversed. Should the Horse Guards trump up a charge against eleven of the leading members of Lord Beaconsfield's majority in the Lower House, and should those members be in consequence excluded from the debates, the London mob, if it came into the House and rebuked a Legislature which had thus made itself contemptible, would be irregular in its method rather than constitutionally wrong. "Those," says Hallam, "who have once bowed their knee to force, must expect that force will be for ever their master." He regards the insults of the mob as the natural sequel to the submission to the army. The very existence of a Commission, acting by authority of the army, and treating with Parliament as an independent power, must, one would think, have been intolerably offensive to Vane's constitutional instincts. We have no proof that this was so. We are forced, on the contrary, to believe that recurrence to the forms and decencies of Parliamentary Government, which the army chiefs were far too politic to neglect when the essential point of army predominance had been secured, was enough to restore his equanimity. The language of the army was now studiously deferential, and Vane, who was under twofold temptation, as an enthusiast and as an orator, to believe that the *gladius oris* would carry it against the *os gladii*, contrived to persuade himself that the army was but an instrument in the hands of Parliament.

When Cromwell returned victorious from the campaign of Preston, he and his army, who had at one time offered generous terms to Charles, were inflexibly determined that the King should die. They were not careful to reconcile the Presbyterians to the political consequences of their act, or painfully exercised as to its accordance with civil or military law; but they had absolutely no doubt that it was their duty to execute the wrath of the Lord upon a man who did not evince common honesty in his dealings with

any party, and who, after the war was fairly ended, and his share in it magnanimously condoned, had ordered the veins of England to be opened for new blood-letting. The Presbyterians in Parliament, again in the majority—for their numbers had been recruited by new elections—stood fast by Charles. Vane, who seems never to have resorted to any species of intrigue, or to have tampered with the independence of electors, headed the minority, and pressed hard for a vote, not that Charles should be brought to trial, but that no further negotiation with him should be attempted. Vane was defeated. Once more the old hopeless business which had failed at York, had failed at Uxbridge, had failed at Newcastle, had failed at Hampton Court, was resumed. Charles, the most impracticable of mortals, fancying himself indispensable, and doubtless still rolling the mutual extirpation scheme as a sweet morsel under his tongue, began to state his terms, to specify his concessions—to talk, talk, talk. Unconscious that his life was at stake, he could not, even now, make common cause with the Parliamentary majority. Cromwell and the army stopped the farce. About a hundred members were violently excluded from the House. Vane stood aghast. Bent as he was upon the same objects as Cromwell, he was forbidden, by his imperious instincts of constitutionalism and of order, to sanction the use of the sword in converting his minority into a majority. Long afterwards he described Pride's Purge as a "great violation of principles." We do not hear, however, of his resisting or protesting at the time. He flitted off into temporary retirement. "This," he said, with reference to the violation, "made me forbear to come to the Parliament for the space of ten weeks." During that period he meddled in no public transactions. In the interval, Charles was beheaded. Vane expressly affirms that he had not "any

consent in or approbation to" the death of the King; "but, on the contrary, when required by the Parliament to take an oath," he says, "to give my approbation *ex post facto* to what was done, I utterly refused and would not accept of sitting in the Council of State upon these terms, but occasioned a new oath to be drawn in which that was omitted." Such is his own account. Must we not admit that it is but half a defence? The thorough-going admirer of Cromwell will, of course, declare that Vane was a weak man, who appealed to the tremendous forces of revolution, and, when they presented themselves, shrank back appalled. Those, on the other hand, who hold that no necessity could possibly have come into operation in the course of the Revolution more stringent than that of maintaining the inviolability of Parliament, will disapprove, not of Vane's having refused to take part in the exclusion of the constitutional Royalists by Pride, but of his having done so in a half-hearted, indecisive manner. Had he stood boldly on the defensive,—had he proclaimed to England that, though he had opposed the Presbyterian members on the particular question, he was prepared to join them in vindicating the privilege of Parliament,—his conduct would have been that of a constitutional hero; but to flit away in the hour of peril and of difficulty, and to flit back when the central agony was past, must be pronounced the part of one who lacked strength to be a great man.

After an interval, which he variously describes as of six weeks and of ten weeks, he returned to his place in Parliament, entered the Council of State, and conducted himself in all respects as a loyal subject of the Commonwealth. Godwin represents him as preferring a republic to a monarchy, but I am not aware that this can be proved. We have from his own lips a different statement, and his own statement may be considered trustworthy, in view of the unquestionable integrity of the man, although made when

he was on trial for his life on a charge of high-treason against the monarchy. "That which I have had in my eye," he said, "hath been to preserve the ancient, well-constituted Government of England on its own basis and primitive righteous foundations." Power, he held, resides ultimately in the whole Christian people; by the Constitution of England it is vested in three estates, King, Lords, Commons; and, "when these cannot agree, but break one from another, the Commons in Parliament assembled are *ex officio* the keepers of the liberties of the nation." Accordingly, "when, by the inordinate fire of the times, two of the three estates were for a season melted down, they did but retire into their root, and were not thereby destroyed, but rather preserved." He thought it his duty, therefore, "to preserve the Government, at least in its root, whatever changes and alterations it might be exposed unto in its branches." That these were the principles by which he was actuated is evidenced not only by his personal veracity but because they fit in sufficiently well with his conduct during those years when the Stuarts were in exile. He does not say that it was a requirement of his theory that the King should be legitimate.

In the spring of 1649, the Commonwealth began its triumphant career, with Cromwell to command its army. Nearly three eventful years were still to pass before the sword of civil war could be sheathed. The first was the year of Tredah and Wexford, the second the year of Dunbar, the third the year of Worcester. During this time, we are to conceive of Vane as admirable in administrative energy and financial resource. We can picture him, too, as of antique heroism in refusing to be enriched for his public services, and of exemplary and exceptional tenderness in dealing with delinquents. The sure way to provoke his opposition to any proposal that had to be carried through Parliament was to offer him a bribe. Any hint of such a

thing put him on his guard, and he was likely to be a far more dangerous opponent than he might otherwise have been. The interested and rapacious members—and there were such—had no more formidable antagonist than he. When a mean or harsh thing tried to get itself transacted, he rushed to the front, to defeat the cruelty or to baffle the job. Cromwell entirely trusted him, and to his vigorous co-operation at Westminster may be in part imputed the success of Cromwell in the field. It is understood also that it was his superlative management of naval affairs that brought the fleet into a state of perfect efficiency, and prepared it to teach Van Tromp, esteemed the best naval commander of his time, to take down from his mast-head the broom wherewith he had been metaphorically sweeping the English Channel, and use it in sweeping his own decks when the scuppers spouted Dutch blood shed by the guns of Blake.

There are some dubious indications, in the history of Cromwell's war in Scotland, that the Parliamentary leaders were beginning to be slightly anxious as to the course which might be pursued by their irresistible general. They express the greatest willingness to permit him to return to England for the benefit of his health, a suggestion with which he is careful not to comply. On the whole, however, they seem to have reposed confidence in his loyalty, and to have succeeded in persuading themselves that he was their gratefully obedient servant. Cromwell, for his part, was vividly alive to the fact of his predominance. There is not a trace of enthusiasm for the Commonwealth, as such, in Cromwell's letters, nor was he ever theoretically a Republican.

Between September, 1651, and April, 1653, Cromwell and Vane had been gradually taking the lead of antagonist parties. The army was devoted to Cromwell, and the idea among his thorough-going partisans seems to have been

that the most rational form of Government was electoral sovereignty, the best man being appointed to do the authoritative part in governing, but without the privilege of bequeathing his power to his children. This was Cromwell's own view, and it is an important fact in his favour that he manifested no anxiety to secure the succession in his family, but, on the contrary, frankly observed to one of his Parliaments that a wise man might be the father of a fool. Neither Vane nor Cromwell appears to have relinquished, until the moment of forcible dissolution, the hope that they might be able to act in concert. Cromwell and the army called for a settlement, involving a dissolution, but they insisted that none should vote for the new Parliament who had fought on the losing side, either Royalist or Presbyterian. Vane was intensely desirous that the thread of Parliamentary rule should not be broken,—that the Parliament should decree its own dissolution,—that the general, if he were to apply force to the maintenance of order, should do so as the servant of Parliament. Fundamentally, Cromwell's position was that, in view of the blood that was on *his* hands, whether on Vane's or not, and in view of the great multitude in England, Scotland and Ireland which was hostile at heart to the Puritan cause, the business of setting afoot a new Parliament was too dangerous to be committed to any hands but his own. Cromwell never pretended that his intervention was regular. He acted, he said, under the law of necessity, criminally if the necessity were feigned, defensibly if the necessity were real. Constitutional logic clearly establishes the illegality and irregularity of Cromwell's proceeding, but the sequel afforded demonstration that the necessity alleged was not imaginary. Vane and his friends had five years' lessoning from Cromwell in the art of maintaining Puritanism and governing England, and then their turn came. Not only were they unable to save Puritanism from being

trampled into the dust, but could not succeed in keeping their own heads upon their shoulders. They and their cause had in very truth stood in need of Oliver.

In the early part of 1653 various conferences took place between the leaders of the Parliament party and the leaders of the Army party. A Bill for the dissolution of the Parliament was slowly passing through its stages, and one important subject of discussion at the conferences in question had been the provisions by which this Bill was to regulate the election of the new House of Commons. The last of many conferences between the officers, headed by Cromwell, and the Parliamentary leaders, among whom was Vane, took place on Tuesday evening, the 19th of April. The essential point in debate was whether a Convention should be called under the auspices of the army, that is to say, of Cromwell, or whether a general election should be arranged under the auspices of the Parliamentary remnant. The meeting was held in Cromwell's house in Whitehall. No agreement was arrived at, but Cromwell subsequently stated that there had been an understanding that the conversation should be resumed in the same place next day, and that in the meanwhile nothing should be done in the matter of the Bill. By the "leading person" whom Cromwell declared to have come under an engagement to this effect, he is supposed to have meant Sir Harry Vane. Cromwell and his officers, it need not be called in question, derived this impression from what was said; but it is, on the other hand, scarcely conceivable that a meeting of members of Parliament should formally pledge themselves to control the action of the House in deference to the wish of a private meeting held at the residence of the General of the Army.

Cromwell's expectation seems to have been that the members of Parliament who had been in conference would return to Whitehall next day and concert a

plan by which the authority of Parliament might be formally secured for the new arrangements, while the reality of power remained with the army and himself. On the morning of the 20th of April, he was in his reception-room with his principal officers. Some few Members of Parliament, including the servile Whitelock, made their appearance. Need we be surprised that more did not come? Need we be surprised if, after the meeting at Cromwell's house broke up on the preceding evening, the announcement that the Commons' Chamber at Westminster had practically ceased to be the scene in which the political destinies of England were determined, and that the General's reception-room had become so instead, had created consternation, not unmingled with resentment, among the Republican, Presbyterian, and some even of the Independent members? There is no evidence that at any preceding conference mention had been made of a right, or even of a claim, on the part of the officers and members conferring, to impose their will upon the Parliament; and the engagement, or understanding, or whatever it was, which Cromwell relied upon to tie the hands of his opponents in the House, would naturally impel all who had not attended the meeting to precipitate action, were it but for the vindication of their privileges by its practical repudiation. The Bill for a dissolution was accordingly brought up and pushed forward with the utmost speed. Cromwell asserted that in their hot haste the members were flinging overboard all those electoral qualifications which were indispensable to avert the recurrence of bloodshed. The statement rests on his word, but need not be disputed. If we suppose it to be correct, the worst that can be alleged against Vane and his coadjutors is that they were willing to sacrifice Puritanism for the sake of England—that they resolved, if they and their cause were doomed to destruction, to be condemned by a free English Parliament rather than

crushed by the successful soldier into whose hand they had themselves put the sword.

Hearing what was going on at Westminster, Cromwell hurried from Whitehall, giving the word that a company of musketeers of his own regiment should attend him. He entered the House, listened for some little time to the debate, rose to speak, censured the recent proceedings of the Parliament so sharply that he was called to order, and then "blazing," says Carlyle, "all up into clear conflagration," told Harrison, who had formerly been his tool in the matter of the execution of the King, to bring the musketeers into the House, and, dealing out particular accusations to individual members, addressed to all the summary injunction,—"In the name of God,—Go!" Overwhelmed with grief and astonishment, Vane appealed to Cromwell, but the sole reply was a prayer that the Lord would deliver him from Sir Harry Vane.

Vane's desire to accommodate matters with Cromwell is demonstrated by his attendance at the conference of April 19th, but the long amity between them was now at an end. He had no misgivings as to what duty required of him. Whether he had or had not helped to put into Cromwell's hand the sword which had become a sceptre, he entertained no doubt that Cromwell's present conduct was criminal. He characterised it in the sequel as "usurpation," as the plucking up of liberty "by the very roots," as the introduction of "an arbitrary Regal Power, under the name of Protector, by force and the law of the sword." In the prime of his years and energies, he retired from the public life which was profoundly congenial to him, from the exercise of that gift of eloquence which earned him power and applause. The sacrifice he made was great. Activity and distinction, he was well aware, could have been purchased by one unequivocal sign of submission, and none knew better than

he the stern and formidable nature whose hostility he provoked. But in his heart of hearts he felt that the substitution of the army for the Parliament, of the will of the leader for the decision of the majority, was treason to England's ancient freedom. Unlike Milton, he refused to be dazzled from his clear perception of what was right and what was wrong even by the splendour of a genius like Cromwell's. Until virtue becomes a jest, the moral grandeur of his position will receive the homage of mankind, and that although, reading events in the light of history, we may decide that Cromwell's conduct was not so unreasonable or unpatriotic as he thought it. Vane was certainly disinterested; Oliver, though less scrupulous and more ambitious, was also actuated by noble motives. It is singularly instructive to consider the relative position of the men at this memorable epoch in the history of England. We are fortunately in possession of *data* which enable us to apprehend with distinctness the views of each.

In March, 1656, Cromwell proclaimed a fast. He had found the business of governing more complicated and ticklish than the business of fighting. Disaffection abounded; the weight of his place lay heavy on him; and with the simple-heartedness of a Puritan Joshua or David, he called upon the godly to "apply themselves to the Lord to discover the Achan who had so long obstructed the settlement of these distracted kingdoms." Vane wrote a pamphlet in which he suggested an answer to the Protector's question. His biographers represent the piece as a defiance, and become enraptured with the sublime effrontery which told Cromwell to his face that *he* was the Achan who troubled Israel. This is shallow modernism. The pamphlet is an overture towards reconciliation; the tone earnestly and even affectionately deferential to Cromwell, the main proposal one which, if accepted, might have led to a union between Vane and the Protector, on the ground

that the latter was better suited than any other man to reign as constitutional sovereign in England.

During the three years of Oliver's administration, there had, said Vane, been "great silence in Heaven, as if God were pleased to stand still and be a looker-on," to see what His people would make of it in England. "And as God hath had the silent part, so man, and that good men too, have had the active and busy part, and have, like themselves, made a great sound and noise, like the shout of a king in a mighty host." Strange words these if Vane meant to tell Cromwell that he was himself the Achan in the camp. No great harm, it is next admitted, has hitherto been done, but "fear and jealousy" have been occasioned, and a "risk of great confusions and disorders" has been run. What, then, is the evil thing? It is nothing else than this—that the straight gate and narrow way of Parliamentary method have not been entered and followed. What has been done has not been done by Parliamentary order. Vane does not demand a Republic, does not object to a sovereign person. "That branch of sovereignty which chiefly respects the execution of laws" may, he says, be "entrusted into the hands of one single person, if need require. . . . And all disobedience thereunto, or contempt thereof, be taken as done to the people's sovereignty." It cannot be doubted that the man whom Vane had in view as fitted to embody the popular sovereignty of England was Oliver Cromwell. Subsequent events proved that his opposition to the Stuart family was irreconcilable; the above words must mean, therefore, that he had no objection either to monarchy in the abstract or to Cromwell as monarch. He grants, further, that "the very persons now in power" are the fit and proper men to set about the new arrangements. A "General Council or Convention" shall, he proposes, be summoned "by order from the present ruling power;" only—this is the essential

point—Cromwell shall act not on his own authority, but as the servant of Parliament, and "considered as General of the Army." These last words are Vane's formula for the salvation of the State. The Long Parliament is to be regarded as still undissolved, and Cromwell is to act by its authority.

Turn we now to Cromwell. He had done very much as Vane required. He had instituted a Council, called what was in effect a Convention, and had professed to be bent on preserving the constitutional liberties and Parliamentary forms of England. He had told his Parliament that he hastened to lay down the sword, retaining it not for one hour longer than absolute necessity enjoined. He had insisted, with stammering earnestness, that the Parliament was free; he had divested himself of legislative power; he had left with Parliament the control of the purse; he had described his own authority as purely magisterial; and he had suggested that the army might be reduced to 10,000 Foot and 5,000 Horse. If there were to be a sovereign person at all, and he were to be armed with sufficient power to render it possible for him to maintain the Puritan interest, he could not have proposed more reasonable terms than these.

The two men, therefore, were seeking essentially the same thing. They differed as to the way in which the goal could be reached. They were both constitutional pedants, if the profession of a supreme regard for Parliament as the ultimate representative of English freedom is constitutional pedantry. Cromwell would have considered it a very sinister compliment to be told, with whatever allusions to the immensities, eternities, and Divine radiances, that he had superseded the Parliamentary constitution of England. It was a fundamental idea with the Pyms, Hampdens, and Cromwells of that age that the political personality of a nation, constitutionally represented, is

a higher thing than the will and wisdom of the best despot. Nor, I think, would they have accepted Mr. Carlyle's doctrine, that Cromwell's stronger hold on "the Concrete" proved him to be a greater man than Vane, or that Vane's supreme estimation of "the Abstract" argued him an inferior man to Cromwell. In "the Concrete," Mr. Carlyle insists, "lies the Perennial." Does it? Is it not expressly upon extracting the soul or kernel of "the Concrete" and garnering it up as abstract truth, that human progress, social, moral, political, depends? The history of the East has, to a large extent, been the history of individual men of genius. Many of them have been heroic. They have raised armies, welded together empires, been adored by their subjects; but when they died, their empires fell to pieces. The East, pre-eminently the land of hero-worship, has not progressed. The West has had great men; great men are indispensable to advancing civilisation: but the West has not worshipped them; it has honoured and prized them, learned their methods, formulated their wisdom: therefore the lands of the West have been the lands of progress. There is one thing, indeed, worse than the arbitrary reign of one strong man, hero-worshipped by his subjects, to wit, the reign of multitudinous simpletons, worshipping charlatans. In times when an enormous number of persons, whom "nature meant plain fools," are turned by education of the tongue into "coxcombs," and go about the world raving and reciting against discipline and obedience, the genius of a Carlyle was well employed in reminding us that hero-worship is not so bad as quack-worship. Licence and anarchy are scientifically definable as liberty fallen into idiocy or madness. But the goodly cargo of political principle, gathered from the islands and continents of the past, must not be cast away on the glittering rocks of individualism; and the lesson of the Puritan Revolution was not

the duty and importance of hero-worship, but much rather the impracticable and disastrous nature of any attempt, though made with the best intentions and by great men, to force the political evolution of a nation out of its historical grooves.

Cromwell, no less than Vane, would have acknowledged the importance of avoiding a "solution of continuity" in working out the liberties of England; Vane, no less than Cromwell, would have owned that one thing was of still more moment than the preservation of historical continuity —namely, the safety of the Cause, the vindication of the inalienable right of God's saints to worship God in peace and comfort: and when these facts are admitted, it becomes difficult in the extreme to show that Vane had the advantage, even in logical consistency, of Cromwell.

"We want to cook our omelette," one can imagine Oliver saying to Vane, "and on the same receipt. Do we not?" "We do," answers Vane, "but there is another thing essential. We must break no constitutional eggs." "We must break them," rejoins Cromwell, "if the cooking of our omelette is a necessity, if England will again be deluged with blood, and our Cause put in jeopardy of going down in the deluge, unless we break them: but let that pass; the eggs were broken three years ago. Will you throw your omelette into the fire in the hope of getting back the eggs?" "In the constitutional egg," persists Vane, "I distinguish between material form and ideal type. The material eggs have been broken; but if we only understand that, through all accidents, through all Dissolutions and Protectorates, the immortal type has remained inviolate,—if, in short, we regard the events of the last three years as non-existent, and fall back upon the authority of Parliament, the eggs shall be unbroken." "Hold," cries Cromwell, taking fire, "why must the Dissolution effected by me be ignored or cancelled any more than the preceding interferences with

Parliament, the exclusion of a hundred at the point of Pride's sword, the exclusion of the Presbyterian Eleven in deference to the army? You pardoned these irregularities on the ground of necessity, why not condone this last irregularity, and co-operate with me in reconstructing the fabric of constitutional government?" "Because the previous sword-strokes lopped but the branches; yours cuts down the stem. Fairfax and Pride excluded individual members; you destroyed the Parliament." "And were two or three scores of members entitled by any peculiar sacredness to monopolise the rights, to represent the identity, of the Parliament of England? What were they more than their predecessors? Away with such fancies. You are a juggler. The Lord deliver me from *you!*"

In the simplicity of his heart, Vane asked Fleetwood to put his pamphlet into Oliver's hand, and I cannot adopt Mr. Forster's suggestion that Fleetwood never did so. Reading the piece and brooding over it, Cromwell was sure to be incensed. Were the many wonderful appearances of God in the last three years to be wiped from human remembrance? Was the inspiration of the Almighty, after He had been long sought in prayer, to be deemed of less authority than a figment of constitutional logic? In one part of the pamphlet Vane suggests, with what he intends for tender civility, that, though Cromwell has yielded to severe temptation once, all may yet be well. He delicately, but inexorably, takes it for granted that Cromwell has been self-seeking. In the depths of his heart Oliver was proud; his conscience was clear; and he must have felt that Henry Vane, whose name had so often been coupled with his own in "detraction rude," ought to have known him better than to attribute to him what was, after all, but vulgar ambition. Vane failed here, as he always failed, from lack of the practical instinct; also, it must, I think, be added, from his not rising to the conception of an ambition which is not

ignoble, an ambition which scorns pageantry and all that the crowd thinks sweet in kingship, an ambition to fill the place in which the work of a king is to be done, work necessary for great ends, and which none else can perform. Vane missed his mark by a hair's-breadth, but such a miss was as bad as a mile. Cromwell treated him as a dangerous, perverse dreamer, and Vane, till his death-day, thought that Cromwell had betrayed the Cause. In the autumn of 1656 he was thrown into Carisbrook Castle, and remained a prisoner for about four months.

There was now but one proof that Oliver could give that his supremacy was necessary to guard the life of Puritanism in England—namely, his death. In September, 1658, he died, and for nearly two years Vane and the Republicans were to try what they could do for their Cause, now that the usurper impeded them no more. Vane was returned to Richard's Parliament, and the Republicans rallied round him as their chief. It is a proof that he was not wedded to the forms of a Republic, but that his fixed and unchangeable idea was that the soul of freedom lay in the Parliament, that he favoured the notion of the Parliament's "adopting" Richard, and thus giving him a valid title. Between the army and the Houses, however, poor dawdling Dick was badgered into abdication. Securing a reasonable supply of food and raiment, he retired into profound obscurity, and continued to vegetate until he was eighty-six. The meteor of the heavens had flamed itself out in fifty-eight years; the tallow-light shed its meek illumination for upwards of four score. Richard having gone, Vane had his will to the letter. "The representative body," he said, "never dies, whoever dies." Well, here, once more, was the Rump. Alas! the immortal formula could not breathe the chill air of reality. Eurydice, poising herself with difficulty on her limp legs, cast a wan glance on her forlorn Orpheus,

and fluttered back into the shades. Oliver had been right. Counter-revolution came surging up like an Atlantic tide, and the storm-winds began to sing. Vane, who saw whither events were tending, cast in his lot with the officers and the army. Here lay now the last hope for the old Cause. But why despair? Were there not many men of valour, men of might and repute, each thinking himself not so much worse a soldier than Cromwell, to uphold the Puritan banner? Were there not Lambert, Fleetwood, Ludlow, and were not the Ironsides still here? Woe's me! The angel of victory hung with drooping plumes, and eyes fixed as in death swoon, over Oliver's grave. Even the Ironsides found their occupation gone. Lambert, Mr. Bisset almost thinks, won Dunbar for Cromwell, but he could win no battles for himself. Indomitable Ludlow, with his face of stolid self-sufficiency, might have heard the very sedges of the Irish bogs, where he had been extremely victorious, whispering that he was an ass. In a state, I have no doubt, of perfect logical complacency, but practical distraction, Vane tried soldiering, headed a regiment, and was cheered by the mob as he rode before his men in Southwark. It was a vain show. Monk, who cared not a tobacco-quid about Puritanism, but was a lover of order, found that he must arrange matters. By a fantasy of fate, out of Scotland, whence, conjured by Laud, the Revolution had first come, marched the army which brought settlement. Cromwell's logic proved to be sternly correct; he alone could keep out Charles II.; and Vane found himself once more a close prisoner.

After two years of grievous imprisonment Vane was brought to trial. Parliament had petitioned in his favour; Charles had promised to spare his life; but "the word of a King" of the Stuart race was not likely to inspire much confidence in Vane. Hallam pronounces his defence valid against the charge of high treason, on the principle of

English law that submission to a government *de facto* is not a crime. Twice he had either tacitly or expressly assented to the abolition of the kingly office in England; once, a few months after the proclamation of the Commonwealth, when Parliament passed a Bill to that effect, and once when he brought in a report in the same sense to the House of Commons, after the death of Cromwell; but he would, no doubt, have maintained that on neither occasion was he answerable for the action of Parliament, and that on both he had agreed only that kingship should be in abeyance. I think it probable that his stubborn insistence, before his judges, on the doctrine that the representative Chamber forms the vital part of the body politic in England, not the House of Lords and not the Monarch, gave mortal offence to Charles. At all events the King declared him a dangerous person, and left him to his doom. There was, indeed, great probability that he would give trouble. To him, if to any man, Clarendon and his master might have said,—

> "There is more peril in your subtle spirit
> Than in a phalanx."

His last days and hours were marked by complete moral triumph. The serene invincibility of a soul that had not consciously stooped to evil, that had chosen pain and dishonour, and all that the world calls failure, rather than be untrue to itself or sully its rectitude, shone in his face and spoke in his whole demeanour. When he was being drawn on a "sled" through the precincts of the Tower to the place of execution on Tower Hill, he said, with a smile, that he had "never been better in his life." From roof and window grave and sorrowful Puritan faces looked towards him, and kind syllables were wafted to his ear—"The Lord go with you! The Great God of Heaven and Earth appear in you and for you!" He took off his hat and mildly bowed his thanks. "The Lord

Jesus go with your dear soul!" said the crowd in the way as he passed. He was in a black suit with silk waistcoat of scarlet—"the victorious colour," says the old reporter. He would have spoken much on the scaffold; for the ineffable dialectical complacency continued, and he was ready to prove that he had always been perfectly right; but the trumpeters were ordered to "murre" derisively in his face, and drown his voice; his documents were snatched from his hand; and with a brutal rudeness, which shocked the crowd, the officials rifled his pockets for papers. All this was exquisitely fitted to agonise him. But the sunshine of heaven bathed his soul. Not a nerve quivered in lip or finger. He laid his head on the block with the placidity of a child falling asleep. His last words were, "Father, glorify Thy servant in the sight of men, that he may glorify Thee in the discharge of his duty to Thee and to his country." An onlooker, who had been a curious observer of executions, declared that his countenance did not in the least change, and that his head alone, of all he had seen in the same circumstances, did not make any motion after severance, but lay perfectly still. Cromwell died in his bed, with his family round him; but the deathbed of Cromwell was not so calm as the scaffold of Vane.

Constitutional logic has not made a single step in advance of the fundamental positions of Vane. No possible political development can outrun the sovereignty of the people, represented in an assembly appointed by the people's intelligent will. This was his essential principle, although it was complicated, and at times perhaps obscured, by the opinion that Christ had bestowed an inalienable freedom, an inalienable sovereignty, upon believers. The political history of Great Britain since his death has been explicitly and literally the working out, in practical application and full and final recognition, of his doctrine, that

the seat of English liberty, the root of English sovereignty, is in the House of Commons. It is a melancholy fact that a man is seldom so well known to his contemporaries as to posterity. We are now able to do more justice to Cromwell than was done by Vane, and to Vane than was done by Cromwell; and we can see that Cromwell might have effected more for his country if Vane had co-operated with him; but let us not be hard upon Vane for forfeiting such a friendship as the Protector's, and relinquishing the proud ambition of being his successor, rather than countenance even Oliver Cromwell in dealing rudely with the Parliament of England.

X.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

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THE controversy as to Oliver Cromwell,—what manner of man he was, what were his merits and demerits, whether his place is among those ancestral *divi* of mankind who may be honoured without reserve, and imitated without hesitation, or only among those questionably and irregularly great men whom it is difficult to censure, but dangerous to admire,—which began during his own lifetime, has not yet come to an end. Mr. Bisset, a sober-minded and well-informed writer, still condemns him; and Mr. Clements Markham, aggrieved at the eclipse of his favourite hero Fairfax, sharply refuses to take part in the general service of Oliverian hero-worship. On the other hand, there are symptoms of an intensity of enthusiasm for Cromwell surpassing even Mr. Carlyle's, and claiming, for the man of Drogheda and Wexford, the tenderness which is a (frequent but not invariable) note of genius. Under these circumstances one would like, in writing about Cromwell, to avoid the falsehood of extremes, and yet not to fall into the quagmire of generalities; to let facts speak, to ascertain what he really meant, to compare his words with his deeds, to extenuate nothing, and to set down nothing in malice.

Something must be conceded to Mr. Bisset, when he puts in, on behalf of Fairfax and Ireton, to which names we may add that of Vane, a claim to more scrupulous and sensitive rectitude than can be made good in favour of

Cromwell. "Fairfax and Ireton," says Mr. Bisset, "were men of the strictest and most punctilious honour. . . . The difference between them and Cromwell was the difference between the Roman generals while Roman generals were men of honour, and the Roman generals when Rome had become thoroughly corrupt." Fairfax was a perfectly honourable soldier, but a soldier only. Ireton refused £2,000 in land, offered him by the Parliament; Vane refused £2,500 when he could have accepted it without a blush. There is a flower-like purity in this that we admire, and ought to admire. Virtue, like genius, is beautiful when content to be its own reward; and the instinct which prompted those men to refuse money payment for services that were not done for money was akin to that which made Burns refuse payment for his songs. But the hero of romance, the delicate-minded, delicate-handed hero, the hero whom you have to perfection in Schiller's dramas, is seldom or never a transcendent power in practical life. Nature finds her ship-timbers in wrinkled pines and knotted oaks, not in trees like those which we see idealised in Raphael's pictures. The most effective and kingly men have not been like Schiller's romantic heroes. They have had no notion of working without their wages. Wellington was glad to get all the nation would give him. Havelock was almost painfully prosaic in summing up what was due to him for his victories. Nature does her hardest work with rough-handed heroes, not fastidious; with men whose conscience finds its emblem rather in the clear flashing eye of the lion than in the antennæ of the insect. Even in so celestial a business as preaching the Gospel, Cromwell, like Paul, was for clear recognition of pecuniary necessities. "Let the good man," he says, in the first letter we have from his hand, "have his pay." "Who goeth to warfare at his own cost?" Evidence, however, will be forthcoming as we proceed that he had a keen sense of honour,

and a comparison between him and the generals of degraded Rome seems to me monstrous.

The mention of Cromwell's letters recalls the name of that writer to whom all students of the Puritan Revolution owe so much. Mr. Carlyle's book upon Cromwell is one of the noblest in the English language, and testifies to an amazing originality, independence, and force of mind. Who that has gone up and down even for a little in the waste of Restoration literature, can fail to appreciate these qualities as displayed by Mr. Carlyle in this book? You find yourself, when you get into those regions, encircled by a Babel of tongues, all in their several dialects clamouring against Cromwell. From the sleek episcopal eloquence of Clarendon to the vociferous hootings of Lilburne, from the plausible diplomatic insinuation of Whitelocke to the pensively fervid remonstrance of Baxter, from the sanctified wormwood and gall of Mrs. Hutchinson to the confused, blustering fury of Joyce,—Prelatist, Presbyterian, Royalist, Republican, Leveller,—all tones of speech and all colours of politics combine against Cromwell. If Mr. Carlyle is right in his main hypothesis—that Cromwell was an honest man—the feat of keeping his intellectual nerve steady amid all this din—of seeing, by sheer force of vision, through all this dust—is parallel to that of Cromwell in retaining his calmness of perception amid the tumult of his wildest battles. On the whole, this is Mr. Carlyle's greatest book. His French Revolution is incomparable in vividness of dramatic presentation, but the historical student is ultimately forced to confess that too much has been sacrificed in it to artistic effect; and in relation to Frederick the Great and his father, he has failed to lead the intelligence of Europe; but although that theory of hero-worship, which has had effects infinitely disastrous upon the later literary activity of Mr. Carlyle, was injurious even when he wrote on Cromwell, he did succeed in moulding European opinion

upon the Protector. There may still be discussion long and animated about Cromwell; but until Mr. Carlyle wrote, his life was unintelligible. Carlyle raised him from the dead. I believe that no man in his own age fully understood him, or could do him justice. Oliver indeed knew as much; as God had never failed him, he believed, and said, that God would look after his reputation; and if Mr. Carlyle has not completely fulfilled this prophecy, he has done so much towards fulfilling it, that what remains to be done is comparatively insignificant.

Hume's treatment of the man, as compared with that of Carlyle, is instructive. Hume, the recognised prince and demi-god of the anti-theistic schools of modern philosophy,* undertakes to do a piece of plain historical work,—to discover the truth about a period in the history of his own country which is of eminent and admitted importance. The central figure in this period is Oliver Cromwell, and an indispensable condition of understanding the period is to understand him. How does Hume set about the solution of this main problem in his work? He glances at Cromwell's speeches jauntily, sniffingly, in a mood of pleasant indifference dashed by cynicism; finds that, thus looked at, they are a mere clash and cackle of confusions; quotes from them to show what Bedlam trash they are; and appeals, with mild twinkle of philosophic mirth, to his reader whether he, the historian, does more or less than justice to this singular compound of fanaticism, hypocrisy, and genius. What Cromwell's language wanted to make it luminous was no more than honest reading, with adequate knowledge of the history of the time, and strenuous practical sympathy with man not as an abstraction, but as a living, warm-blooded human creature. Hume may have been successful, or he may not, in mapping out the firmament of thought and resolving the nebulous vapours of speculation into fixed

* I do not mean to say that Hume was himself an atheist or antitheist.

stars, but in doing this bit of terrestrial work he frivolously failed.

The deepest secret of Carlyle's superiority, as an interpreter of Cromwell, to scores of able men from Clarendon to Hume, and from Hume to Bisset, is affinity of genius between Cromwell and Carlyle. Cromwell's ecstacies and paroxysms are to the others "brain-sick fancies;" his faith is an incomprehensible illusion; his tears, his adjurations, his appeals to the Almighty as his witness, are the audacities of a hypocrite or the ravings of a fanatic. To Carlyle the atmosphere of transcendent emotion in which Cromwell lived is not incomprehensible; it is not only comprehensible, but renders all else comprehensible. Carlyle's philosophy is that such transcendent emotion, combined with genius, recalls the age of miracles, when hills tremble and mountains are cast into the sea. What Cromwell called his conversion is for Carlyle the essential key to his character and conduct. "His deliverance from the jaws of eternal death;" his acceptance into the kingdom of everlasting life, into the company of the redeemed, dear to God "as the apple of His eye;" his conviction henceforth that God worked in him and by him, and that his life, so long as he did the will of God, revealed to him in the Bible, and by the irresistible impulse on his mind of the Divine Spirit invoked by habitual prayer, was expressly directed by God: these are for Mr. Carlyle the vital, the explicative facts in Cromwell's career and character. The question, what Cromwell's conversion physiologically and psychologically, naturally or supernaturally, meant admits, it may be, of various answers; but it is clear that by unveiling this fountain of transcendent emotion in Cromwell, Carlyle brought into distinct manifestation a *force* sufficient to account for his energy in the battle-field, and for his agitated demeanour on other occasions. The careful and exhaustive application of this hypothesis to Cromwell's conduct will be

found to be practically an irresistible demonstration of its soundness. No other hypothesis will account for half so many of the facts. All those people of his own or the succeeding generation who speak or scream against Cromwell differ as to the nature of his delinquency. Each of his accusers could account in a manner satisfactory to himself for one little knot of facts, but none of them could account for all; and what they call in question, to wit, the simple faith and integrity of Cromwell, is a clue which takes us through every winding of the labyrinth out into the light. The reasoning, tacit or expressed, of Hume and his school is that, if Cromwell really believed what he told Parliament—namely, that the Almighty, if they offended Him, and if the Mediator did not interpose, would rend him and them in pieces,—if he really thought that his Father in heaven "put it upon him" to turn the Rump out of doors, and that the victory of Dunbar was an infallible intimation by Providence that the Scots were holding to the letter instead of the spirit of the Solemn League and Covenant,—he was a fool; and that therefore, since fools do not, in perilous times, rise to be Lord Protectors, he must have been a hypocrite; but this is to beg the question in a very shallow way; and for my part I confess my belief with Mr. Carlyle, that much less can be explained in history by the hypothesis of hypocrisy than by that of inspiration.

Nothing important is known of Cromwell's boyhood and youth. He was distinguished by physical rather than intellectual vigour—that is to say, if intellectual vigour is attested by bookishness. Heath says that he was a famous player at quarter-staff, a circumstance which may have stood him in good stead when he became a cavalry officer. At Cambridge he got some tincture of Latin, but escaped the two grave perils to which Universities expose practical genius, first, that of formalising it and making it

pedantic, and, secondly, that of exhausting the mental force or softening the mental fibre. In some sense and for some time he gave attention to law in London, but seems to have carried with him from whatever Inn of Court he frequented little more than a conviction of the chicanery, extortion, pedantry, and corrupt tardiness of the profession, which conviction was one of his fixed ideas and impelling motives through life. He married at twenty-one, and retired to native Huntingdon to set up house with his wife and his mother.

Heath says that Cromwell led a wild life about London, and the fact that it is Heath who says so is hardly, as Mr. Carlyle seems to think, a proof that he did *not* give way to gambling and dissipation. The severity of his mental struggles in the period of spiritual crisis tends rather to confirm than to negative Heath's statement. His physician "had often been sent for at midnight." He used to fancy himself on the point of death, was for many years in a state of moody despondency, and appears to have at times verged on insanity. Had he written down his experience, it would probably have been similar to that of Bunyan.

At length his anguish became rapture, his doubt the exultation of triumphant faith. The stages of this process, and the means by which it was effected, are unknown to us. The first scrap of writing we have from his hand is an invitation to a clerical friend to stand godfather to his son Richard. There is in it not a hint that the writer has thought seriously on religion, and the clerical friend, who had been one of his intimates at Cambridge, was known subsequently as an anti-Puritan Malignant. In the second of the preserved letters—some nine years later than the first—Cromwell speaks as an earnestly religious man. His object in writing is to beg aid from a London Puritan in maintaining a preacher at St. Ives. "The souls of God's

children," he says, "will bless you for it; and so shall I." The separate reference to himself is peculiar, and may possibly mean that Oliver is too modestly and tremulously diffident as to his own acceptance to class himself among God's children. In the third letter, the sun has risen on his soul. "I dare not say, He hideth His face from me. He giveth me to see light in His light." The confession, "I was a chief, the chief of sinners," is no proof whatever of his having been immoral; but the addition, "I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me," taken together with the fact that one of his most familiar friends had been a pointedly anti-Puritan clergyman, and with the sufficiently-attested circumstance that his own disposition had been boisterously hilarious, may furnish a shadow of evidence that he had at one time regarded Puritans with sharp dislike. Be this as it may, he became a Puritan of the Puritans, though never a Separatist, and imbibed not only their fierce hatred of Popery, but their suspicion of Episcopacy, as a half-way house between Popery and Protestantism. In these views he never wavered. He told his last Parliament that "men of the Episcopal spirit, with all the branches, the root and the branches," were prepared to "trouble nations for an interest which is but mixed at the best,—made up of iron and clay, like the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's image." On the same occasion he referred to the times when there had been designs "to innovate upon us in matters of religion; and so to innovate as to eat out the core, and power, and heart, and life of all religion by bringing on us a company of poisonous Popish ceremonies." Such was Cromwell's estimate of Ritualism.

He sat for Huntingdon in Charles's third Parliament, which met in March, 1628, and was dissolved in March, 1629. It is the Parliament of the Petition of Right, in which Eliot, Pym, and Hampden headed the Commons, and in which the character and policy of the Puritan

and popular party first become conspicuous to the eye of history. Cromwell sat at the feet of Hampden and Pym, and beyond the lesson which he learned from these men, he never, if we are to believe him a sincere patriot and an honest man, intended to go. He respected Vane, and for a long time deferred to him; he profoundly respected Ireton, and deferred to him still more; but Clarendon says that he adored Hampden, who was his near kinsman, and until both Pym and Hampden were in their graves he did not take a leading place in the House of Commons. Oliver detested compliments, but the words of solemn and affectionate praise in which he referred to Hampden in one of his speeches to his second Parliament suffice to prove his reverent regard for that great man. "I had a very worthy friend then," said Oliver, "and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory is very grateful to all—Mr. John Hampden." Hampden agreed with Cromwell as to the desirability of enlisting men to fight the Puritan battle who "made some conscience of what they did," if only it were found practicable. He had some doubts as to its practicability, but his own troops attracted notice for their fine condition as well as Cromwell's. Macaulay's reference to them as "a rabble" is not supported by a shred of evidence. Mr. Carlyle seems to think that Hampden disapproved or slighted Cromwell's idea as to the kind of soldiers to be raised, but he did nothing of the kind. "Very natural in Mr. Hampden," says Mr. Carlyle, "if I recollect him well! With his close thin lips, and very vigilant eyes; with his clear official understanding; lively sensibilities to 'unspotted character,' 'safe courses,' &c., &c. A very brave man, but formidably thick-quilted, and with pincer-lips, and eyes very vigilant." When we recollect that Hampden, while still a young man, was flung into prison for his opposition to the Court; that he confronted the hostility of

Charles in the Shipmoney case; that he incurred the formal guilt of high treason, the risk of losing both life and reputation, by negotiations with the Covenanters before 1640; that he, like Cromwell, became a soldier the moment the war broke out; that he urgently remonstrated against the lukewarm manner in which the war was at first carried on by the Parliament; that he was at the heart of a scheme for pressing in upon the King and finishing the war in 1643; and that he died in an act of almost foolhardy valour, we may well be surprised that Mr. Carlyle should have spoken of him in terms applicable only to a Falkland. It was no punctilious official who ruled, like a very spirit of the tempest, in the stormy debates of the Long Parliament, and whose presence of mind and skill in Parliamentary tactics prevented the opposing parties, in the debate on the Grand Remonstrance, from plunging their swords into each other's bodies.

"One breaks down often enough," says Mr. Carlyle, "in the constitutional eloquence of the admirable Pym, with his 'seventhly and lastly.' You find that it may be the admirablest thing in the world, but that it is heavy—heavy as lead, barren as brick-clay." The best of wheat is grown on brick-clay; and English freedom in modern time, with all that, in America or elsewhere, has sprung from the freedom of England, is due to the constitutional eloquence of Pym and Hampden. If any one imagines that Pym was a cautious, fine-spoken Girondin, let him read Mr. Browning's tragedy of "Strafford," and learn how he struck down the terrible Earl. It would, in fact, be superfluous and impertinent to speak a word in defence of Hampden and Pym, were it not that, in order to do comprehensive justice to Cromwell, we must realise the fact of his reverence for these men and for the principles which they represented. No theory of imperialism will vindicate Cromwell.

A modern reader is apt to be surprised and disappointed by what seems the baldness of the patriotic programme of Pym and his party at the time of Charles's third Parliament. A few specific concessions, adequately guaranteed, were all they demanded. The secret is that they did not conceive themselves to be rearing the edifice of English freedom, but to be buttressing it. They believed that the personal liberty of Englishmen and the political liberties of Englishmen had been realities in former reigns, and that they were now being assailed by a systematic aggression on the part of the Court. Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Henry VIII. the words,—

> "We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
> And stick them in our will."

It was a sentiment which the contemporaries of Shakespeare unanimously attributed to the kings of England. The law was the guardian of liberty; the king was supreme only in and through the law; therefore England was a free country, and Englishmen, as we also learn infallibly from Shakespeare, were enthusiastically, arrogantly proud of their country and their name. The Puritan leaders, fitted by genius, position, and culture, to understand the signs of their time, perceived that political institutions throughout Europe were in a state of transition, and they made it the object of their lives to carry over into the new epoch the ancient freedom of England. If anything can be proved in history at all, it admits, I think, of demonstration that the meaning and drift of the policy of Charles, of Strafford, and of Laud, whether consciously designed in this sense by themselves or not, was the conversion of the limited monarchy of England into a despotism. Accordingly, the main force of the Puritan patriots was thrown, not into promotion of change, but resistance to change. They were thoroughly conservative both in their aims and their instincts. Their conservatism, however—and this is a

point of essential importance towards understanding their relation to the career of Cromwell—was of things, not of names, of things inflexibly, of names subordinately. It was essential with them to preserve constitutional liberty; they had no notion of a Republic; but I can believe that, if they had found it indispensable for the preservation of liberty to alter the line of dynastic succession, they would not have scrupled to do so. It is not at first glance easy to see how the Puritans could maintain that Laud and not they patronised innovation in religion. Such, however, was the position they took up, and it is intelligible now as it was tenable then. They dated from the Reformation —"that never-to-be-forgotten Reformation," as Oliver called it— "that most significant and greatest 'mercy' the nation hath felt or tasted." The Reformation, as they apprehended it, placed England at the head of the Reformed interest in Europe, and England's Church in sympathy with the Reformed Church in France, Holland, and Scotland. This conception of the Reformation was held not only by the multitude and the middle class, but by numbers of the territorial nobility of England, titled and untitled, by men of culture like Milton, by the large majority of the Commons in the third, the fourth, and the last Parliaments of Charles. And on *this* conception of the Reformation, Laud, with his ceremonies and his fierce hiss at the Reformation as more properly a *De*formation, was an innovator.

Add one other point and you have a complete view of the outfit of principles, political and religious, which the Puritans of Charles's last Parliaments held in common with Oliver Cromwell. Adhering almost universally to the Church of England, and yet having little or no reverence for Episcopal authority, and sedulously encouraging preachers, called lecturers, whose recommendation was their doctrinal sympathy with the Reformation and antipathy to Rome, the ablest Puritans, like Hampden,

Pym, and Cromwell, would be naturally led to insist less on form, name, organisation, and the general apparatus of ecclesiasticism, than on the essentials of personal religion, faith in Christ, purity of morals, delight in the Bible, fervency in prayer. The immense importance which the Presbyterians, especially the Scots, attached to their form of Church Government, was a fatal rock of offence between them and what Oliver, without much inquiry as to their ecclesiastical preferences, called "the godly party."

Sharing the general views of the Puritan leaders, Cromwell was distinguished by a rapidity, directness, and force of intellectual vision which marked him out among the crowd. As if by intuition or inspiration, he solved at sight the most complicated practical problems, looked the immediate future in the face while others saw it looming mistily in the distance, and had that impatience of talk, fuss, pretentious or pedantic routine, and all kinds of trifling, which is common to such men. Reverencing constitutional precedent, he was, nevertheless, intent on facts rather than on forms; could not prevail upon himself to sanction injustice, though its parchment pleadings might be irrefragable; and would insist, with the smiting intensity of the lightning-flash, that a thing, provided it were essentially necessary, should be done irregularly rather than not done at all. He was not a man of dubitations and hesitations, but of instantaneous decisions.

At the time of the meeting of the Long Parliament, in which he sat for Cambridge, he saw that the hour had struck for establishing Parliamentary government in England, and completing the reformation of the Church. This was substantially what he meant by "studying," to use his own words, "the glory of God and the honour and liberty of the Parliament." He took part in the overthrow of Strafford, and the destruction of the system which Laud, Strafford, and Charles had laboriously built

up. At the date of the Great Remonstrance, when Strafford was dead and Laud had fallen, and Puritanism had lifted up its head, there were many who thought that the work was done; but he did not falter. Perfectly convinced that, if the Remonstrance were not carried, all would be lost, he had made up his mind, in that event, to leave England. This he expressly said to Falkland, who told Clarendon, and there is no conceivable reason why either Falkland or Clarendon should have lied about the matter. Mr. Carlyle's description of Clarendon's statement, as "a vague report, gathered over dining-tables long after," illustrates the subtle power of hero-worship to impair historical accuracy. It might have been more imposing in the hero of an epic poem to say that, whatever had occurred, he would not have deserted his country; but Cromwell never thought of himself as an ideal hero, and, at this period, had no notion of his being of great importance to England as a champion. His remark to Falkland is of much value for those who, admitting the anti-Remonstrants to have had a good deal to say for themselves, are confirmed in their persuasion that Pym, Hampden, and the Patriots were nevertheless in the right, by the absolute assent to the Great Remonstrance of so competent an authority as Oliver Cromwell. Charles's practical reply to the Great Remonstrance was the attempt to seize the Five Members, and when it failed, he left London in order to prepare for war. Once more it was clear to Cromwell that if the King overcame the Houses, liberty of worship and liberty of Parliament would, by one blow, be struck down in England. The true authors of the war were those advisers of Charles, principally Clarendon, who countenanced the transference by him of the conflict from the Parliamentary arena to the field. Seeing, as usual, where the heart of the business lay, Cromwell was one of the first to draw the sword.

He was now in his forty-third year—a year older than his century—and three of his sons, though the eldest was but a stripling, were given to the cause. Had he adopted any new dialect when he entered on the path that led him so speedily to fame and power, had his hearth been desolate or his circumstances desperate, there might have been some pretence for calling him insincere and an adventurer. But he was a fond father, happy in his domestic relations, and that his pecuniary circumstances were nowise embarrassed is demonstrated by his having, for many years, been able to take an active part in political life, and by his advancing so considerable a sum as £1,200 to Parliament in the earliest period of the war. The language of his letters, after he became a soldier, was identical in tone with that of his letters before he took the field. The former and the latter are those of a man who is ever in the great Taskmaster's eye, who holds gain and glory to be as dust in the balance when weighed against the favour of the Almighty, who believes that Providence is a running comment on the Bible, and that the saints of God, poor, down-trodden, simple-minded, simple-hearted though they may be, have an inalienable title, and an imperative call, to rule the world.

The Squire letters, otherwise unimportant, derive interest from the light they throw upon the earliest military experience and exploits of Cromwell, enabling us to understand how it was that he broke upon England as a consummate leader at Marston Moor, and also, what might otherwise have been still more puzzling, where he acquired that skill in the subterranean department of the military art,—in organising and managing a spy-system,—which not only did him yeoman's service in his campaigns, but, in the days of the Protectorate, enabled him with beautiful facility to baffle every wile of able, cool, and intrepid plotters, and to make himself familiar with what passed at the dinner

tables and in the very bed-chambers of Prince Charles and the Duke of York. In those busy months of 1642 and 1643, unobserved by England, without the smallest surmise of the stupendous results which were to follow from his activity, he was making all the sequel possible. The greatest practical genius between Cromwell and Napoleon, Frederick of Prussia, accounted for the failures of clever Joseph II. of Austria, by the remark that he always "put the second before the first." The miracles of success are invariably explicable when we are made acquainted with the process by which the first was, in the given instance, put before the second.

Oliver commences with intense drilling. "Heed well your motions." "The Lord helpeth those who heed His commandments; and those who are not punctual in small matters, of what account are they when it shall please Him to call us forth?" He looks well to weapons, armour, equipment. "If a man has not good weapons, horse and harness, he is as nought." His orders are already brief, precise, comprehensive. "We have secret and sure hints that a meeting of the Malignants takes place at Lowestoft on Tuesday. Now I want your aid; so come with all speed on getting this, with your troop; and tell no one your route, but let me see you ere sun-down." The Royalist meeting at Lowestoft was held, but Cromwell came down upon it with sufficient force, and stamped out Malignancy in the whole Yarmouth district. In fact, the Royalist party could not once crawl in the Eastern Counties with such a Colonel Stork as this looking at them. "I learn behind the oven is the place" where the arms, which Cromwell wants, are hidden. He will have no free-and-easy methods of raising supplies, impelled not more by his sense of justice than by his instinctive feeling that, as the essence of soldiership lies in discipline, marauding tends to destroy the fighting power of an army. "Tell W. I will not have his men cut folk's

grass without compensation." But his sternness, when guilt is clear, knows no compunction, and strikes terror by its suddenness. "Hang the fellow out of hand, and I am your warrant. For he shot a boy at Pilton-bee by the Spinney, the widow's son, her only support." "Give no quarter; as they shed blood at Bourne, and slew three poor men not in arms." "Cut home, as no mercy ought to be shown those rovers, who are only robbers and not honourable soldiers." But in the hastiest order as to seizing arms, he does not forget what is due to an honourable enemy. Some Royalist's harness must be "fetched off." Oliver knows where to get it. "It lies in the wall by his bed-head." But "move not his old weapons of his father's, or his family trophies. Be tender of this, as you respect my wishes of one gentleman to another." The vibration of the nerves of the born soldier in the tremendous excitement of the moment when war is breaking out can be realised as we read some of his sentences. "Verily, I do think the Lord is with me! I do undertake strange things, yet do I go through with them, to great profit and gladness, and furtherance of the Lord's great work. I do feel myself lifted on by a strange force, I cannot tell why." And what a comment are the following words upon the career of one who, if not an honest man, was the greatest master of dissimulation named in history! "Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will."

In choosing men, he looks to merit only, and wants a better guarantee than social position and orthodox opinions that one can lead a troop of Horse. "I had rather have a plain russet-coated captain that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call a 'gentleman,' and is nothing else. I honour a *gentleman* that is so indeed." He discerns that it is fighting quality, not length of muster-roll, that tells. "A few honest men are better than numbers."

Since men "of honour and birth" do not come forward, he will have "plain men" "patient of wants, faithful and conscientious in their employment." He is careful that his soldiers shall be sober, moral, orderly; men "that fear an oath, that fear to sin;" not loud, loose, swearing fellows: but he is indifferent as to their theological opinions, and admits even Anabaptists to his ranks if they are willing and stout. "The State, in choosing men to serve it, takes no notice of their opinions. If they be willing faithfully to serve it,—that satisfies." Having enlisted the due number of "honest and godly men;" drilled them to perfection; armed them as well as it was possible to arm soldiers at the time; accustomed them to march by night or by day, close to their colours and religiously respecting property; taught them to rejoice greatly in the approach of battle, to advance to the charge singing psalms, and to annihilate any living thing that awaited their onset; Cromwell brought them into action at Marston Moor, shattered Rupert's hitherto victorious squadrons, and made England and the King aware that, while all eyes had been fixed on the great drama of the war going on in the West, sieges of Bristol, sieges of Gloucester, victories of Charles, victories of the Parliament, a Huntingdon farmer had been getting ready a "company of poor men" who were more than a match for any troops in the world.

The first occasion on which what is called Cromwell's dissimulation was brought notably into play, was that of the new modelling of the Parliament army. The war had been carried on after the battle of Marston Moor with a languor which, to Cromwell and the more fiery spirits, was painfully evident. In point of fact, the Parliament had never been able to make head in the West. Hampden had chafed under the laggard incompetence of Essex. Waller had failed in his expeditions again and again. A change

was indispensable. Cromwell and his friends suggested that the inconclusive character of the operations was due to the interference of senatorial with military duties, a large number of the principal officers having seats in the House of Commons. The New Model ordinance was to the effect that members of the House should surrender their commissions, and confine themselves to their Parliamentary duties. The principal officers to be thus excluded from the army were Presbyterians, and between the Presbyterians and the Independents the conflict was now becoming hot. Cromwell, as has been said, had no strong ecclesiastical preferences; but he was determined that the godly, whether they called themselves Independents, Presbyterians, or Baptists, should enjoy toleration; and as the Presbyterians shuddered at the very idea of tolerating "Sectaries," they had learned to fear and dislike Oliver. The remodelling took place; the Presbyterian officers quitted their commands, thus relaxing the hold of the party upon the sword; but Cromwell remained in the army. The circumstance was fatal to Presbyterian ascendency in the revolution, and secured the ascendency of Cromwell.

Can we then refuse to believe that he devised the New Model in order to get rid of Manchester, and to triumph over the Presbyterians; and that, when he talked of the "true English hearts" and "zealous affections" of the officers inducing them "to *deny* themselves for the public good," he was canting and shamming? The case, at first blush of it, looks ill for Cromwell. I doubt whether he can be altogether acquitted of generalship in the affair. But the utmost that can be established against him is that he may have foreseen the issue, and even of this we cannot be certain. He knew his price; he knew that many of the soldiers would wish him to remain in command; but he knew also the jealousy entertained of him by the Presbyterians; and the New Model strengthened the

Presbyterians in the House of Commons as much as it weakened them in the army. Cromwell must have been aware, when he proposed the self-denying ordinance, that, if he attempted to evade it, the Presbyterians in Parliament might order him by an overwhelming majority into his seat. There was no formal irregularity. Cromwell came to resign his commission into the hands of Fairfax, and found that the Committee of Both Kingdoms had expressly selected him for an important and difficult service. He was himself,—this further complicates the affair,—a member of the Committee, and Vane, Haslerig, and others who had seats, were at this time his allies. He took horse and performed the service appointed him in his usual superlative fashion. Then the Houses voted that he should continue in the army for forty days—for another forty days—for three or four months, and so on. The Colonels of the cavalry petitioned that he might be their Lieutenant-General. Had things turned out differently, no one would have spoken of the duplicity of Cromwell. He remained in the army. Charles, with his usual infatuation, took it into his head that the exclusion of the old officers, intended to increase, had destroyed its efficiency, and rushed to engage it at Naseby. The victory was won principally by Cromwell. "When I saw the enemy," he writes, "draw up and march in gallant order towards us, and we a company of poor ignorant men, to seek how to order our battle—the General having commanded me to order all the Horse—I could not, riding alone about my business, but smile out in praises to God, in assurance of victory, because God would, by things that are not, bring to nought things that are." These last words are an allusion to the gentlemen of position and often of military training who had been turned out of the New Model.

Fairfax, General of the army, though an excellent commander, had little weight in affairs, and was under

Cromwell's influence, who, in fact, from the date of the New Model—the spring of 1645—was the most powerful man in England. His ambition, admirable or the reverse, was always for the reality of power, not the show. While he could govern the army through Manchester, he was content; when the Presbyterian Major-General Crawford "got," as Baillie says, "a great hand with Manchester," Cromwell and Manchester came to a rupture. Cromwell brought forward a series of charges against Manchester in Parliament, and the fray between the former, standing for the Presbyterians, and the latter, standing for the Independents, threatened to become desperate. Both parties yielded something, and an open breach was avoided; but the Independents yielded in appearance, the Presbyterians in reality. The Presbyterians consented that Manchester should not command the army; the Independents were content that Fairfax and not Cromwell should be his substitute. But Crawford, who might have balanced Cromwell's influence on Fairfax, had no place in the New Model, and the Presbyterians either did not dare to insist, or did not see that it was essential to insist, that Cromwell also should be excluded. Manchester and Fairfax were but the scabbards; Crawford and Cromwell were the swords; and the issue was that the Presbyterians had to console themselves with the scabbard while the Independents gripped the sword. All this took place before the battle of Naseby.

The war still continued for some time like a slowly-dying fire, but the defeat of Naseby was irretrievable, and Charles, calamity and perplexity in his wake, fled to the Scots. "Traitor Scot," says wise history, "sold his King for a groat." Of all the unkillable lies in Muse Clio's Hydra family of the like, this is perhaps the most toughly immortal and the most venomously unjust. It was a toss-up with Charles whether he should betake himself to the Parliament or to the Scots. With both he was at war,

and his kind and feasible theory, at this date actually committed to writing, was that he might induce one of the parties to extirpate the other for his advantage. The Scots, having contributed to the ruin of Charles on Marston Moor, and having had Scotland devastated by Charles's Lieutenant, while they were fighting against himself in England, ought, it seems, so soon as they saw his face, to have gone into ecstacies of loyalty, and engaged, whether he granted what they had been fighting for or did not, in an internecine war with England on his behalf. They did the best for him they could, consistently with their own principles. They joined with the English Parliament in imploring him to conclude peace. He refused to sign the proposals tendered him, although, to use the Englishman Whitelocke's words, "the Commissioners of Both Kingdoms on their knees begged of him to do it." What were they then to do with him? He would not make peace with them. If they took him into Scotland he must have gone as their prisoner. If he had never gone near them, they would have been compelled to leave England at that time: if they had been so signally blessed as to be five hundred miles away from him, they would have demanded at that time the money which was their due from the English Parliament. The mere juxtaposition of a few circumstances of treaty and payment, and the application to succeeding events of that grand maxim of fool's logic—*post hoc propter hoc*—gave birth to the lie. Charles was subsequently executed, but at the time when the Scotch army marched for Scotland, there was not a whisper of danger to his life. The English Lords and Commons concurred in a resolution that the King's residence in Holmby House, after the departure of the Scots, should be "with respect to the safety and preservation of his Majesty's person." The Scots actually stipulated that "no harm be done to his person,"—a circumstance familiar

to all well-informed persons at the time, for Prynne mentions it in one of his publications ; and the sincerity of this stipulation was proved in three disastrous campaigns—that of Preston, that of Dunbar, and that of Worcester, in which, with infatuated loyalty, Scotsmen poured out their blood like water for the preposterous father and the worthless son.

Had the Commissioners of Both Kingdoms managed their little business with Charles, they might possibly have found that they had still reckoned without their host. If the Presbyterian gentlemen had refused toleration to any who declined to subscribe the Covenant in the simplicity of its Presbyterian acceptation, they would have found Oliver and his "company of poor men," with their unmanageable knack of handling the cold iron, in the way. Born and bred in the Church of England, Cromwell objected to nothing in it but enforced uniformity, sacerdotalism, sympathy with the Church of Rome, and apathy or antipathy to the Reformation. He was never in any distinctive sense an Independent, any more than he was a Presbyterian or a Baptist, but while he could "love a brother, bear with and love a person of different judgment in matters of religion," he would have no one "so far sit in the saddle on that account, as to have all the rest of his brethren at mercy." He was so far beyond his age that he could recognise pure religion and undefiled beneath denominational variations, and he could regard as a solemn duty the toleration which in the eyes of many a sincere and devout Christian of those days was a heinous sin. He had signed the Solemn League and Covenant—the badge, at first sight, of Presbyterianism —and this alone is enough to convict him in the eyes of many of deceit and falsehood. But it is no more than justice to Henderson, Johnston of Warriston, and the earliest and wisest Covenanters in general, to say that they did not contemplate the enforcing of the Covenant in England as a rigid uniformity of Presbyterian system, but as a

spiritual and intensely anti-Popish Protestantism. At the Uxbridge Conference, when Presbyterianism, soon after the battle of Marston Moor, was at its strongest in England, Henderson expressly declined to pronounce Episcopacy, as such, unlawful; whereas the King's Doctors stood upon the absolute Divine right of Bishops. Cromwell would not have admitted that, in its deepest sense, he had been false to the Covenant; but it was one of his fixed and inflexible principles, that the "godly party," the poor men who had the root of the matter in them, without whose uncalculating valour the whole course of events might have been different, should be granted that liberty to worship God for which they had bled. The Presbyterians, in their negotiations with the King, were so anxiously bent on depressing the Sectaries that they were too likely to overlook this essential condition of any settlement which Cromwell would accede to: and if Cromwell had refused to accede to it, we may doubt whether all the support which King and Parliament could lend it would have sufficed to keep it up and to keep Oliver down. Charles, incapable of doing anything completely, could not come to terms with the Presbyterians while they were still dominant in the Houses, and we find him at Hampton Court in the summer of 1647 with the strings of many plots in his hands, but with neither the Presbyterians nor the Independents as yet extirpated.

The struggle between the Independents and the Presbyterians, which took place in the spring and summer of 1647, was the natural sequel of the earlier struggle between the same parties which had issued in the New Model and the triumphant termination of the war. Cromwell, as we saw, might have foreseen that the military members of Parliament, who had been told, as graciously as such an intimation could be conveyed, that they were of no use as soldiers, and must confine themselves to their Parliamentary duties, would not look with unmingled enthu-

siasm on the victories of the army, or be disposed to treat either the rank and file or their commanders with tender consideration. The war in England being at an end, two questions demanded answer from the Parliament—first, how the superfluous portion of the army could be got rid of; and, secondly, how an adequate force could be retained and sent to fight the rebels in Ireland. The Presbyterians proposed that Skippon and Massey should lead twelve thousand men into Ireland, that the regiments not required for Ireland should be disbanded, that an arrangement should be patched up with the King, and that "Sectaries" should be put down. Denzil Hollis was the principal representative of this party in the House of Commons; it was vehemently supported by the City; and throughout Kent, Essex, and some other counties, as well as in Wales, and in the North of England, it commanded the suffrage of the great body of the people. Had Hollis been as patient, sagacious, and politic as he was active and bold, and had Charles been capable of taking a rational view of the situation, a monarchical settlement on the Presbyterian basis might probably have been attempted.

An arrangement could still more easily have been made between Charles and the army, if he had not been the most impracticable of men. He might even have had his adored Bishops, provided they held no coercive authority. Hollis, however, was impetuous and unwise; Charles, though treated with studied and delicate courtesy by Fairfax and the soldiers, though permitted to see his children, to stay in the castles of noblemen who were his personal friends, to worship God as he pleased, and to enjoy the spiritual ministrations of Drs. Sheldon and Hammond,—though the people strewed flowers in his path, and almost took him by force to make him King again,—could give his heart only to his pet scheme of mutual extermination between the Presbyterians and the Independents. Instead of respecting

the sensibilities of the army, Hollis incensed the soldiers of Marston Moor and Naseby by calling them, in a Parliamentary declaration adopted on the 30th of March, 1647, "enemies to the State." Instead of promptly, and at whatever cost, discharging the debt of arrears due to the men—so that the Parliamentary liberties of England might, at least, not be endangered by a beggarly dispute about money—the leaders of the majority in the House of Commons voted but eight weeks of pay when nearly sixty were claimed, offering bonds for the remainder, which were not likely to be satisfactory to the mind of the common soldier. Compelled to choose between the Presbyterians, who hated him, and the soldiers, whose sense of professional honour he shared, and whose claims he believed to be just, Cromwell mounted the wave of military insurrection, and henceforth continued to ride and guide it. Dexterously addressing the municipal authorities of London, instead of the Parliamentary majority, whose part the City espoused, he stated in few words the essential demands of the soldiers. "We desire no alteration of the Civil Government. As little do we desire to interrupt, or, at least, to intermeddle with, the settling of the Presbyterial Government. Nor do we seek to open a way for licentious liberty, under pretence of obtaining ease for tender consciences. We profess as ever in these things. When once the State has made a settlement we have nothing to say but to submit or suffer. Only we could wish that every good citizen, and every man who walks peaceably in a blameless conversation, and is beneficial to the Commonwealth, might have liberty and encouragement; this being according to the true policy of all States, and even to justice itself."

This was dated the 10th of June, 1647. Six days later, the soldiers accused eleven members of the majority of high treason. Appearing to bow to the storm, the

Eleven withdrew from the House; but the Presbyterian city was furiously agitated on their behalf, and they seem to have been ashamed of their submission, for they returned to their seats. With suicidal excess of zeal, the London apprentices poured into the House to have the legislation dictated by the army rescinded, and rudely insulted the Parliament by way of vindicating Parliamentary independence. The army then advanced in fierce resentment; the Eleven betook themselves finally to flight; the Independents welcomed with rapture their Ironside allies; and the reign of the sword commenced in England. Denzil Hollis fled to France. He was a thoroughly brave man and of no ordinary abilities; had been a patriot since the days of the Petition of Right; was one of the Five aimed at by Charles on the fatal 4th of January, 1642; possessed toughness and stamina enough to live till he was eighty-two; was rewarded with a peerage for assisting to restore the dynasty; and instead of souring into reaction, or shrivelling into sycophancy, died a staunch friend of constitutional freedom. Had Cromwell let Hollis have his way, he would at this time either have restored Charles to power, or put him aside, and set one of the Princes or the eldest son of the Electress Elizabeth on the throne.

There is no doubt that, in the course of this summer, Cromwell entered into negotiations with Charles. Mr. Carlyle, I cannot help thinking, goes with something of quickness and caution over this section of Cromwell's history; but if we are content that heroic men need not be punctilious and romantic, we may survey it with equanimity. Any arrangement between Charles and Cromwell for the settlement of the kingdom must have embraced a fair reward for Cromwell's services, as well as a post of honour and importance for himself in the Administration. That Cromwell was to be chief minister of Charles, and commander of the forces; that abuses were to be removed in

the Church, and toleration conceded to Presbyterians and Independents, Episcopacy being provisionally at least in abeyance; and that the Cavaliers were not to be permitted to vote in one or more general elections—these, I take it, were the outlines of Cromwell's scheme. Such a settlement does not necessarily involve any but worthy motives on Cromwell's part. He saw that, if the King went heartily along with him, the old monarchy might be wedded to freedom, his company of godly men be permitted to worship God according to their consciences, the bloodshed he dreaded be averted, and the tumult of anarchy and fanaticism be repressed.

Charles, for the first time in his life and the last, had the opportunity offered him of leaning on a great, good, faithful man. But he could not do it. His mind, narrow, morbid, incapable, had not the sympathy necessary to the appreciation of greatness. He smiled and smiled on Cromwell, and tried to throw his glamour over him as he had thrown his glamour over Wentworth and Montrose; but he was now dealing with one who had no trace of stage-heroism in him, who was more sagacious than Wentworth and less sentimental than Montrose. A whimsical contradictoriness drives the student of character who seeks a formula for that of Charles to despair. Every good quality had in him its attendant vice, every promising faculty its blighting weakness. A faithful betrayer, an ingenious bungler, a foolhardy coward, an affectionate torturer, a cunning simpleton, a subtle fool, a religious liar, he never succeeded, and yet he always struck near enough to success to add poignancy to failure. Cromwell found that he was handling a cobra. It is almost incredible that a man so given to plots should be unable to keep a secret, and yet no fact is better established than that, when Charles had a stratagem in hand whose success depended wholly on its being kept secret and whose discovery would be ruinous, he could no more hide it than a

girl of nine. The story that, when his negotiation with Cromwell was in its crisis, he put into black and white the consolatory reflection that, though he now spoke these knaves fair and offered them the Garter, it was a halter he designed them; that he committed the letter containing this announcement to some one who was to carry it, sewed up in a saddle, to a certain tavern to be thence conveyed to the Continent; and that Cromwell and Ireton went to the tavern, found means to read the letter, and then let it go on its way; this story, I say, for which there is good external evidence, is so true to the character of Charles, and so intelligible and likely on the side of Cromwell, that I see no reason to doubt its correctness. What would have been insane or incredible in any other man was nothing strange in Charles. He wrote down and sent off to a correspondent, his bright hope that the Presbyterians and Independents would extirpate each other. We need not go farther than Clarendon to learn that the failure of the treaty took place because Cromwell discovered that Charles was playing false. Oliver, Clarendon tells us, complained that the King "had intrigues in the Parliament, and treaties with the Presbyterians of the City to raise new troubles; that he had a treaty concluded with the Scotch Commissioners to engage the nation again in blood; and, therefore, he would not be answerable if anything fell out amiss, and contrary to expectation," &c. If, as I believe, Cromwell had, up to this time, retained something of his old English reverence and affection for his King, and had really wished, at the risk of his own life, to save him, can we not realise that his great proud heart would now be wounded beyond reconcilement, and that he would make up his mind that God had rejected Charles and his house from reigning over England?

In November the King thought fit to give his guards the slip at Hampton Court, only to be again made a prisoner in the Isle of Wight. In the beginning of 1648, the soldiers,

with Cromwell preaching and praying among them, found it borne in upon their minds that if the Lord gave them victory over the multitude of enemies rising against them, it would be their duty to call to account the man of blood, Charles Stuart.

A more solidly able man than Charles might have failed to see at this juncture that Cromwell was the only one who could steady his crown upon his head. The extirpation of the Independents by the Presbyterians seemed really in a fair way. The Presbyterians of London were exasperated at their defeat, but their spirit was not broken, and the apprentices, of splendid fighting quality if only there had been a man to lead them, required to be trodden down in horse charges before they would subside. Throughout England the Presbyterian Royalists prepared to rise. A party in Scotland—a large party, but not comprehending more than one in three of the Covenanters, if so many, and expressly discountenanced by the General Assembly—embraced with enthusiasm the cause of the King, and took arms with a view to marching into England and rescuing him from the Sectaries. An immense multitude of Englishmen sympathised with the movement, which would have been in the highest degree formidable had there been a man of commanding ability at its head either in England or in Scotland. The Presbyterian Royalists had valour and numbers, but failed hopelessly in ability. There was no rightly-managed concert between the departments of the business in England and in Scotland, and the English insurrection was all but stamped out when the Duke of Hamilton led his Scots across the Border. There were about 20,000 of these, but had there been 100,000 the imbecile leadership of Hamilton would only have made the disaster more complete. Cromwell displayed in the campaign no higher military qualities than courage and

promptitude, but these were sufficient in dealing with an army in which ducal mismanagement drove the men frantic and made the Lieutenant-General beseech some one to shoot him through the head. Properly there was no battle of Preston. Cromwell was not once in action with the main army of the Scots. The fighting on the first of the two days of conflict was with but two Scottish brigades; the fighting on the second day was with only a part of the army, "at a place near Winwick," and the Scots fought in a way which Oliver thus describes: "We held them in some dispute till our army came up; they maintaining the pass with great resolution for many hours; ours and theirs coming to push of pike and very close charges—which forced us to give ground; but our men by the blessing of God quickly recovered it, and charging very home upon them, beat them from their standing," &c. And it turns out that those Scots who thus kept Cromwell at bay for many hours were merely some stray regiments, "commanded by a little spark in a blue bonnet, who performed the part of an excellent commander, and was killed on the spot." Cromwell gave an order that about 4,000 prisoners should be put to the sword in the event of their becoming dangerous. The contingency did not occur, but the command shows that Cromwell had no more scruple than Napoleon in making use of the powers granted him by the laws of war.

The armed intervention of the Presbyterian Royalists, Scotch and English, had failed to re-establish Charles; but the Presbyterian party in Parliament, with a tenacity and courage which contrast favourably with the pusillanimity of the Girondins in abandoning Louis, continued to plead his cause. At last the Independents, acting by means of the army, forcibly ejected them, to the number of about a hundred. This was in December, 1648; in January, 1649, Charles died on the scaffold before Whitehall.

Cromwell, who had done his best to bring the King to a

reasonable arrangement, and who had received sternest attestation of the calamity and bloodshed his obstinacy had caused, would feel more vividly than most men that, in relation to the Preston war at least, the guilt of blood was on the hands of Charles. The death of the King was due to him more than to any one man, but there is not a particle of evidence that it ever occasioned his conscience a pang. The form of government adopted after the execution of Charles, that of a Commonwealth administered by a Council of State and House of Commons, appears to have been regarded by him as provisional. He now had assurance that "the poor godly people of this kingdom" should not "be made the object of wrath and anger" by those who denounced them as Sectaries, and that there was no risk of a Cavalier reaction to bring "our necks under a yoke of bondage." He was in the Council of State, and perhaps its first President.

To the knowing modern, accustomed to the atmosphere of emotional commonplace and the motives and standards of Walpolian politics, every man bearing his price, it seems too obvious to require proof that in all this Cromwell was playing his own game. Everything in the succession of events falls so exactly in the line of his interest that it seems impossible that he did not know his cue beforehand. His continuance in the New Model army; his studious efforts to retain a hold upon the affections of the soldiers during the disputes about pay and disbandment; his negotiations with the King; his prominence at the prayer-meeting of the soldiers at Windsor before they marched to fight the Welsh and the Scotch; his remarkable series of letters to Hammond, keeper of Charles in the Isle of Wight, warning him against the temptation to hope for good from a man rejected of God; and finally his elevation to the supreme command of the army, have without question the appearance of parts

in a plan arranged with a view to the promotion of his interest. But, in the first place, there was perfect consistency in Cromwell's professed rule of conduct from first to last. When he was a quiet farmer at Ely, his private letters were those of a man who sought the Lord for direction in every step he took. When he was the most powerful ruler in Europe, when England, Scotland, and Ireland were under his feet, he still sought the Lord by prayer and fasting in order to ascertain why the land could not be at rest. The hypocrite will not always pray: the play-actor will not wear the mask when it has served its purpose. In the second place, we have Cromwell's letters on the projected marriage of Richard, his son and heir, written at the very time when, by the defeat of the Presbyterians and his appointment to the command in Ireland, he attained virtual sovereignty; and they are palpably not those of a man who anticipates for Richard a princely career. When we compare Cromwell's letters to Mr. Mayor, of Hursley, haggling about a few hundred pounds more or less of dowry on behalf of his son, and laying stress upon the necessity under which the writer lies of making provision for his "two little wenches," with those in which Napoleon, at an early stage in his career, spoke of the honour of admission into his family, we feel that, strange as it may seem, the evidence is quite convincing that Oliver had at this time no conception either of the progress he had made or of the grandeur that awaited him. In the third place, the more carefully we investigate the progress of Cromwell, the more clearly does it appear that, at each decisive step in his advance, the argument of justice, of public advantage, of common sense, was on his side. It is not necessary to claim for him a stainless virtue. It is not necessary to allege that he had absolutely no thought for himself. But I am, for my part, unable to specify any stage in the ascent of Cromwell at which the alternative placed before him was

to sacrifice *either* himself or his country. Had that been so, and had he chosen the selfish alternative, he would have been a time-server; but the peculiarity of the case is that, at the critical points in his career, a different decision from that at which he arrived might seem to him to involve, and to involve inevitably, not only his own ruin, but some gross injustice to other men, some great injury to England, some fatal stab to what he counted the sacred cause of God and the saints. The remodelling of the army was his first grand move towards ascendency; but the continuance of bloodshed through the inefficiency of the Essexes and Wallers would have been organised murder, and the conduct of the Parliamentary majority, when they had so good a soldier as Fairfax to do the fighting, in voting that Cromwell should remain in arms, proves that no one suspected him. He espoused the part of the Independents against the Presbyterians; but the essential point in dispute was toleration; and would he not have done basely if he had yielded it? He sided with the army against the Parliament; but had not the soldiers a right to their pay, and might not Cromwell reasonably believe that complete Presbyterian ascendency, and disbandment of the Ironside army, would involve not only his own ruin, but the establishment of a spiritual despotism in England? It is to be recollected that the immaculate Fairfax took the side of the army, and fought the Presbyterian Royalists, as well as Oliver. With Charles Cromwell would have made a liberal arrangement; but Charles insisted that thousands should still shed their blood to replace him in absolute power; and there was not a shadow of probability that the man who, after having been generously and gently treated when he had been conquered for the first time, had plotted a second war, would, if he had been so treated a second time, have kept his promises, or failed to avail himself of reaction to trample down Puritanism and the

Puritans. Thus, at every stage in his career, from the day when he began to raise a regiment to the death of the King, Cromwell could maintain that his advancement meant security to the cause and peace to England, and that his overthrow would have been injury or destruction to both.

In March, 1649, he was nominated commander for Ireland. Towards Papists his feeling corresponded to that of an ancient Hebrew, zealous for the Lord of Hosts, towards Midian or Moab. The Hebrew Bible was always in his hands, and constantly on his tongue, the Psalms of David and the prophecies of Isaiah being his favourite compositions. Next to these were the epistles of Saint Paul. We do not find that he read the Gospels much; and what a rude old-Hebrew version of Christianity Puritanism was at best is proved by the intensely un-Christlike tone of his letters from Ireland. True, he referred to the "remorse and regret" which massacres like that of Drogheda are fitted to "work." Doubtless also the terror he inspired hastened the termination of the war, and thus tended to "prevent the effusion of blood;" and it is but justice to him to recollect that he believed the garrison of Drogheda to consist of "barbarous wretches" who had "imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood," that is to say, who had been engaged in the Irish massacre. He ought, however, to have been very sure of this, and Mr. Carlyle says that the garrison put to the sword were English. Since the defenders of Drogheda and of Wexford were regular soldiers, fighting under their colours, to put them, whether English or Irish, to the sword for meeting their assailants in the breach like brave men, was an extreme and a cruel exercise of the rights of war. But what strikes one most painfully in these letters is a certain savage hardness with which Cromwell seems to gloat over heart-rending circumstances. "Divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the bridge, about 100 of

them possessed St. Peter's Church steeple. . . . These, being summoned to yield to mercy, refused. Whereupon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames, 'God damn me, God confound me; I burn, I burn.' . . . I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one of which was Father Peter Taaff, whom the soldiers took the next day, and made an end of." Only a man of tremendous and appalling hardness could have deliberately written down and sent away those words, "I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church to be fired." The massacre at Wexford was in one respect—the comparative slightness of the resistance—less defensible even than that of Drogheda. Cromwell was in these instances inflamed to ferocity, and deep as is my respect for Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude, I think that the reprobation and resentment which such things excite in ordinary men ought to be encouraged rather than repressed. It is noticeable that Cromwell addressed his summons to strong places in Ireland in name not of the Commonwealth but of Parliament. He never exhibited a trace of that enthusiasm for a Republic which was a passion with several of those who sat with him in the Council of State.

Having quelled Ireland, Cromwell had once more to deal with the Scots. Duke Hamilton's enterprise had not been approved by the Covenanting clergy, but they and the party in the Scotch Parliament which had agreed with them in discountenancing Hamilton were startled by the execution of the King and the proclamation of the Commonwealth. Charles II. was invited to assume the Royal authority in Scotland, and the little nation, dreadfully as its resources had been impaired by the Marston Moor expedition, by the devastations of Montrose, and by the catastrophe of Preston, raised a considerable army. It is interesting to observe the difference between Cromwell's

treatment of the genuine Covenanters, on the one hand, and his treatment of the Irish Papists and of the Malignant or Royalist Scots of the Preston raid, on the other. Even Mrs. Hutchinson, who devotes to Cromwell one of the many spites that found harbour in her saintly breast, is inclined to believe that he was reluctant to accept the command, and sincerely wished Fairfax to take it. The Scots were, he believed, under infatuation in imagining that the objects of the Solemn League and Covenant could be attained, except in the dead letter, by the proclamation of Charles II.; but he could not doubt that a number of them were of that godly party which, as he was for ever saying, the Lord guarded as the apple of His eye, and which it was terribly dangerous to hurt. It was, therefore, an infinite consolation when God shone upon him in the almost miraculous deliverance of Dunbar. He solemnly adjures the Presbyterian clergy not to shut their eyes to a revelation like that. He thinks it little better than blasphemy when the reverend gentlemen remark with coldness that they do not hang their faith upon events. "Did not you solemnly appeal and pray? Did not we do so too? And ought not you and we to think, with fear and trembling, of the hand of the great God in this mighty and strange appearance of His; instead of slightly calling it an 'event'? . . . The Lord pity you!" He has the presumption to lecture even the General Assembly. "Is it therefore infallibly agreeable to the Word of God, all that *you* say? I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken." But on the whole, the tenderness with which he addresses the Scots is wonderful, considering how he wrote about friars. "If we know our hearts at all, our bowels do, in Christ Jesus, yearn after the godly in Scotland." But neither the clergy nor the people could be persuaded to abandon Charles. Even after the crushing blow of Dunbar they protracted

the struggle for upwards of a year, and if the hopeless project of an expedition into England had not been adopted, they might, as Cromwell told the Parliament, have made it very difficult work for the English in the succeeding winter. At Worcester the Scots were beaten down by overpowering numbers, but though Oliver, bent probably on securing the person of young Charles, entreated them to yield to mercy, they sacrificed themselves to give their King a chance. From this time Oliver took an interest in Scotland like that which a parent might take in a child that he loved, but to which he had been under the necessity of administering a severe castigation. He spoke with pride and joy of the prospering of the Scots, especially the poor, under his rule. Johnston of Warriston, one of the original Covenanters, sat in his House of Lords, and Scotch Lockhart, who had been in the Preston welter, was Cromwell's highly distinguished French ambassador, and commanded the Commonwealth troops on the sand dunes near Dunkirk, when they drove before them the best soldiers of Spain.

After Worcester, Cromwell could not but feel that he was the first man in England. His victories had built him a pedestal on which he stood visibly above the rest of his contemporaries. It was impossible that he should regard with overpowering reverence the peeled and meagre Rump in which sat hardly one in four of the original Commons of the Long Parliament. For upwards of nineteen months he waited, and then (April, 1653), fiercely exclaiming that they were no Parliament, he turned the remaining members out of doors. He did so with a view to averting one of two dangers: first, the perpetuation of the Parliament; second, the election of a new Parliament by such a constituency that the Puritan cause would be placed in peril. On finding that Oliver was resolute against perpetuation, Vane and his party seem to have tried to hurry through the

House a Bill for the election of a Parliament by the people in general. To do this, Cromwell knew, would be to run deadly hazard of a renewal of the war. He assumed the supreme authority, defending the step on the ground of necessity. "If the necessity I allege," he in effect said, "be a false or feigned necessity, I am a villain; if it be a real necessity, the plea is sound." Mr. Bisset denies the fact of the necessity. Could not Cromwell, he asks, at the head of his army, have guarded the cause, and secured that the Parliament elected by the people should not wrest from the Puritans all they had been contending for? The reply is easy. A Parliament elected in the way supposed would have been vehemently opposed to Cromwell. This is perfectly certain, for even with all the safeguards he took, his Parliaments would never work until he excluded a large proportion of the members. To have let a Parliament vehemently opposed to him sit, would have been to endanger everything, including his own neck; and to turn three out of every four members from the door would have been to provoke insurrection. Oliver had not been two years in his grave when the sweeping away of the entire fabric of the Commonwealth, and the hurling down into contempt and impotence of that godly party against which, while he breathed, no tongue in Europe dared to wag, demonstrated that it was no feigned necessity of which he spoke. He never asked for higher justification than was involved in the admission that, "if he were rolled into his grave," the cause would be buried with him. And so it was.

As ruler of England he strenuously endeavoured to restore in its essentials that ancient English freedom which it had been the aim of the Puritan heroes of the early time, Eliot, Hampden, Pym, to set on an immoveable basis. Charles I. was a monarch chafing against constitutional fetters, abhorring Parliaments, grudging every concession to

the patriots. Oliver was a monarch exerting his utmost ingenuity to bring into existence a free Parliament which would frankly accept even though it might limit his power. He restored the House of Lords. He would have had no objection to be called a king, but he expressed his distrust of the hereditary principle, and told those who pressed on him the Crown that, if they had in him the thing they wanted, they might avoid offending good men by giving him a particular name. He looked on himself, he said, as the Constable of the parish, useful in keeping the peace. We are constrained to grant that this was fundamentally his ambition, and, so granting, we must own that he was one of the noblest of men. Every sect, he mournfully declared, cried out for toleration to itself, but when you gave it toleration, it immediately grudged toleration to others. He would, beyond question, have introduced toleration on a still wider scale, had he not stood head and shoulders above the mass of his contemporaries in this matter, and been unable to have his own way. The magnificent energy, simplicity, integrity, and wisdom of his administration are admitted. England mistook his intention for what we call Imperialism, which it was not, and, not understanding him, England most justly refused to be dazzled by his genius and his conquests into what she believed would be a final surrender of her liberties. Our history since his death has proved that England did *not* desire a fundamental change in her political institutions, but it has also proved Cromwell to have rightly believed that a change of dynasty *was* a necessity. There are no perfect characters, and I think that there was a vein of culpable ambition in Cromwell's character; but history names few men greater, either morally or intellectually.

We have him at his worst when he takes to logical arguing and drawing of minute distinctions in order to prove a verbal consistency which he never could make

out; we have him at his best when he takes his stand in magnanimous simplicity upon the broad facts of his position. The Stuarts could not be restored without one of two evils, or both—new bloodshed, or the ruin of the cause. Cromwell called upon England to break away from superstitious fancies of kingly right. A supreme magistrate, elected by the nation, with no pretence to right except his power to do good to the country, with no foundation on which to rest except the people's love, co-operating with a Parliament to which he surrenders the entire legislative capacity, and with which he shares authority over the militia; this was the form of Government he proposed to establish in England. The army he offered to reduce to the exceedingly low figure of ten thousand Foot, and five thousand Horse; nor did he say or imply that a standing army was to be a permanent feature in the national system. Such was Cromwell's conception of the Government to be established in England. It was not the same thing as modern Parliamentary monarchy. The supreme magistrate was to have a real power of checking and balancing Parliament, a thing that seemed indispensable to Cromwell with a view to obviate that "arbitrariness" which he vehemently imputed to the Rump. But it was a very noble conception. With a succession of Cromwells for supreme magistrates—the most patriotic and practically capable man of each generation being chosen to preside over and co-operate with the Parliamentary representatives—it would be, perhaps, the most admirable combination of liberty and efficiency in a governing system that the world ever saw.

But it did not get a fair trial. Whatever its claims at the bar of reason, it was not a form of Government for which the nation was prepared. Society is the result of a natural growth, and the conclusions of reason are but particular elements, seldom very potent elements, in that growth. The abstract laws of beauty influence the growth

of an oak, but no oak that ever grew in this world was shaped in simple and perfect accordance with the abstract laws of beauty; and after the oak has grown for a certain number of years under the conditions appointed it when the parent acorn first rooted itself in a crevice of the soil, no human power can take the twists out of its stem and branches, substituting for them curves of perfect abstract beauty. In the seventeenth century it was too late for the most magnificently-gifted Cromwell to throw England out of the lines of her national growth. We can entirely sympathise with, entirely acquiesce in, the vague instinct of the English people, which refused to be reconciled to the Protector. The essential meaning of the nation was that it did not wish to cast off its ancient monarchy, and that, even if the King had forfeited his own right to reign, it was unjust to overlook the right of Prince Charles, of the Duke of York, of the Duke of Gloucester, provided that any one of these was willing to accept the nation's terms. This was the basis of the Scottish Covenanters in their final struggle, a basis defined by them with lucid precision, in full recognition of the rights of the English Parliament, when they crowned Charles II. It is pointedly instructive that the second Protectorate Parliament, in framing its scheme of representation, while excluding from electoral rights all who had fought against the Parliament of England and the Parliament of Scotland, before the spring of 1648, admitted to the vote those Scottish Presbyterians who had fought for Charles I. under Hamilton, and those who had fought for Charles II. under David Leslie. Cromwell, I believe, would have accepted the programme of the Covenanters if the vital point of toleration could have been secured, but faithfulness to the cause, faithfulness to justice, peremptorily forbade him to surrender the claim of his Ironside saints to freedom in the worship of their God.

Once the army had fought against Charles II., as well as against Charles I., Cromwell knew that even he could not, without new bloodshed, recall the Stuarts. In order to avoid bloodshed, he refused to set a crown on his own head; and can we suppose that he believed himself capable, without fresh effusion of English blood, to place on the head of a Stuart the crown which he dared not set on his own? He had no friends whom he could trust except his army. The Cavaliers would not look at him; the Presbyterians detested him; and these two sections formed the great body of the population. The people who pestered him to assume the title of king were craven pedants and sordid lawyers, cold as clay to the cause, and intent only on their own vile security in the event of reaction and restoration. The Republicans who opposed him were more determinedly set against the old monarchy than he was, and seem to have been infected—some of them, at least—with the cretinous hallucinations of mobocracy. Cromwell could not restore the Stuarts; neither had he a chance to make fair experiment of that form of Parliamentary government, with supreme magistrate, elected for life, which the circumstances of the time suggested, and which commended itself to his reason. He did the best he could. With modesty pathetic and sublime, he asked whether it was a sin to wish for a place in which one might do good, or at least avert great evil. His ecclesiastical system expressly included Independents, Presbyterians, and Baptists. He would assuredly have been more tolerant, both to Anglicans and to Papists, if the army and the Parliament had allowed him.

There has been much loose writing about the social gloom of Puritanism and the assumed prevalence of hypocrisy in all departments of a public service in which godliness was a commendation to office. I must confess to not having found much of that gloom and that harshness, of

which we have heard so often in modern times, in the Puritan age itself. Lord Macaulay, I cannot help thinking, fell into the mistake of taking Butler's caricature in Hudibras for the reflection of facts. Comparatively indifferent to theological dogma, Cromwell keenly insisted upon morality, decency, order, sobriety, and his soldiers loved him none the less for his strict discipline on these points. Lord Macaulay says that the soldiers shot the bears which they took from those who had used them for baiting, and infers that they had no feeling for the bears, but objected to the fun. What, I ask, could they have done with the animals? There were no Zoological Gardens to which they could send them; and no less cruel death than shooting could have terminated their sufferings. In putting an end to bear-baiting, bull-baiting, cock-fighting—the brutish amusements of the coarse populace of old England—the Puritans did an entirely right and noble thing, worthy of men truly gentle, as the truly brave are apt to be. Cromwell recognised the claims of recreation, and could himself hunt a stag. As for the hypocrisy, which the Puritan habit, expressly avowed by Oliver, of liking to see in all officials, from Cabinet Ministers and Members of Parliament down to personal servants, men of religious principle, is supposed to have promoted, we may find, if we form a clear idea of Puritan England, that hypocrisy could not well flourish under the influence of Oliver. Canting and psalm-singing may be useful to the rogue, if they are taken in *lieu* of work done; but if they are understood to be a *pledge* of consummate working faculty? A man who had cunningly enlisted in a troop of Ironsides in the hope that long prayers and savoury observations might excuse sloth and cowardice would have made a most dangerous mistake. Himself the very incarnation of energy, vigilance, thoroughness, Oliver impressed upon the entire Puritan organisation, its fleets, its armies, its

diplomacy, its civil servants, its clergy, a character of superb efficiency. His Court of Triers was in accordance with no ecclesiastical theory, but it consisted of honest, godly, capable men, and the incumbents whom it appointed were allowed to be industrious, moral, religious, and intelligent. His Universities dispensed sound learning, his Law Courts impartial law. His petty officials in country towns became heroes, refusing, though threatened with instant death, to be even formally and by compulsion traitors to the cause. The strenuous worker could get on in Puritan England without much profession of religion. Monk made no pretence to piety. But the counterfeit had no chance though he howled himself hoarse in preaching and praying. Since the world began, there never was a time or place in which word corresponded more closely to deed, than in England in the days of Cromwell.

Oliver died (September, 1658), as he had lived, true to the cause and praying for *its* prosperity, for blessing on the people of God and "one heart" to them in carrying on the good work, rather than for life to himself. With him, as with Vane, the Divinely-appointed reign of the saints was a fundamental idea. And laughable as we clever moderns are apt to find this notion of theirs, it had a transcendently important truth at the root of it. Those who love truth and goodness, those whose sincere and central aim is the well-being of their species rather than personal advantage, those whose passionate ambition it is to destroy misery and wickedness, and to widen the dominion of virtue and of joy, *are* the born kings of the world, God's viceroys in the planet, and ought at no moment to forget it, but to be ready to stand shoulder to shoulder in all just ends and righteous enterprises, to front the great army of darkness and selfishness; to fight, if possible, without the sword, if necessary, *with* the sword, for the cause of light and of love, of truth and goodness and God; to victory or to death.

XI.

CLARENDON.

CHAPTER XI.

CLARENDON.

THE celebrated man whom we know successively as Mr. Hyde of the Inner Temple, as Sir Edward Hyde, and as Earl of Clarendon, measures for us the whole period of what is, in the strict and proper sense, the Puritan Revolution. He saw the first painting of religion on the banners of Puritan and Cavalier; and he may have actually heard the noise when Venner and his Fifth Monarchy saints, proclaiming King Jesus in place of the restored Charles, were shot down in the streets of London. In loyalty to Church and King he exhibited a high type of Cavalier heroism; and he displayed on one occasion a unique and indescribable meanness, attested under his own hand in what Macaulay pronounces "the most extraordinary passage in autobiography." He was the founder of the old High Church Tory party, repelling politely but inexorably the Papist on his right hand, and inexorably, but with no politeness, all non-Anglican Protestants on his left. He is the apologist and *sacer vates* of the royal martyr, and is hailed by Tory rhetoricians as "the day-star of our history." He took part in delicate and dangerous negotiations, experienced startling extremes of good and evil fortune, was in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by his countrymen. The confidential friend of two kings, the grandfather of two sovereigns, he died in exile, vainly imploring the monarch, whose way he had paved to the

throne, to let him set foot in England. He preserved through all vicissitude of fortune an enviable faculty of consuming his own smoke, and amid contradiction of sinners, saints, and circumstances, retained the soul's calm sunshine of a good conceit of himself, always making the most of a quiet hour when Jove told it to leave off thundering.*

He was born in 1609, near Salisbury, where his father, Henry Hyde, resided on his own estate of Dinton, pursuing the usual avocations of a cultivated and intelligent country gentleman. Edward, the third son, was originally designed for the Church, but the death of his two elder brothers made him heir, and he was sent to study law. Leaving Oxford with a reputation for parts and wit, but not for scholarship, he was entered at the Inner Temple in 1625. In those years London swarmed with loose swash-buckler people of the military sort, and he hints that he had rather more intercourse with such characters than was good for him. Already, however, he was keenly alive to the claims of decorum, and conducted himself, as he significantly says, "*cautè* if not *castè*," avoiding "notable scandal of any kind." He frankly informs us that he made his earliest proposition for marriage, happily unsuccessful, with no warmer passion than "appetite to a convenient estate;" but he speaks ardently of his first wife as "very fair and beautiful," and adds that her death, six months after the marriage, "shook all the frame of his resolutions." Three years later he married a daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, who bore him many children, and with whom he lived "very comfortably in the most uncomfortable times, and very joyfully in those times when matter of joy was administered."

The six or eight years preceding 1640 were the brightest of his life. Not only was he advancing in his profession,

* "I'm glad you told it to leave off thundering."—Ixion to Jupiter, in Lord Beaconsfield's Ixion in Heaven.

and gaining a reputation for talent and eloquence, but he indulged the cravings of that literary genius which was his deepest characteristic. Several hours every day he devoted to reading, and sedulously cultivated the society of the most brilliant men of his time. Ben Jonson "had for many years an extraordinary kindness for Mr. Hyde," and Selden, Cotton, Sir Kenelm Digby, Thomas May, and Thomas Carew were among his acquaintance. When in London, Hyde and his associates dined together by appointment, and the wit and learning of their talk were much spoken of. In the country he either entertained his friends at Dinton, or formed one of the circle attracted to Falkland's mansion in Oxfordshire by the graceful hospitality and noble character of its owner. Clarendon says with generous modesty that "he never was so proud, or thought himself so good a man, as when he was the worst man in the company." The friendship which sprang up at this time between Hyde and Falkland—the gentlest and best of all the Cavaliers—was unbroken until Falkland's death, and continued, during the thirty years of Hyde's subsequent life, to be with him the subject of tender and sacred remembrance.

The spirit and sentiments of the renowned circle in which Hyde and Falkland moved were liberal. Nowhere, in the whole range of literature, is there a more just or enlarged conception of toleration, a more intrepid recognition of the claims of reason and conscience, than in the works of Chillingworth and Hales. Nor ought it to be forgotten that both Hales and Chillingworth found favour in the eyes of Laud, and were encouraged by him to seek promotion in the Church. And yet, in those very years, England, as seen by Milton, was an anguish-stricken mother, crowned with ashes, lamenting for her children driven into the wilderness by tyrannous impositions. The summer lightnings of wit and free thought flashed around the board of Falkland; and Hyde, with Whitelock, and

a throng of bright young fellows of the Inns of Court, resplendent in gold and silver lace, some in coaches-and-six, some on richly caparisoned horses, went masquing in procession from Chancery Lane to Whitehall, to dance under the eyes of majesty and be complimented by the Queen; but in Palace Yard ears were being cut off, noses slit, cheeks branded; and, step by step, the conspirators of Thorough were advancing on the last fastnesses of English freedom.

Clarendon's glowing description of the society in which he moved before 1640 once more illustrates the strangely connected, strangely contrasted parts played in history by the speculative intellect and the believing or the impassioned heart. A sure instinct told Laud that the most capriciously sceptical of philosopher divines would be more manageable in the Church than the rugged Puritan who feared God and knew no other fear. The speculative intellect plays with light and lambent flame about the fetters of nations, revealing weak places and rubbing off the gilt of customary reverence; but the fire that melts them is from the heart. Not Erasmus but Luther originated the Reformation; not Waller but Milton is the poet of the Puritan Revolution; not the knowing, glittering, satirical Voltaire, but Rousseau, the half-crazed prophet of philanthropy, inspired Robespierre and his Jacobins. Speculative philosophy and Horatian poetry have always taken kindly to despotism. No pale-faced nun could have shuddered and whimpered at the excesses of liberty in more genuine panic than that of Gibbon when he saw whither their fine-spun theories had led his free-thinking friends in France. If Strafford, Laud, and Charles had succeeded in transforming the monarchy of England into a despotism, it would have been a stately and imposing despotism; with pictures by Velasquez and Titian in the palace, with Chillingworth in the Church, and Hobbes at the University; but this merely proves that despotism in England would

not have been without those alleviations which have not redeemed the malignity of despotism elsewhere.

In the Short Parliament, which sat in the spring of 1640, Hyde occupied an intermediate position between Charles and the Patriots. Hampden had taken his line. He was resolved to force upon the Court a complete change of policy, and to grant no supplies to be employed in the Scotch war. The veteran Patriots were convinced that a royal victory over the Scots would be the death-knell of freedom in England. But these men had a difficult part to play. The Commons were not disposed to deal hardly with the King, and a grant of money, even though not large, might be interpreted as an approval of the royal policy. Under these circumstances, Charles asked for twelve subsidies. The amount was enormous for those times, and Hampden knew that the House would refuse it. He proposed, therefore, that the question should be put *simpliciter*, grant or not grant twelve subsidies? Hyde suggested that the question should be divided, the vote whether some supply should be granted being taken separately from the vote fixing the amount. He had at this time no connection with the Court, but if he had been the confidential adviser of Charles, he could not have adopted a course more likely to baffle the Patriots and to secure for the Crown the command of the House. Charles, however, was one whom it was difficult to serve. His ministers announced on his part that no smaller supply than that asked for would be accepted. The masterly tactics of Hyde, which might have foiled the dexterous and experienced Hampden, were of no avail. The twelve subsidies were refused, and Charles announced his intention to dissolve the Parliament. Hyde knew that this would be folly. Hurrying to Laud, he implored the Archbishop to use his influence to dissuade the King from a dissolution. Laud said he would not counsel a dissolution, but neither

would he offer his advice against it. The probability is that Laud, who found Convocation manageable, who had his canons to get enacted, and who would have been pleased beyond expression if his ecclesiastical Parliament could by voting money have enabled the King to do without the lay Parliament, was not averse to a dissolution. Though he was no imbecile, his conception of the interests of the Church may well have paralysed his judgment as to what was the best course for his master to adopt in civil affairs at this critical conjuncture. In the Short Parliament Hyde served on no fewer than seven committees, and took a leading part in the attack on the Marshall's Court, one of the oppressive tribunals of the time.

The Short Parliament was dissolved in May, 1640. In the succeeding months Charles involved himself in a coil of embarrassments worthy of his imperious wilfulness and profound incapacity. The Long Parliament was elected when the constituencies were in a paroxysm of transcendent disgust with him and his bishops. The misgovernment which had brought a Scotch army into England, which had reddened the Tyne with English blood, which had thrown everything into hideous confusion, was believed by the great body of Englishmen to be bound up with the King's determination to force the ecclesiastical system of Laud both upon England and upon Scotland. Recollecting that the Short Parliament had failed to put an end to Charles's infatuation on this point, the English people elected a House of Commons more vehemently in sympathy with Presbyterianism, more tinctured with Independency, and more fiercely opposed to Episcopacy, than corresponded to the permanent sentiment of the nation on these subjects. This fact is the key to the entire history of the Long Parliament. Hyde sat for Saltash.

Pym and Hampden had now a Parliament on which they could depend in a final effort to put an end to the

maladministration of the Crown and secure the liberties of the realm. The paroxysm of Presbyterian sympathy in which the Commons were elected did not exclude from the House a large and able party attached to the government and ritual of the Church of England; but this party agreed with Hampden on the constitutional question, and were prepared to go with Pym on the subject of religion at least so far as might be necessary in order to get the Scots out of England, and to guarantee them, among their own hills and heaths, the enjoyment of Presbyterianism to their hearts' content. Accordingly the Commons acted in their first session—from November, 1640, to August, 1641—as a united phalanx. There were minor differences of opinion; there were animated debates; but on all the grand measures, including the overthrow of Strafford and the Act forbidding the dissolution of Parliament except with its own consent, which render those few months the most important in the constitutional history of England, Hampden went hand in hand with Falkland, and Pym with Hyde. Hyde was entrusted by the House with the conduct of the impeachment of the Barons of the Exchequer. He shared the intimate counsels of the Patriot leaders, and was often asked to dine with them at that table in Pym's lodgings around which, characteristically enough, the history of England was then to be seen or heard in the making.

Towards the close of this memorable first session, however, Hyde was gradually drawing off from Pym and Hampden, and leaning towards the Court. He was alarmed principally on account of the Church. It was natural that Hampden and his friends should consider it essential with a view to securing the freedom of the country, that the spirit if not the constitution of the Church should be changed. The ecclesiastical system of Laud had furnished despotism with its most effective instruments. The Anglican clergy, except when they were Puritan, taught as a religious duty

the most abject political servility. Laud identified the Church so peremptorily, not merely with the clergy, but with the upper section among the clergy, that he refused the name of pastor to all but bishops.* When Charles bitterly disappointed the nation by dissolving the Short Parliament, Convocation continued to sit, as if in insolent exhibition of its comparative loyalty, and actually voted money to support him in that Scotch war which the Commons of England had refused to support with one farthing. In France, in Holland, in Scotland, the Reformed Church had rejected episcopacy, and returned to the republican simplicity of the early Christians. Taking all these things into account, can we wonder that the Patriots of the Long Parliament considered it impossible that a Church based on the Divine right of bishops, and teaching the Divine right of kings, could coexist with civil freedom in England?

Nevertheless it can be proved out of the mouth of Clarendon that Pym and Hampden had no insuperable objection to Episcopacy on religious grounds; and no tenable or candid explanation of the course they pursued can be given except on the hypothesis that what they essentially wanted was some such ecclesiastical arrangement as should be in harmony with the free institutions of the kingdom. They were men of massive common sense, able to distinguish between names and realities; and it was a hard fate which compelled them to choose between a Divine-right Episcopacy and a Divine-right Presbyterianism, when they believed in neither. What renders Hyde supremely interesting as an historical character is neither his having been the chief minister of two Stuart sovereigns, nor his having written the history of his time, but his having been the man who, of all then living, might have

* See the letter to Strafford, in which he rebukes his correspondent on this point.

done most to save the Patriots of the Long Parliament from being forced to make this election. Had Hyde taken a course even slightly different from that which he pursued, Pym, Hampden, and the whole party which they led, instead of choosing the less of two evils, with calamity annexed for decades and malign results for centuries, might have seen their way to a permanently workable, broadly comprehensive ecclesiastical scheme, acceptable to the people, loyal to a constitutional throne, and making it possible for England to escape both the murderous contention of the seventeenth century and the misery and heart-burning of our modern social war between Church and Dissent. The ground upon which these positions are taken up will become apparent as we proceed.

Riding one day with Nathaniel Fiennes, after adjournment from the Patriot dinner-table, in the fields that then spread in green expanse between Westminster and Chelsea, Hyde happened to remark that "he could not conceive how religion could be preserved without bishops, nor how the government of the State could subsist, if the government of the Church were altered." The impossibility of religion without bishops and of monarchy without Laudian Episcopacy was a doctrine well calculated to suggest misgivings to Pym and Hampden touching the patriotism of him who held it. Hyde began to find himself "gloomed upon" in the House.

The circumstances which alarmed his Patriot friends attracted the notice of Charles. Mr. Percy, the Earl of Northumberland's brother, whispered into his ear that the King would be glad to have a few words with him. He first met his royal master shortly before the departure of the latter for Scotland (August, 1641). Charles thanked him for his zeal in defence of Episcopacy, and hinted that he had plans in hand which, when he returned, would place the Church beyond reach of attack. Soon after this inter-

view, the first session of the Long Parliament came to an end.

In October the Lords and Commons reassembled, and presently Charles returned from the north. He was received with acclamations in his capital, and a large, ardent, and influential party in the House of Commons professed themselves satisfied with the concessions which had been made. Meanwhile Pym, Hampden, and a majority of the Parliamentary Patriots, adjured the nation not to think that the battle was over, affirmed that nothing had yet been securely won, and proposed that Charles, instead of being hailed as the restorer and guardian of freedom, should be waited on with the Great Remonstrance.

The honest burghers of London and many of the King's friends at Westminster judged by appearances; the leading Patriots knew what lay behind. Charles had for months been plotting a counter-revolution. Pym and Hampden had fingered the threads of his plots, and knew that the liberty for which they had toiled through so many stormy years was in peril. When Strafford and Laud were removed, Charles had fallen under the paramount influence of the Queen, one of the most unscrupulous and daring schemers in Europe; he had tried to bring up an armed force to wrest Strafford out of the hands of Parliament; his trip to Scotland had been suspiciously involved with plots woven in Edinburgh; the Irish rebels declared themselves the soldiers of Henrietta Maria; and there had been Court intrigues for obtaining military assistance from some Continental State. The Patriot leaders knew that Charles had never accepted *ex animo* the part of constitutional King, that he had not sought his counsellors among the Patriots, that he preferred the advice of hare-brained intriguers like Digby to that of the leaders of the English nation, that, in one word, he was intent, as he had

always been, except at moments when he bowed his head like the bulrush to the swollen stream, upon asserting his autocratic power against Parliament. In the Great Remonstrance, therefore, they recounted all that had been amiss in the administration of Charles from the time of his accession to the throne, and demanded that Parliament should be practically recognised as his "great Council in all affairs, both in Church and State." They made no disguise of their intentions respecting the Church, which were to reduce the "exorbitant power" assumed by the "prelates," to remove these from "their temporal power and employments," to "unite the foreign Churches" with the Church of England in the general Protestant cause, and to convoke a Synod of "the most grave, pious, learned, and judicious divines of this island, assisted by some from foreign parts," to "consider of all things necessary for the peace and good government of the Church," and to place the result of their deliberations before Parliament.

The bringing forward of the Great Remonstrance by the Patriots afforded an opportunity for a pitched battle between the party of advance, or rather of consolidation, and the party of reaction, or at least of pause. The debates were long, and the passions of the antagonists were so profoundly stirred that, but for the self-possession and resource of Hampden, they would have sheathed their swords in each other's bodies. The Remonstrance was carried, but the narrowness of the majority affords conclusive evidence that if Hyde had been equal to the emergency, not even Charles's talent for effecting inconceivable failures could have brought on a general wreck. Had Hyde stood forth simply as the head of his Majesty's Opposition in the Lower House, careless whether he were formally recognised by the King or not, inflexible in his conviction that Parliament was the arena in which the conflict on behalf of the Church and the monarchy could

best be carried on, he might have saved Charles in spite of himself.

Recommended by his zeal for Episcopacy, signalised by his opposition to the Remonstrance, Hyde was called by Digby to a secret interview with the King. The mere circumstance of his being invited by Digby to a midnight interview at the palace ought to have put him on his guard. Digby was a typical figure of the period—a characteristic actor in scenes where romance and reality seem to be interchangeable—where the grouping and the background are often so like those of Drury Lane that we can hardly believe them to be those of history. Incapable of statesmanship, Charles delighted in plot and stratagem, and while disliking solidly able men, was charmed with such as could weave interminable intrigues, and display an unlimited amount of stage dauntlessness in carrying them out. Digby seems to have had the itch of plotting in his very blood, for his father died as an accomplice in the Gunpowder Plot. A few years before this time he had joined the Church of Rome, and was one of that inmost circle of plotters who drew inspiration from Henrietta Maria and her Jesuit advisers, and from whose darkest schemes Charles himself was probably excluded. Had Hyde possessed the instinct of a great practical statesman, he would have told Digby that he was in a position to serve the King most effectively without express connection with him. He could have done infinitely more for the Church and the throne as the opponent of Hampden in Parliament than as the associate of Digby in the royal closet. He took, however, the first, and, as it proved, the fatal step. Conducted by Digby, he entered Whitehall by the back-stairs in the dead of night. He found himself in the presence not of Charles only, but of the Queen. Could anything be more picturesquely theatrical? The conductor, Digby; the time, night; the locality, a room in the palace adjoining the Queen's back-stairs;

"the waning moon on the water," if we please. Clarendon kissed hands; Digby withdrew; and the King entered at once upon business. Informing Hyde that he wished to dismiss St. John, the Solicitor-General, Charles offered him the place. "God forbid!" exclaimed Hyde. To accept the office of St. John would, he knew, be to throw down the gauntlet to the Patriot party, and to swell their ranks by the unmistakable announcement of a reactionary policy on the part of the Crown. The King, however, expressed surprise at his refusal, and the Queen urged him to accede to the proposal. If he did not choose to become Solicitor-General, would he, they asked, accept some other office? No. He would not be ostensibly associated with the Court. He would act with Falkland and Colepeper as adviser of his Majesty, but the connection must remain secret. And so he glided away as he had come.

Had Hyde, I repeat, been a great man instead of an adroit advocate, he would have told Charles that the saving of the Church and the monarchy of England could not be done in a corner; but that the magnificent array of gentlemen, at whose head he had almost defeated the Remonstrance, was perfectly capable, without aid from histrionic plotters or midnight interviews, to secure reasonable terms for both. The interview itself ought to have instructed him as to the soundness of the Patriot apprehensions and as to the course which the interests of the country required him to pursue. He was led to the palace by Digby—a hare-brained adventurer, a Papist, a renegade; and he saw that, in transacting business of essential importance, the King was at the beck of the Queen. Novice as he was in public life compared with Pym or Hampden, men who, for twenty years, had been studying the Court and penetrating its inmost arcana, these facts might have opened his eyes. He ought to have felt that it was madness to let himself be drawn into an irreconcilable breach with those statesmen,

whose ally he had been in the first Session of the Long Parliament, by such persons as Digby and Henrietta Maria. Mere self-respect required besides that, having been formally accepted as chief adviser of the Crown, he should insist upon his views being adopted. Instead of being firm on this point, he drifted into a connection with the Court, without having it determined whether he, Falkland, and Colepeper were to be Charles's real advisers, or whether power was to remain with the Queen and Digby. He was soon informed, as by a thunderclap, that he had permitted himself to be trifled with by Charles.

In point of fact, Charles had looked upon the Great Remonstrance as a declaration of war, and he was consumed with a passionate desire not only to crush the pretensions of Parliament, but to take a bloody revenge upon the leading Patriots. Within a few weeks of the presentation of the Remonstrance, within a still shorter period of his midnight interview with Hyde, he struck a direct blow at the privilege of Parliament, and at the life of Hampden, Pym, and their principal coadjutors, by attempting their arrest on a charge of high treason.

Likely enough the King's actual rush to Westminster at the head of an armed mob may have been suggested by a word from Digby, and executed almost on the impulse of the moment; but if Digby is answerable for the *coup de theâtre*, Charles meditated a *coup d'état*. No rational account can be given of his proceedings either before or after the attempted arrest, unless we believe that it was his settled purpose to put down the popular party by force. He had made things, as he supposed, safe in Scotland; his prerogative placed the militia at his command; Portsmouth and Hull, with the magazine in the latter, were nominally his, and could, as he presumed, be seized. Hatred of Parliaments was with him a passion; he possessed neither the patience nor the capacity indispensable for Parliamen-

tary management; and he at heart disliked the party of Falkland, Colepeper, and Hyde only less than the party of Hampden and Pym. On any possible hypothesis the attempted arrest was foolish, but the only hypothesis on which it can be accounted for at all is that Charles confusedly thought that, having overawed and discredited the whole Patriot party by throwing their leaders into the Tower on a charge of treason, he might either hurry a Bill through the Houses consenting to dissolution, or venture on dissolving them without this formality. Perfectly incapable of reading the signs of the time, he seems to have mistaken the friendly feeling with which he was received when he returned from Scotland, a feeling dependent wholly on the belief that he deserved the trust of Parliament as the *guardian* of constitutional freedom, for an emotion similar to the fiery discontent with which he himself fretted *against* constitutional control. When the attempt failed, he did not really fall back on a pacific policy; he persisted in a policy of war. Within a fortnight from the failure he was conducting the Queen to the coast, who, in well-grounded apprehension of being impeached for high treason, was carrying off the Crown jewels, in order to pawn them on the Continent for arms. Charles was in very truth henceforth at war with his Parliament.

And what of Hyde? Let us not ask too much from him. Let us not say, though a strong case could be made out for saying, that he was bound to make common cause with the Patriots. Let us admit that he would have been justified in maintaining that opposition to Hampden which he had taken up at the time of the Remonstrance. How could he, on these terms, have most honourably and most effectively served England and the King? How could he have done the best for those noble and loyal gentlemen, resolute to sacrifice neither Church nor Monarchy, who

looked to him as their leader? It were false to impute either to him or to them an intention to subvert the independence of the law, to wink at the suppression of Parliaments, to recall the system of Thorough. At the time of the attempted arrest of the five Members, he was probably one of the most reactionary of his party, for he strongly repudiates that doctrine of the supremacy of Parliament which the great body of the Privy Council sanctioned; but neither now nor subsequently did he admit the right of the King to raise money without Parliamentary grant, or to use in the administration any machinery except that provided by law. He demanded no retrogression; his fundamental position was that now a halt ought to be called; and what might have been expected of him was neither more nor less than that he should hold this position manfully. In demanding this of Hyde, we ask simply that he should have carried out with masculine energy that programme which, when we read his book with care, we find himself laying down, or at least enabling us to lay down. He it is who tells us that Falkland, Colepeper, and the whole constitutional party, as contrasted with the mere courtiers, were astounded and distressed by the attempted arrest of the Members, and "perfectly detested" the counsels which suggested it. He it is who assures us that he joined with all his heart in the reiterated entreaty of the Parliament to Charles, when he strode sullenly to the North preparing battle, that he would return to Westminster. On his own page is delineated that interview which revealed to him that Charles stood in the same relation to Henrietta Maria, the heart and soul of the Popish party, in the management of affairs, in which Bishop Proudie stands to his spouse in Mr. Trollope's novel; and, if that interview was not evidence sufficient on the point, it was supplemented by the facts, also given under his hand, that the Queen possessed "absolute power with the King," and that,

when she went to Holland to buy arms, she exacted a promise from him to be guided by her in the choice of his advisers. Consider all that this subordination of Charles to the Queen implied, and then take along with it the following words addressed by Hyde to the King when His Majesty, after parting with Henrietta Maria, had reached Newmarket in his progress to the North:—"Your Majesty well knows that your greatest strength is in the hearts and affections of those persons who have been the severest assertors of the public liberties." When one thinks of the sequel—of Hampden's death-wound, of Pym's death from over-work and agitation, of Falkland's broken heart, of Charles's "grey discrowned head" falling on the scaffold, of the beautiful soft-skinned corpses of the gentlemen of England that lay white in the moon by thousands on Marston Heath*—these words become impressive to the pitch of pain. Had Hyde been as strenuous in giving effect to the true policy, as he was accurate in apprehending it—had he inflexibly refused, and prevailed upon the great body of the Cavaliers to refuse, to abet the King in making war upon the "severest assertors of the public liberties,"—all that melancholy sequel might have been averted.

That the constitutional Cavalier party would have rallied to a policy of pacific resistance, if a man of the requisite genius, energy, and courage had placed such a policy before them in the first months of 1642, can scarcely be doubted. All our power to feel the pathos of the war, all our capacity to appreciate the motives and understand the conduct of the antagonist parties at successive stages in the conflict, depend on our perception of the *thinness* of the line which separated them at the outset; a line resembling that of two rivers, issuing from one lake by channels divided from each other by but a single crag, which continue to flow on, mile

* The smoothness and whiteness of the stripped bodies of the Cavaliers on Marston Moor are referred to in contemporary writings.

after mile, in closest neighbourhood, and then gradually diverge until mountains rise between. In the beginning of 1642, the Cavaliers were passionately averse to war; and in petitions without number the Patriots implored Charles not to draw the sword with which he menaced them. There was hardly a man in the country who at heart desired war except the King himself. Unless we realise the intensity of the Cavalier persuasion that there was no irreconcilable difference between the King's friends and the followers of Pym and Hampden, and the intensity of the Patriot persuasion that only the unreasonableness of Charles stood in the way of an accommodation, the most characteristic facts in the history of the time become perfectly unintelligible. Men with swords in their hands, men meeting each other in the grapple of war and reddening the grass with their blood, were on both sides anxious that they should conquer only by halves. It is known to every one that Essex and Manchester trembled at the thought of conquering the King too thoroughly; it is less known, but equally certain, that the great body of the Cavaliers regarded with equal anxiety the prospect of the King's being completely victorious. What was wanted in order to reconcile the parties —what, in the beginning of 1642, might have been found, but became at each successive stage in the dispute more difficult to find—was a daysman who could have put his hand upon both, who could have convinced the Patriots that there was no risk of the restoration of Thorough, and the Cavaliers that the Crown and the Church were safe, and thus have confined the whole conflict within the Parliamentary arena.

To bring Charles to reason just one thing was necessary —to leave him well alone. Had his friends in the Houses told him with one voice that war was out of the question, even the Queen must have perceived that it was useless to try force. And who was the man to bear this message to

the King with the authority of one who insisted on conferring a supreme benefaction? Who was the man that had dined with Pym and Hampden in the inner circle of trusted patriotism, and had also met Charles in secret interview? Who was the man that put it on record at this very time that Charles's best friends were the "severest assertors" of liberty? This man was Hyde. If he had made the King's return to Westminster, or, at least, the localisation of the struggle in the Parliamentary arena, the principle of the Cavalier policy—if he had made Charles's acceptance of this principle an absolute condition of his remaining, along with Colepeper and Falkland, whom it would have been easy for him to influence, in the Royal service—war would have been impossible.

Will it be said that, in calling upon the whole party of constitutional Cavaliers to decline an appeal to arms, Hyde would have abandoned the cause of the monarchy? Words have been quoted from Clarendon which have no meaning unless they state that the "assertors of liberty" had at this time no design against the monarchy. And, as a matter of fact, the monarchy never lost the support of the Long Parliament. A minority, in whose hand Charles and Hyde helped to place irresistible power, overthrew the monarchy, but that minority had, first of all, to cut down the Parliament, which still, by its majority, defended the King; and when, after nearly a score of years had elapsed from the time of its first assembling, the Long Parliament was once more installed at Westminster, it straightway took steps to re-establish the dynasty and the throne. Neither the monarchical constitution, nor the life of the King, was ever in danger from Pym or Hampden, or the Parliament elected under their influence.

But would not the Church have been left to destruction if Hyde and the Cavaliers had absolutely declined to fight? Again we turn to Clarendon, always the leading witness

against himself. He is quite frank in his admissions that the Patriots of 1640–42 cherished no insuperably hostile dispositions towards the Church. The Earl of Bedford "had," he tells us, "no desire that there should be any alteration in the government of the Church." Hampden said to Falkland, and Clarendon does not hint a suspicion that he did not speak the truth, that if the Bishops were but removed from the House of Lords, "there would be nothing more attempted to the prejudice of the Church." Pym and Hollis, and all the "northern men," were willing to acquiesce in episcopal government. Essex was devoted to the Book of Common Prayer. The Patriots had been born and bred in the Church of England, and though they detested Laud's "innovations," and desired that the Church should be in sympathy with the Reformation rather than with Rome, they had no conscientious scruple about her episcopal organisation. Even Cromwell, though far more intensely Puritan than those men, had not been a separatist, and did not, so far as I am aware, complain of anything in the Church except the restraint, under Laud's auspices, of prayer and preaching, the stifling of essentials under ceremony and grimace, and the *imposition* of rites upon tender consciences. Such were the materials, even in the Patriot ranks, afforded Hyde for the defence of the Church, before the outbreak of the war. Can it be doubted that the defence might have been made good, if the Cavaliers had entrenched themselves in Westminster, and told the King to clear his head of insane schemes of war?

In all the years since Parliaments met in England, no opportunity so noble of constituting and leading "His Majesty's Opposition" had been offered as was now offered to Hyde. Even if we suppose that he would have found it impossible to resist the proposal embodied in the Remonstrance, that a Synod should be convoked at Westminster to consider the affairs of the Church, is there any reason

to doubt that he could have secured so large an admission of Episcopal divines to its deliberations, that the overthrow of the Church would have been out of the question? The great body of the Cavaliers would have had no objection to a reinforcement of the Protestant element in the Church, and the great body of the Patriots wanted, at bottom, nothing else. By drawing off the constitutional and Protestant friends of the Church from their early association with Hampden and his friends, Hyde forced the latter on the alliance of thorough-going Puritanism, first English and then Scottish. This alliance was disastrous for all parties. But Hampden and Pym would never have sought to impose Presbytery on the Church of England, and the Scots would never have been subjected to what their wisest and best men felt to be the hard and perilous necessity of appearing in England as Presbyterian missionaries with pikes in their hands, if the weakness of Hyde had not permitted the removal from Westminster of the natural allies (not the less effective because their part was to check and balance) of Pym and Hampden in completing the reformation of the Church of England—to wit, the Protestant Cavaliers.

True, no doubt, it is that under Hyde's leadership, the Church ultimately rose triumphant over all her enemies; but she rose by no honourable victory, and to play no illustrious part. She rose to be no longer the Church of Elizabeth, heading the Protestantism of Europe, and owning the Reformed Churches as sisters, but to turn from these in the ineffable self-complacency of spiritual pride, denying to them sacraments, orders, and the very name of Churches. She rose to be the slave and the sycophant of power, grasping implacably the instruments of persecution, and adopting as her policy to drive all who did not pronounce her shibboleth beyond the political, educational, and social pale. Churchmen of comprehensive and generous sym-

pathies, whose patriotism has burst the bands of sectarianism and embraces all Englishmen, and such there have been in every age, may well regret the course adopted by Hyde in 1642.

It is, of course, true that if Hyde and Hampden had between them succeeded in constituting a robustly Protestant and Liberal Church, the triumph of the Puritan van, under Cromwell, would not have been achieved; and that, if the reign of the saints had never occurred, one of the most brilliant pages in the history of England would not have been written. But the victory of the saints was the victory of a minority, and therefore a maimed and melancholy victory. Had Hyde been all he might have been, the Puritans would, perhaps, never have seen the Prayer Book proscribed, the ceremonies abolished, the framework of Episcopacy voted down; but neither would they have seen Episcopacy arise from the tomb in which it had been buried *alive*, armed with tenfold power to vex them. Had the Puritans attained, in the middle of the seventeenth century, only such a triumph as the great body of the English nation could thoroughly sympathise with, there might never have taken place that severance between Puritanism and scholarship, between Puritanism and speculative intrepidity, between Puritanism and culture, wealth, refinement, which followed upon the exclusion of Puritans from all the seats of learning. Had the Puritanism of Milton and of Cromwell been less imperiously triumphant in the seventeenth century, the hereditary rancour between Churchmen and Dissenters, which embitters social life in modern England, might never have been known. Of all the lessons which the Puritan Revolution reads to men of this generation, none is more pregnant or penetrating than that conveyed to us by the disastrous *excess* of the Puritan victory. Prince Bismarck in his war with Ultramontanism will find it worth while to

remember that forms of religious belief, *not yet dead,* can in no possible way be helped to develope latent vitality so effectually as by attempting to bury them alive. One must be very sure, before proceeding to the work of sepulture, that death has done its part so effectually that no chill of the tomb will restore the nervous tension and renew the beating of the heart, and that "decay's effacing fingers have swept the lines where beauty lingers" so transformingly that the affection of bystanders cannot awaken. Hamlet took no thought of the babblings of Ophelia when she went about unharmed, but forty thousand brothers could not love her as he did when he saw her stretched upon her bier.

Infinitely as we may regret Hyde's decision to merge the constitutional Cavalier party in that of the Court—for this is the exact statement of his grand mistake—we are bound to be not less than just to himself. He meant well. Had Charles succeeded in putting down the Parliament, he would have exerted his influence to prevent the King from taking too bloody a revenge, and from trampling too disdainfully on the liberties of the country; and, without question, he would have exerted his influence in vain. A very different arm from his would have been wanted to hold Charles in the day of his power and his vengeance; and the golden-mouthed man would have found himself thrust from the path of the father more promptly than he was from that of the son. We are not required, however, to impute to Hyde a devotion to the cause of Church and King so unalloyed with worldly ambition as the heroic devotion of Falkland. He was at that stage of life when, if at any, the element of daring in a man has force; and though he must have known that the choice he made involved great risks, he must have known also that it might open the way to magnificent prizes. Splendid rank and immense fortune were the stakes for which ministers of State played in the seventeenth

century; and it did not require heroic virtue or valour to take heavy odds in such a game.

When Charles, finding that his *coup d'état* had failed, took the road for Dover with the Queen, Hyde was named by Parliament one of a deputation to carry a message to his Majesty at that port. He had kept his relations with the King strictly secret, and we may presume that if the Patriot leaders, whose power was greatly reinforced by the attempted arrest, had gravely suspected him of adhesion to the Court, they would not have afforded him an opportunity of gaining personal access to Charles. Their trusting him on such an occasion proves also the tragic earnestness of their wish to preserve the *unity* of the constitutional and Protestant party in dealing with the King. Hyde, failing to discern and adopt that middle course between the Court and the Patriots in which he might have walked openly at the head of a multitude of noble-hearted gentlemen, adopted a middle course of cunning and disguise. Acting ostensibly in concert with the other members of the Patriot deputation, he had veiled interviews with Charles, and induced him to soften his words in answering the Patriot demands. No true concession, but more of smoothness in the phrase —such, on his own showing, was Hyde's counsel to the King. Charles deserves the credit, whatever it may be worth, of wishing to speak as sharply as he felt; Hyde insisted on the lacquer. In a secret interview at Greenwich, on the return journey, when Charles was about to proceed to the north, and Hyde to accompany the rest of the deputation to Westminster, it was agreed between them that Hyde should write and transmit to the King answers to all Parliamentary declarations and messages. A service of gentlemen was arranged to carry papers between Hyde and Charles. The work was done for several months with a vigilant faithfulness which evaded all detection, and a celerity which seems incredible. Letters were despatched

from London on Saturday night, and the answers, written at York, were in Hyde's hand before noon on Monday.

Charles and Hyde were at one in the essential matter of Bishop-worship, and the maudlin King took kindly to a man who had neither Falkland's inextinguishable love of liberty, nor Colepeper's shrewd practical instincts. Hyde succeeded in preventing a breach between Charles and Falkland. For some cause, of which Clarendon says little, his Majesty was offended with Falkland, and was inclined, with characteristic irritability, to expel him from his service. Falkland was too frankly and manfully Protestant for Charles. The Jesuits had got round his two younger brothers, "being both children, and stolen them from his house, and transported beyond seas," besides having "perverted his sisters." He was thus sharply indignant against Popery and the Laudian Bishops. "It seemed that their work"—he wrote of these last—"was to try how much of a Papist might be brought in without Popery; and to destroy as much as they could of the Gospel without bringing themseves into danger of being destroyed by the law. The design has been to bring in an English, though not a Roman, Popery: I mean, not only the outside and dress of it, but an equally absolute and blind dependence of the people upon the clergy, and of the clergy upon themselves . . . so absolutely, directly, and cordially Papists, that it is all that £1,500 a year can do to keep them from confessing it." Falkland, moreover, *knew* Hampden; and knowing him, could not tear from his heart the rooted conviction that England's cause and England's King had nothing to fear if only Hampden were trusted. But Falkland was a friend also of Hyde, and was passionately loyal to the King and the Church; when Hyde, therefore, told Falkland that the Monarchy and the Church were being undermined, Falkland was, if not convinced, at least for all practical purposes paralysed. He could not believe Hampden a rebel, nor could he turn from the King

and Hyde; so he rushed on his fate, dying, as Clarendon says, as much of heartbreak as of the bullet. Clarendon loved him truly, and there is nothing so beautiful in Clarendon's history or character as the tenderness with which he cherished his memory; but there may have been a subtle ingredient of remorse in Clarendon's mournful recollections of his friend, for he certainly had Falkland's blood on his hands. If Hyde had been noble enough to know Hampden as well as Falkland knew him, the whole course of events might have been altered; but Hampden was not a man easy to know, and it is not surprising that a plausible young lawyer, new to affairs, should mistake for cunning and self-seeking that wary dauntlessness, that cautious thoroughness, that gentleness of demeanour and graciousness of word accompanying inflexible insistence upon essential points, which were united in the great Patriot statesman.

Hyde lingered so long at Westminster that the craftiest planning was required to secure his reaching the King at York. He seems to have masked his real flight by a feint. Making a journey westwards, he was followed by a messenger from the Commons enjoining his attendance. He of course obeyed, and took doubtless every precaution to satisfy the messenger that he had intended nothing more than a temporary absence in his native county. After a week or two he presented himself to the Speaker with a medical certificate that he required change of air, and asked leave to retire again for some time to Wiltshire. Under such circumstances permission could not be refused, and a few clear days, during which suspicion was lulled, would be gained. He went first to Ditchley, near Oxford, the house of the Lady Lee, whence, starting in company with Chillingworth in her ladyship's coach, he penetrated to a village near Coventry, where a brother of Chillingworth's had a farm. Mounting their horses at nightfall and riding "out

of all roads," they drew bridle at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, where a friend of Chillingworth's was parson of the parish; and thence proceeding "by unusual ways," threading the forest lanes of Derbyshire and crossing the broad green swells, not yet blackened with factory smoke, of the West Riding, they halted at Nestal, a little town twenty miles from York. At Nestal Hyde remained some weeks, for no apparent reason except that he did all things, now and afterwards, with a *maximum* of finesse and formality. At length the King peremptorily commanded his presence, and he came.

Charles, therefore, might now enjoy *ad libitum* that argumentative wind-music which his soul loved. If men's heads could be charmed from their shoulders by deftly modulated sound, it was probable that Pym and Hampden, at whose life Charles still aimed, might yield to the sweet piping of Hyde. Otherwise it was not probable. Hyde possessed literary capacity to the measure of genius, but he had no practical talent. Cool heads about Charles soon got to know that he was a minister for ornament rather than for use. Hobbes, who felt that the fighting of battles, though tiresome and absurd, and particularly inconvenient for elderly philosophical gentlemen, who wanted to be writing their books, could not be done efficiently except in its own way, remarked that Hyde's documents were not of the kind that convinced any one; and gruff Cavaliers murmured that the sweet voice did harm. Even in Charles, slave as he was of his spites and his scruples, there was enough of practical instinct to make him fret under the pedantry with which Hyde insisted on making war in legal form. The wise thing for Charles to do, after issuing a solemn declaration of his respect for law and Parliament, and of his intention to recur to both—when the compulsion laid upon him by rebels was removed—would, of course, have been to strike sharply and speedily, and to levy without ceremony

what contributions were indispensable to enable him to do so. By mixing war with peace, Hyde could not make the war legal, but he helped to make it hopeless. He has a right, however, to all the qualification of this censure which may be due to the unique character of a war in which each side charged the other with rebellion, and in which both fought in the name of law.

Hyde deplores the miserable confusion, laxity, and half-heartedness with which the war was prosecuted on the side of the King. Among those who fought for Charles were men as brave as ever drew sword, but the best of them went into the affair with a melancholy akin to that of Falkland, the shadow of Thorough darkening their faces, the misgiving that it was for a tyrant they went to death sitting heavy on their hearts. Clarendon laments, blames, moralises, but there is not a sentence in his account of the business to indicate that, if he had been in the King's place, he would have managed better. A Richelieu, a Chatham, a Clive could have carried Charles back in triumph to Westminster within three months of the raising of his standard. But there was no man of military genius and commanding authority to strike a decisive blow before the Parliament embodied and drilled its army. Charles, wilful as he was, possessed no force of character, and there were perpetual and ruinous cabals among the military chiefs. Clarendon speaks of "the usual negligence of the King's governors." He acknowledges, on the other hand, the incomparable industry and superb gifts of the Parliamentary leaders, dwelling on the almost incredible minuteness and accuracy of their information respecting the King's affairs, and wondering that on the side of Royalty and Church all should be confusion and lawlessness, while on the side of what he called rebellion was all the effectiveness that discipline, obedience, and order lend to strength. It was indeed a notable phenomenon, well fitted to excite

wonder, and not at all to be accounted for on the hypothesis that the men whom he declared to be the King's best friends while he acted with them became the King's diabolical enemies when he left them. Had Hampden and Pym been the leaders of a dissident and mutinous mob, there could have been no concentration in their councils, no disciplined force in their armies; but if they were patriots of the noblest type, men seeing liberty only in law and law only in liberty, it was not wonderful that there should be more of order in their arrangements than in those of Charles Stuart.

The Patriots were extremely incensed at Hyde, and soon exempted him by name from the number of those who, in the event of a settlement, would obtain a free pardon. This course was perhaps imprudent, but it was not unnatural, for it is the man who has stood longest by a party that has most conspicuously the look of a betrayer when he abandons it. He assures us that, both before the outbreak of hostilities and at every pause in the war, his voice was for peace and conciliation. He continued in but the outer court of Charles's confidence. The Queen and the Papist Cavaliers disliked him, and if we may trust the impression derived from the King's apology to his wife for appointing "Ned Hyde" Chancellor of the Exchequer, there was a slight mingling of contempt in the respect with which Charles looked on him.

It is unnecessary to recall any considerable portion of the interminable negotiations which filled the intervals of the clashing of arms; but it will be worth our while to dwell for a few moments on the most important and famous of all the attempts made, before the end of the first civil war, to terminate the quarrel by conference. I allude to the treaty of Uxbridge, which was an object of inexpressible interest to observant Englishmen and Scotchmen in the first weeks of 1645.

Let us realise the position of parties at this date. The second half of 1642 and the spring and summer of 1643 were spent in the ponderous campaigning of Essex and the first set of Parliamentary generals. Charles would not yield, and the Houses, as Clarendon says, felt that they wanted the aid of the Scots to bring him to terms. The Scotch influence accordingly became strong; the Solemn League and Covenant was signed by the English Parliament; the united armies of the Parliament and of Scotland inflicted upon Charles (July, 1644) the ruinous defeat of Marston Moor. After this defeat it was universally felt that, though the King might protract the conflict, the Houses would conquer. Changes had taken place; Hampden and Pym were dead; what we should now call the Patriot Left had given proof of brilliant parliamentary talent, of startling political audacity, and of superlative fighting powers; but the moderate or Presbyterian party still had the lead. This party earnestly wished for a settlement, and proposed that negotiations should be entered into with the King. It was not without great difficulty that they carried their point, the advance party dreading of all things an agreement between the Anglican and the Presbyterian royalists. Commissioners, however, were named on both sides to confer upon a treaty, and they betook themselves for that purpose, in the last days of 1644, to the pleasant little town of Uxbridge, overlooking the Colne river, on the western edge of Middlesex.

Hyde, now become Sir Edward, was one of the Royal Commissioners. He tells us that old associates met each other with pensive cordiality, hoping the frightful bloodshed was now to cease, and better days to dawn. Whitelock found opportunity, in a quiet corner, of rounding into his ear that, though his (Whitelock's) estate lay in the quarters of the Parliament, and where his estate lay he must lie also, his heart was with the King. A characteristic trait of our profoundly plausible, perfectly worthless, much-admired

friend! Vane, St. John, and Prideaux, the brilliant and alarming men of the Left, feared an understanding between the Presbyterians and the Court, and were "spies on the rest" of the Parliamentary Commissioners.

The Church question was first taken up. On this the Scotchman, Alexander Henderson, stood forth as spokesman of the Parliament, and Clarendon pointedly states that the whole matter was in his hands. In the history of Great Britain, no Scottish ecclesiastic has occupied so august a position; and the fact that Henderson occupied it, implying as it does the entire confidence of his own countrymen, and the trust of that immense multitude of the nobility and people of England which had risen up against the King, proves him to have been no ordinary man. He acted with caution and prudence. It was one of the dominant ideas of the time that ecclesiastical uniformity throughout the three kingdoms could not be dispensed with. Here and there a solitary thinker might have risen above this idea, but it held undisputed sway over the vast majority of minds. On the basis of this agreement Henderson attempted to build. "We all believe," he said in effect, "that there cannot be more than one ecclesiastical arrangement throughout the three kingdoms; the Episcopal arrangement attempted by Archbishop Laud is impracticable—the logic of half-a-dozen battles, concluding with Marston Moor, settles that; the Presbyterian is the only other arrangement in the field. Let us waive all questions as to whether Episcopacy is lawful or unlawful; it is palpably inexpedient; and his Majesty has shown, by sanctioning a Presbyterian Church in Scotland, that he has no conscientious objections to the system."

Had Charles and Hyde treated the business as statesmen, how would they have proceeded? The door which, by avoidance of any assertion of the unlawfulness of Episcopacy, Henderson almost ostentatiously left open, might have

given entrance into the Church, when the Scotch army had been sent home and a new Parliament was elected, to as much Episcopacy as the English nation, if we except the Laudian faction, desired. Hollis, who, Clarendon says, supported the Presbyterians only because they opposed the more aggressive party, and who, after the Restoration, obtained a peerage, can hardly have thought Henderson's proposition irreversibly destructive of Episcopacy in England. The Presbyterians were intensely anxious to arrest the Revolution and preserve the Monarchy. Clarendon informs us that the Earl of Loudon promised, on behalf of the Scots, that if satisfied on the Church question, they would use their influence to obtain favourable terms for the King in civil affairs. But Charles and Hyde either would not or could not play the game that was in their hands. About this time a new hope had risen on the King. Montrose's victories were going off in the North, and he mistook their meteoric gleams for dawn. Probably, however, even Montrose's success did not influence Charles so decisively as his immutable faith in the divine right of bishops. Laud himself could not have taken his stand on a narrower dogmatic rock than that on which the ecclesiastical representative of Charles at Uxbridge set his foot. Dr. Stewart maintained that "without bishops there could be no ordination of ministers, and consequently no administration of sacraments, or performance of the ministerial functions." It was idle to expect that the Parliament could assent to this; it would have been a mean desertion of their own cause and that of all the Reformed Churches. For four days Henderson tried to draw the King's men from their theological entrenchments, and to have the matter fought out on the open ground of the practical necessities of the case. Charles stood upon his conscience, and Dr. Stewart told Henderson, in reply to the observation that the King had established Presbytery in Scotland, that the English

coronation oath did not bind his Majesty on that subject out of England. It is singular that Lord Macaulay, in denying the King's conscientiousness on the ground of his inconsistency, should have overlooked Dr. Stewart's argument.

Charles had thrown away his chance of being saved by the Presbyterians. Whether the entire party, Scottish and English, could even at this stage have saved him is not quite certain; but it is extremely improbable that, if he had granted all the demands of the Presbyterians at Newcastle, eighteen months later, they would have been able to pull him through. At all events, he refused their aid. One of Clarendon's fixed ideas, now and hereafter, was that the Church could not be saved by the aid of Scottish Presbyterians. Even when acting for Charles II., he absolutely declined that alliance. "If we make the Church what they want it to be"—this appears to have been the gist of his reasoning—"it will not be worth saving; and if we accept their aid in the hope of subsequently check-mating them, we may find them too strong for us. With the English Presbyterians we can deal; sooner or later they will be found manageable; but on the Scotch whinstone we should only break our teeth." He may have been correct. Systems of which the genius is diverse cannot really be amalgamated. Two cuckoos cannot flourish in the same nest; but when one of the rival cuckoos has got the other impaled on the thorns, the young hedge-sparrows, though they may have been of the faction of the vanquished, are not formidable. This seems to have been the philosophy of Hyde's consistent resolution to hold no terms with English Presbyterians when they acted along with the stubborn Presbyterians of Scotland.

So much in justice to the sagacity of Clarendon; nevertheless there are strong grounds for alleging that he had at Uxbridge a real chance of saving the King's crown and life

without conclusively sacrificing Episcopacy. The Scots were already in 1645 disliked in England; so soon as "the war-drums throbbed no longer," there would have been an irresistible desire to send them about their business; and if the Scots had seen the English Presbyterians reasonably treated, and found themselves again on the north of the Tweed, not even the eloquence of Vane would have induced them to recross it. Charles would have fretted and plotted; but in the supposed case, all the best men of Hampden's party and all the best men of Clarendon's party would have united to prevent him from recalling the *régime* of Strafford in the State or the *régime* of Laud in the Church. After a little time all who wished to use the Prayer Book would have been allowed to do so, and Episcopacy, modified or unmodified, might have followed. A permanent settlement might thus have been attained, combining the good that was in the Puritans and the good that was in the Cavaliers. Hallam speaks of the period when the Long Parliament was elected as "more eminent for steady and scrupulous conscientiousness in private life than any, perhaps, that had gone before or has followed." Public spirit, religious earnestness, a high tone of sentiment, a stateliness and reserved courtesy of manner, and even a gravely eloquent and elevated style of speech, were the common characteristics of that great party which, in the first session of the Long Parliament, marched under one banner, and which might, I think, even so late as the beginning of 1645, have been taught to march under one banner again. The revolution, it will be said—I have myself in fact said—was sure to run its course; the river, having risen in flood, could not but sweep over and leave behind the Presbyterian embankment, first, in its outward rush of inundation, secondly, in its return to the original channel. This did occur. This was inevitable from the moment that the party of advance, meagre in numbers, but magnificent in genius, energy, and

valour, gained the ascendency and grasped the sword. But in the beginning of 1645, this party possessed neither ascendency in Parliament nor control of the army; and if moderate men, Cavalier and Presbyterian, had formed a coalition, I cannot see that the most brilliant minority, while so small as that of the Independents, could have prevailed against them. The Presbyterians infinitely detested the war. The bitterness between the King's Commissioners and their old friends of the moderate party, which took the place, Clarendon tells us, in the later sessions of the Uxbridge conference, of that eager and glad civility perceptible on both sides at its commencement, was due to the consciousness of the Presbyterians that the Cavaliers were refusing them the opportunity of saving the King, and were forcing them to have recourse to that infant Hercules who was ere long to trample down first Cavaliers and then Presbyterians.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, Royal and Parliamentary, having failed to arrive at an agreement, the Civil Commissioners could hardly hope to agree. The debate went on for a fortnight longer, but Charles would not surrender the militia, and the day had passed when the Parliament would take less.

In the summer of 1645 the military affairs of Charles went swiftly to wreck, and Sir Edward Hyde and the Lords Capel and Hopton were told off to form a council for the Prince of Wales. They fell back with the Prince into the west of England, and were soon forced to leave the mainland. They first set foot on St. Mary, one of the Scilly Isles, and after a pause of a few weeks proceeded to Jersey, where the little Court was broken up. Prince Charles, yielding to the commands of his mother, joined her in Paris. Hyde, with Capel and Hopton, remained in the island.

His situation was well fitted to depress or break the

strongest spirit. In the prime of manhood, he saw his ambition thwarted, his professional prospects blighted, his patrimony in the hands of his enemies. Now, however, it was that his best qualities shone out. He did not sink into the angry egotistic brooding of disappointed vanity, or seek relief in vociferous execration. In patience he possessed his soul. *Qui bene latuit bene vixit*, he inscribed on his house in Jersey, and proved that, if he fell short in those kingly and conquering qualities indispensable for success in enterprises of great pith and moment, he was richly dowered with the virtues that light a man's face in the shade. Like all the noble Cavaliers, he was devoutly religious, and his Church had never been so dear to him as when her proscribed services were his solace in exile. He began a commentary on the Psalms. He walked daily on the sands of the bay with his friends, Capel and Hopton, experiencing, we may presume, that soothing influence which "Sophocles long ago," and Homer before him, and Mr. Matthew Arnold after him, have attributed to the melancholy music of the sea.

But his main resource was the composition of that historical work, in which he, being dead, still speaks to all civilised men. The month in which he landed in the Scilly Isles had not closed before he commenced a narrative of the events in which he had been engaged, and during the two years of his abode in Jersey he completed that part of the work which describes the beginning of the troubles, the rupture between King and Parliament, and the defeat of the Episcopalian Royalists. This is by far the most important part of the whole, for in it he pronounces upon the conduct of the two great parties at the moment when the civil war broke out. The nature of his decision is well known. It is expressed in his title,—"The Great Rebellion." In these words he takes for granted exactly what he had to prove. The Parliamentary majority

who engaged in war with Charles would have committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason any man who had dared to apply to them the word "rebels." Pym and Hampden made no appeal to the right of insurrection, claimed no licence to break with the historic past of England. They professed to aim with all simplicity at perpetuating, under the conditions imposed by the age, the ancient liberties of their country. Their contention, logically stated, was not that they rebelled justly, but that they did not rebel at all; and it is this plea which Clarendon, by the very name on his title-page, puts out of sight.

Herr von Ranke delivers the following opinion on Clarendon's book:—"The effect which an historical work can have is, perhaps, nowhere seen more strongly than in the History of the Rebellion. The view of the event in England itself and in the educated world generally, has been determined by the book. The best authors have repeated it, and even those who combat it do not get beyond the point of view given by him; they refute him in details, but leave his views in the main unshaken. Clarendon belongs to those who have essentially fixed the circle of ideas for the English nation."

It is true that in Clarendon's book there dwells, as it were incarnate, that subtle and potent persuasiveness which lured Falkland to his doom and sealed the ruin of thousands of gallant and honest gentlemen. His History may be defined as the grand mistake of his life stated in language; and if neither he nor the multitude he misled penetrated that mistake at the time it was made, it was perhaps to be expected that several generations should fail to discern its character when set forth on the printed page. But it is not true that "the best authors" have repeated Clarendon, or have not got beyond his point of view, or have refuted him only in details. The best authors who have written on the Puritan Revolution—Hallam,

Brodie, Forster, Macaulay,* Carlyle, Masson, Sanford, Bruce, Goldwin Smith, Gardiner, Green, and others—take an irreconcilably different view of the whole affair from that of Clarendon. Herr von Ranke states with nice precision the reverse of the fact, when he says that they refute him in details, but leave his general scheme unshaken; for they accept from him not a few matters of detail as authentic and important, but demonstrate his theory and conception of the business to be egregiously wrong. What I have described as the grand mistake of his life was vindicated by himself in a series of plausible and well-worded documents, which delighted Charles and had a profound effect upon simple-hearted, simple-minded Cavaliers; but men of strength and insight on both sides even then saw through them. The surface-logic and rhetorical varnish of those manifestoes have been reproduced in his History; but consummately able men, thorough in research, sharp and sure in judgment—men in several instances of great genius—have rubbed off the paint and displayed the canvas. No hand will ever lay that paint again.

On the whole, nothing sticks to me so closely as descriptive of the writings of Clarendon, as that passage in which Michelet refers to the Memoirs of Richelieu, a passage whose fine fire-edge I shall not run the risk of taking off by translation from the original French: "Si l'on veut ignorer solidement et à fond Richelieu, il faut lire ses Mémoires. Tous les gens de cette race, Sylla, Tibère et d'autres, ont fait ou fait faire des Memoires ou des Memoriaux pour rendre l'histoire difficile, pour epaissir les ombres et pour desorienter le public, surtout pour arranger le commencement de leur vie avec la fin, et deguiser un peu les facheuses contradictions de leurs differents ages."

* "Mahon tried to defend Clarendon, but was put down by Hallam and Macaulay."—*Lord Carlisle's Journal*, quoted in Macaulay's Biography.

In his powerful book on the Great Remonstrance, Mr. Forster argues that Clarendon deliberately falsified the record of those transactions in which he took part in 1641 and 1642, and Mr. Brodie has been equally explicit in his charge of untruth. While not daring to maintain against such accusers the perfect good faith of Clarendon, I believe that he was, on the whole, consciously honest. What is unique in his case is the value of his facts, as contrasted with, nay, as demonstrating, the inconsequence of his reasonings. Other historians, when they go wrong, can be refuted only by reference to other authorities; Clarendon can be answered out of his own lips. Hallam comments thus on Clarendon's untrustworthiness:—"When he sat down in Jersey to begin his history, irritated, disappointed, afflicted at all that had passed in the last five years, he could not bring his mind back to the state in which it had been at the meeting of the Long Parliament." This is Clarendon's apology; but it deprives of all apology the men who accept Clarendon as an historical authority. Had he risen out of the atmosphere of fiery partisanship in which his blood boiled for years—had his magnanimity and imaginative sympathy enabled him to do justice to his opponents—he would have been a Shakespeare among historians. Hallam fails, however, to explain what strikes me as the peculiar and unparalleled circumstance that Clarendon's memory and conscience escaped, or comparatively escaped, the influences which perverted his judgment. His partisanship clouded his reasoning faculty, and rendered him unable to do justice to his adversaries; but it did not destroy his recollection of facts, or prevail with him to suppress them. He propounds a theory, or delivers an opinion, with placid assurance that he is right; and then calmly jots down facts demonstrating that he is wrong.

Take, for example, that celebrated passage, perhaps the

most signal illustration, in historical literature, of mock-heroic eloquence and elegiac bathos, in which he describes the England of Laud's and Strafford's ascendency as basking in the sunshine of peace and joy, and suggests that some mysterious infatuation, like what might fall on a nation doomed of Heaven, could alone account for the rising up of the English people against their saintly monarch. They had, he says, only one grievance!—it was a case of losing Paradise for an apple. And then he arithmetically proves that the grievances were *three:* for he tells us that money was wrung out of the people by Court favourites to an amount out of all proportion to that granted by Parliament, or paid into the Treasury; he admits that the King's policy was a "total declinature of Parliament;" and the one grievance which, at the moment when he penned his threnody, he had in view, was the subjection of the law to regal power. Even if we confine our view to his one grievance, must we not pronounce it feeble and foolish to lay stress upon its being numerically one? To speak of the infatuation of a people, agriculturally and commercially prosperous, in sacrificing tranquillity rather than permit the law to be trampled down by the King, is like expostulating with a man whose habit of body is full, and whose complexion is ruddy, because he concerns himself about malignant disease of the heart. Clarendon knew and praised Jonson, but I have seen no proof that he ever read Shakespeare, or studied the character of Mercutio. Had he done so, it might have struck him that, as a wound need not be so wide as a church door, or so deep as a well, to let out a man's life, so a nation may have the vital spark of its freedom extinguished though its population is not wasted by famine, or its cities given up to fire and sword. And is it not a strangely ignoble conception of what ought to rouse a nation to resistance against tyranny, which implies

that revolution is folly except in the presence of gross material injuries? How far worthier is the satisfaction which May, the historian of the Long Parliament, expresses in the power of even his lowlier countrymen to discern and appreciate the bitterness of the calamity that had come upon England, in the violation of her laws and the suppression of her Parliaments! If there is one thing in the history of their country of which Englishmen may be proud, it is that England in those years refused to live by bread alone. The evidence derivable from Clarendon's own narrative, that the golden age of his exordium was a picture of the brain, becomes overpowering when we find that he acted with Hampden and his party in the first session of the Long Parliament. He gives with pomp of approbation a list of those measures by which the policy of Strafford and Laud was condemned, its instruments broken, its ministers punished.

Can we prove, also, from Clarendon, that the men who carried the Grand Remonstrance did well and wisely? Some will probably, even at this date, answer in the negative. Dark as is the roll of grievances enumerated in the Remonstrance, they had, for the most part, been redressed. Could Charles be trusted? Was the attempted arrest of the five members a mere passing caprice? Were law and liberty safe under the guardianship of an admonished and repentant monarch? Clarendon maintains the affirmative; but it is literally true that the green turf of his theory is here again honeycombed by his own averments of fact. One sufficient proof is as good as a thousand; and I submit that the heartfelt detestation with which Charles regarded what had been done in the first session of the Long Parliament, and his definite intention to effect a counter-revolution, are absolutely demonstrated by Clarendon's own account of his private interview with the King and Queen *before* the accusation of the members. My conviction that Clarendon did

not consciously fabricate or suppress is based largely upon his description of that interview. A mere special pleader, determined to bring out but one side of the case, would have buried the incident in the deepest cavern of his memory; and I am not aware that, if Clarendon had not reported it, we should have known anything about it, for Henrietta Maria, singularly enough, completely passes it over in her narrative to Madame de Motteville. But Clarendon does not suppress the fact, though it grinds his own reasonings to powder. Clarendon the chronicler annihilates the pleas of Clarendon the advocate; Clarendon the personal attendant of the vacillating yet self-willed, the weak yet tyrannical, the tortuous, ever-plotting, slippery Charles, enables us to put together a portrait of the Royal Stuart as different as possible from that which Clarendon the historian paints for us, and labels Royal Martyr.

Clarendon's authority, totally worthless as it is, has without question been accepted, as Herr von Ranke says, by a great multitude of persons. It is a question of some interest how this has occurred. Something must be attributed to his style—to that "eloquence of the heart and imagination" which Hallam acknowledges, to that stateliness and felicity of phrase over which Professor Masson walks as if "stepping on velvet;" but perhaps not very much. Hume, who owed Clarendon a good word—for his account of the Puritan Revolution is simply that of Clarendon told by a skilful and unscrupulous literary artist—says plainly that his style is "prolix and redundant, and suffocates by the length of its periods." So it is, and so it does. More is accounted for by his anecdotic talent, his skill at an after-dinner story, his occasional chuckle of dry fun, his grave irony, his strenuous hatreds, his love of scandal. The Queen's favours were, he says, always "more towards those who were like to do services than to those who had done them." He tells us how Hollis, irritated by Ireton in

debate, challenged him to cross the river and fight; how Ireton said his conscience would not permit him to fight in a personal quarrel; and how Hollis thereupon "in choler" pulled him by the nose, telling him, if his conscience would keep him from giving men satisfaction, it should keep him from provoking them." He dwells with much comfort on the severe ugliness of Monk's wife, adding that the General wished well to the Presbyterian preachers "for his wife's sake, or rather for his own peace with his wife, who was deeply engaged to that people for their seasonable determination of some nice cases of conscience, whereby he had been induced to repair a trespass he had committed, by marrying her; which was an obligation never to be forgotten." Superstitious as was his reverence for bishops, he remarks of clergymen generally, that they "understand the least, and take the worst measure of human affairs, of all mankind that can write and read." Hard measure, surely, to be dealt out to clerical gentlemen by the historian they have adored. It is to the influence of ecclesiastics, more than to any other cause, that he owes his authority. It has been for the interest and honour of generations of clergymen and University dons to accept and propagate his view. They placed him on the historical bench, and told their countrymen to bow to his decision. But he has been degraded as a judge; he has been refuted as an advocate; and only in the witness-box, under searching cross-examination, can anything of value be elicited from him. His history is comprehensively fallacious, incurably wrong. Its fundamental position is that the men who, while he acted with them, were sober-minded, honourable, and discerning, became, from the time he left them, a pack of God-forsaken miscreants. An incredibility like that cannot be qualified into correctness or annotated into common sense. The time has gone by, and can never return, when Herr von Ranke could say with truth that the ideas of the

English nation on the Puritan Revolution are those of Clarendon.

In the spring of 1648, when the Presbyterians were making their desperate effort to save Charles, Hyde was summoned by the Prince of Wales, to whom a large portion of the fleet had deserted, to join him in the Downs. He sailed from Jersey. The ship was boarded by a Spanish privateer or pirate, he was roughly handled, robbed of money and clothes, and forced to remain in Ostend until Prince Charles returned to the Hague. There they met, in the month of August. In the following January the King was executed. Hyde found no congenial occupation in the threadbare Court that squabbled, caballed, and plotted round young Charles. The Queen's people disliked him; the party of Argyll and the Covenanters found no favour in his eyes. He had an interview with Montrose at a village near the Hague, an interview on which imagination lingers. It is easy to see from Clarendon's narrative that the great marquis tried hard to arrive at an understanding with the leader of the High Church Cavaliers. But Montrose, though detesting the Solemn League and Covenant, had never swerved from his allegiance to the National Covenant of Scotland, and could give Clarendon no hope of Episcopal uniformity throughout the island. Clarendon does Montrose personally the justice to say that those who most loudly accused him of violence and cruelty confessed they could fix upon no one fact, apart from the slaughter of his battlefields, on which to base the charge. But the cold Anglican refused to make common cause with the forlorn hope of Scottish Royalism; and Montrose, feeling himself deserted, turned mournfully away. Charles threw himself into the arms of Argyll; and Hyde, while his master went to be crowned at Scone and defeated at Worcester, betook himself, in capacity of the young King's representative, to the Court of Spain.

At Madrid he had not so bad a time of it. He studied the language and read Spanish books. The ceremoniousness of Spanish manners was congenial to him, and he seems to have derived an enjoyment from the bull-fights unqualified by any compunctious visitings on the score of their inhumanity. A bull-fight was a bull-fight then. Sixteen excellent horses would be killed on a single occasion, and, as a fairer field seems to have been allowed the bull than is accorded by the elaborate cowardice of modern Spain, four or five men would be killed as well as the bulls and horses. That commends itself to one's sense of justice. His English feeling was gratified by the circumstance that one English mastiff, kept in reserve for the contingency of two of the best Spanish dogs being despatched by the bull, never failed to hold the animal that it might receive the death-stroke.

When Charles II. was once more a fugitive, and the Spaniards became afraid to entertain his envoy, Hyde joined him in France. Charles now made up his mind to cultivate relations with the High Church Royalists, and accepted their chief as his monitor. Rigorous in the enforcement of his Laudian formula, Hyde insisted, when the worship of the Church of England was suspended at Paris, and the King proposed to attend Divine service in the Huguenot chapel at Charenton, that he should rather abstain from public worship altogether. The Queen remonstrated against such fanatical exclusiveness, aptly referring to the example of Queen Elizabeth, who countenanced the Huguenots and sent her ambassadors to their chapels. But the warm Protestant sympathies of Anglicans in the days of Elizabeth had frozen into sectarianism under the influence of Laud; and Laud's friend and disciple was inflexible. When we reflect that, within a year or two of this date, Charles had been crowned in a Presbyterian church, had sworn to maintain the Presbyterian

Covenants, and had seen thousands of Presbyterians go for his sake to death or to slavery, we shall admit that Hyde gave proof on this occasion of a rare power of ecclesiastical antipathy. The alternative for Charles was to stay at home in the society of an acquaintance he had recently made, Miss Lucy Walters, who is understood to have been not unsuccessful in consoling him for the loss of a preached gospel.

In the Court of the ex-King, Hyde held the titular rank of Chancellor of the Exchequer. His duties, in the years intervening between the battle of Worcester (1651) and the death of Cromwell (1658), were those of a house-steward in a family in painfully straitened circumstances. There is a stern pathos, not the less real that it is too dismally prosaic to engage the tragic muse, in the shifts to which he and his royal patron-clients were reduced, in order to find bread to eat, clothes to put on, and sticks to make a fire. "I am so cold," writes this Chancellor of the Exchequer once, "that I am scarce able to hold my pen, and have not three sous in the world to buy a faggot." It has been whispered that, when things were at the worst, Hyde held out signals of surrender and opened a correspondence with Thurloe; but there is no serious evidence that he ever broke the silence of hatred and scorn with which he regarded the triumphant Puritans. In the men whose valour, energy, and genius were regarded by the rulers of France and Spain with admiring awe, he saw a mere gang of robbers. His grand hope was that Cromwell and his coadjutors "would be each others' executioners," a hope curiously akin to that which the Royal Martyr entertained respecting the Presbyterians and Independents. The hope was in both instances the expression of implacable spite rankling in the hearts of men unworthy of the steel of heroes. Cromwell's higher officers would each and all, thought Hyde, consider themselves equally deserving with Oliver, and would fiercely

compete with him for ascendency. Surprising to say, the presage was vain. Year after year went by, and Cromwell's officers did not mutiny and cut his throat. Inexplicable as the phenomenon seemed to the worshipper of Stuart kings and Laudian bishops, the Protector's fellow-soldiers did not snarl at his heels like ill-conditioned curs, or affirm, like modern charlatans, that one man was in this instance as good as another; but recognised him as their natural chief, and were loyally thankful to God and to him when they saw him occupying the place of kingliest difficulty, danger, and honour. *Detur digniori*, muttered those rough fellows, as they saw Noll wielding his constable's baton, which in his hand looked really something like a sceptre.

When Cromwell died, he left his power so thoroughly established that the change seemed at the moment rather to darken than to brighten the prospects of Charles; but so soon as the weakness of Richard became apparent, affairs began to wear a better aspect. Constitutionally cautious and schooled by adversity, Hyde conducted Charles's business with great skill, and not more than a high diplomatic average of duplicity. He possessed the confidence of the Episcopalian Royalists, and advised them at every step. When Richard summoned a Parliament, abandoning, in the issue of the writs, those precautions which his father had taken to confine electoral power to Puritans, Hyde told his friends in England to make their way into the House of Commons in as large numbers as possible. They were, no doubt, required to take an oath of fidelity to the Commonwealth and of abjuration of the Stuarts; but this did not preclude their adopting the policy marked out for them by Hyde—namely, to cast discredit on the measures of the late Protector, to oppose money-grants and all that tended to settlement, to widen the breach between the Republicans and the adherents of Oliver's family, and, with a view to obviating the ascendency of Lambert or Fleetwood, to

asperse Richard's advisers and praise himself. Of armed insurrection in the royal favour Hyde was judiciously shy, and when Booth and his Presbyterians raised the standard of Charles, he did not encourage the High Church Cavaliers to join them.

It required all the discretion and caution which either Charles or his Chancellor could muster, to watch, without spoiling, the dark and hazardous game of Monk. We are, however, forcibly reminded of that incompetence, almost amounting to imbecility, in affairs of action, which characterised both Clarendon and the Stuarts, when we find that the hint had to come from Monk, in obedience to which Charles left Spain, where his risk of being seized and detained as a prisoner of war had become extremely great. Clarendon exercised much self-control in forcing that hatred of Presbyterians which was one of the strongest passions of his nature to bide its time. The Presbyterians had never swerved in their devotion to the monarchy, and the return to Westminster of the members excluded by the army was the immediate prelude to the Restoration. True, however, as the Long Parliament was to monarchy, it was equally true to Presbyterianism, and one of its last votes was, that the established religion of England should be Presbyterian.

The Convention Parliament succeeded the Long Parliament, preceded the Restoration Parliament, and was in character something between the two. The Royalist and Anglican reaction had been gathering force ever since the death of Oliver, and the tide continued to rise while the Convention was being elected; but opinion never changes rapidly in England; society had for twenty years been pervaded with Puritanism; and the framework of the ecclesiastical establishment was as nearly Presbyterian as Cromwell's determination, first, that it should be perfectly under the control of his government, and secondly, that Independents and Baptists should share its advantages,

would permit. Accordingly, the Presbyterian influence in the Convention, though not so powerful as in the Long Parliament, continued formidable, and Hyde's most delicate management was required in order to lull it into harmlessness. Charles's promises from Breda had been large but indefinite, and the Presbyterians of the Convention, sucking the honey of Hyde's music vows, did not see the necessity of placing those promises under Parliamentary sanction. The members of the Convention took the Solemn League and Covenant, and as His Majesty had done the same on a still more august occasion, it was natural for them, by an illusion of imaginative sympathy, to transfer to Charles some part of their own zeal for Presbyterianism. The Presbyterians of that age, both in England and in Scotland, drew a distinction between an Episcopacy of order and human institution, and an Episcopacy of lordship and Divine right. The latter they named Prelacy, and classed with Popery among things to be renounced and condemned; the former was not declared unlawful by the Scotch Presbyterians of 1637, was not abjured in the Solemn League and Covenant, and was studiously left without condemnation by Henderson at the Uxbridge Conference. The great body of the Presbyterians of England in 1660 had no insuperable objection to a modified Episcopacy and a revised Liturgy. Charles had promised these at Breda, and a Bill was introduced in the Convention to give his promise the force of law. The simplicity of the Presbyterians in not absolutely insisting that it should pass was almost criminal. Simpletons receive from nature much the same treatment as knaves; and when we find them letting the Bill be lost, we feel that their punishment was that "whipping" which Iago prescribes for "such honest knaves." Meanwhile the reaction grew in strength. The loyalty of the Convention which had prepared the way for Charles was lukewarm in comparison with that of the populace when it had been

driven into frantic enthusiasm by the sight of his face. To get rid of the Presbyterian Convention was evidently desirable, and Hyde was the man to organ out the members with sweet words and bland smiles. "The King is a suitor to you," he said, as he dissolved the Convention in his master's name, "that you will join with him in restoring the whole nation to its primitive temper and integrity, to its old good manners, its old good-humour, and its old good-nature—good-nature, a virtue so peculiar to you that it can be translated into no other language, and hardly practised by any other people." If the Presbyterians had known what the speaker had in store for them, they would have required all their good-nature to sit quiet.

And now the reaction reached its height. The flood which had been held back for twenty years swept over all boundaries. The Puritans either caught the prevailing madness, or fell back despondent; the High Church Cavaliers, who had never taken heart for the Stuarts since Naseby, seeing the Puritan army disbanded, feeling themselves as safe as the wind that whistled round Oliver's suspended bones, rushed to the front, hustled aside the Presbyterians, whose royalism had been as vehement as their own, and elected a Parliament of furious Anglicans. Less than sixty Presbyterians obtained seats. A large proportion of the members were young, ruffling Cavaliers, who, under the reign of the saints, had pined for horse-races and cock-fights, and who now signalised their loyalty by vociferous swearing. The Solemn League and Covenant was burnt by the hand of the hangman. The members of the House of Commons were ordered to take the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. Charles was startled. Even Clarendon, though he must have chuckled inwardly, gave signs of alarm at the pace. Mr. Christie states in his Life of Shaftesbury that, when the Commons threatened to refuse supplies

unless Charles confirmed the proposed exclusion of the Presbyterians from their livings, the King answered that, "If he had not wherewith to subsist two days, he would trust God Almighty's Providence rather than break his word." Mr. Christie seems to believe that the Black Bartholomew, with its consignment to penury of about 2,000 clergymen, many of whom had made their pulpits ring with appeals to the nation to restore the King, was too strong even for Clarendon. If Charles, however, resisted honestly, he did not resist long; and Clarendon makes no secret that, for his part, he was "very much to the prejudice of the Presbyterians." Very much indeed. The Commons were more cruel in their reactionary fanaticism than the Lords. The Upper House, with the approval of Clarendon, attempted to secure for the ejected clergy one-fifth part of their incomes, as the Commonwealth had allowed in the corresponding case, but the Lower House would not leave them a farthing. The Lords Spiritual alone equalled the Commons in cruelty, and, for all their trumpeting of the duty of passive obedience, reminded Charles of the limitations of his prerogative when he tried to show mercy to the Presbyterians. Years went by, and the new order of things became consolidated, but time brought no mitigation to the mean, cowardly, revengeful hatred with which the Cavaliers of the Lower House pursued their fallen conquerors. One of the earliest Acts of the Parliament excluded Puritans from corporations; the Conventicle Act made their public worship a crime; the Five Mile Act banished them from corporate cities and Parliamentary boroughs. Cromwell, yielding to the necessities of his position, had laid a heavy hand on the wealth of the Malignants, and dealt summarily with insurgents taken with arms in their hands; but the persecution to which the Puritans were now subjected was incomparably more mean and irritating than that endured by the

Cavaliers. The Puritans placed their yoke on the necks of their enemies with the magnanimity of conquerors; the Cavalier Parliament persecuted with the bitter spite of the slave whom circumstances, not strength or merit, have made master. "There is no passion," says Scott, "so unutterably selfish as fear."

But it is no more than justice to Charles and to Clarendon to admit that the red-hot bigotry of the Parliament of the Restoration absolves them from some considerable part of the blame due to these persecuting measures. Parliament had become supreme in the State, and the Puritans had made it so. The Cavalier House of Commons, while putting aside with furious haste all that the Long Parliament had done to remodel the Church, appropriated with the calmest assumption its vindication of the privilege and power of Parliament. If Charles was hypocritical in his professions of a desire to obtain reasonable terms for the Presbyterians, he was certainly sincere in his wish to obtain for himself a dispensing power, to be used on behalf of the Catholics; but he failed to obtain it. He was soldier enough to wish intensely that some of Cromwell's regiments, the finest troops in Europe, should remain embodied; but the Commons would not hear of a standing army. Charles could with perfect truth have told the appealing Presbyterians, as Mr. John Sands told his drowning wife when she implored him to save her, that he could not, for they had tied his hands.

The Long Parliament was more Presbyterian than the country; the Restoration Parliament was more High Church than the country. Such is the nature of representative bodies in free States. There is always a risk of their being elected in some paroxysmal mood of feeling, and of their remaining to do work for which the nation represented is not, in its permanent thoughts and feelings,

prepared. The Long Parliament was elected while England was incensed against Laud, and fiercely determined that the Scots should get as much Presbyterianism as they wanted, if only they could be thus coaxed out of England and kept among their own brown heaths and shaggy woods. The representatives best fitted to secure this end were Presbyterians and Puritans, and accordingly a much larger proportion of these had seats in the Long Parliament than corresponded to the Presbyterian and Puritan element in English society. The Restoration Parliament was elected to shout at the coronation of Charles. Its High Church feeling was as much above the average of English High Church feeling as the Puritanism of the Long Parliament was above the English average of Puritanism. Hence there was a good deal in the proceedings of the Long Parliament, and a good deal in the proceedings of the Restoration Parliament, which has not been ratified by the deliberate judgment of England.

It is now necessary for us to pause, in order to gather up a few threads in the personal and domestic history of Clarendon, which we were forced to let lie while tracing the main events in that wind-up of the Puritan Revolution, in which he played so important a part.

In 1655, when the fortunes of the Chancellor were at their lowest ebb, the Princess of Orange, sister of Charles II., invited his daughter Anne to become one of her ladies in waiting. After a great deal of finesse on the part of her father, who seems to have been simply incapable of doing anything without as much finesse as could be got into the business, the offer was accepted. Anne visited Paris in the train of the Princess, and had the good or bad fortune to be fallen in love with by James, Duke of York. She was plain, memorably plain, if this is the epithet for plainness so striking that people re-

member it, and hand down the report of it to posterity; but she was clever, vivacious, with expressive eyes and good manners. She did not repel her Royal lover, but by no means lost her self-control, and obtained from James, before accepting him as her husband, not only a promise but a written contract of marriage. Lord Campbell says that this constituted a valid marriage, and treats it as self-evident that, in these most judicious proceedings, the girl acted under the advice of her father. The affair, however, was kept secret, and not until after the Restoration, when the confinement of the Duchess was approaching, and the marriage ceremony had been performed in Clarendon's house, in accordance with the rites of the Church of England, did James inform Charles that Anne was his wife. Charles took the matter with his usual nonchalant good nature, and summoned Clarendon to Whitehall, with a view to congratulate him on his daughter's wedding.

When Clarendon reached the palace, he found Ormond and Southampton waiting in a room to receive him. He professed to have no knowledge of the cause why his Majesty had commanded his attendance, and Ormond and Southampton told him that Charles wanted to congratulate him on his daughter's being *enceinte* by the Duke of York. Hereupon Clarendon "broke out into a very immoderate passion against the wickedness of his daughter, and said with all imaginable earnestness 'that as soon as he came home, he would turn her out of his house as a strumpet, to shift for herself, and would never see her again.'" They rejoined that they "thought that the Duke was married to his daughter." He replied that "he had much rather his daughter should be the Duke's whore than his wife," and expressed the hope that, if she were married, the King "would immediately cause the woman to be sent to the Tower, and to be cast into a dungeon, under so strict

a guard that no person living should be admitted to come to her; and then that an Act of Parliament should be immediately passed for the cutting off her head," which punishment he would "very willingly" be the first man to propose. At this point the King entered the room, and appears to have expressed surprise at the demeanour and exclamations of Clarendon. Southampton and Ormond made the remark, which would have occurred to most people under the circumstances, that the Chancellor seemed to have gone mad. Clarendon continued his passionate outcry, adjuring Charles to send his daughter to the Tower. James shortly came in, and tried to pacify this Roman father. At last Clarendon went home. Did he rush to Anne's room, drag her about by the hair, and finish by flinging her into the street? Not at all. He "sent his wife to command his daughter to keep her chamber, and not to admit visits!" Anne received her husband by night and by day, as she had done before.

Macaulay calls the passage, of which I have transcribed the essentials *verbatim* from Clarendon, the most extraordinary in autobiography. It is almost equally inconceivable either that he should have been sincere in conducting himself in such a way, or that he should have hoped that people would believe him to have been sincere. If he meant what he said, then a man ostentatiously religious, who interlarded his account of debates and expeditions with edifying observations on Providence, and wrote commentaries on the Psalms, preferred that his daughter should commit a sin marked with peculiar emphasis of condemnation in the Christian code of morals, undergoing at the same time the greatest wrong and degradation possible for a woman, rather than that she should infringe the conventional ordinance which placed royal blood apart from common humanity. Never in this world was the base maxim, *sunt superis sua jura*, so basely

obeyed. I don't know whether there is record of any Pagan so vile as not to have experienced some thrill of resentment when one of the scampish immortals of Olympus defiled his daughter, but certainly no Pagan ever grovelled so low as to say that he wished his girl had been made a whore rather than that the divinity which hedged about her Olympian lover should be compromised by his treating her as an honest woman. The hypothesis that Clarendon was play-acting seems at the first glance obviously the right one; for the envy to which he had exposed himself was formidable in the extreme. The violence of his gestures, tearing a passion to rags so villainously that he seemed insane, confirms this view, and it is supported by the farcical mildness of the discipline by which he intimated his paternal indignation to the daughter whose deserts he had just been alleging to be prison and death. But is it not almost inconceivable that, knowing men as he must have known them, Clarendon should have believed that Charles and the Court would be imposed upon by his acting? And does not the difficulty of this hypothesis reach an astounding climax when we find Clarendon in his autobiography, written some ten years subsequently, putting upon paper, without compunction, retractation, or apology, in the seeming expectation that his readers will believe him to have been sincere, every drivelling detail in this unparalleled service of king-worship?

With all its difficulties, the second is the sole credible hypothesis. Clarendon was not a sheer fool; therefore he must have been play-acting; and there is no reason to believe that Charles had any doubt on the point. But when we fully realise the fact that Clarendon could attempt to play off, first on his friends and contemporaries, and secondly on posterity, so flagrant an hypocrisy, we are most painfully confronted with the question whether there must not have been in his nature a dark reserve of duplicity and

falsehood. It is melancholy to think that a man who had been on terms of familiar friendship with Hampden should write that his daughter's imaginary crime "exceeded the limits of all justice, Divine and human," or should snivel to the coarse plebeian James that there was One as much above his Royal Highness as his Royal Highness was above Clarendon.

We have not yet done with the illustration afforded, in connection with Anne Hyde's marriage, of those new modes of feeling, new conceptions of what is honourable and what dishonourable in human conduct, which came in with the Restoration. The announcement of the marriage drove the ladies of the Royal family almost as frantic as Clarendon had pretended to be. The Princess of Orange stormed about the humiliation of yielding precedence to a girl who had stood behind her chair. Sir Charles Berkeley, Lord Jermyn, and other members of the circle in which Henrietta Maria and the King principally moved, bethought them how the Duke could be saved from what they chose to regard as degradation. With the connivance, if not at the suggestion, of the Princess of Orange, Sir Charles Berkeley swore that he had seduced Anne; and Arran, Jermyn, and other courtly "gentlemen," corroborated his evidence. James, who with all his faults was capable of strong affection, loved his wife; but the evidence against her seemed overwhelming, and he became sad and moody. Meanwhile small-pox, the Harpy bane of the period, swooped down upon the Royal house, carried off the universally beloved Duke of Gloucester, and put the Princess of Orange in imminent peril of her life. While the intrigue was at its height, the Duchess of York was brought to bed. Morley, Bishop elect of Worcester, kneeling in her chamber, called upon her in God's name to speak the truth as to the accusation made against her. She calmly answered that she had been faithful to her

husband, and that she believed him to be, at heart, convinced of the fact. The Princess of Orange, moved by the terror of death, which seemed impending, betrayed the plot, and expressed sorrow for having countenanced it. Sir Charles Berkeley confessed that his oath had been false. The others withdrew their calumnious charges. The fair fame of Anne was vindicated from all imputation, and James, delighted with his infant son, dismissed suspicion from his mind.

And how, asks the reader, did the husband and the father of the injured lady proceed? Did James drive for ever from his presence the pack of infamous liars whom Berkeley had led? Did Clarendon feel the sting of noble anger? Decidedly not. James received Berkeley again into favour. Clarendon, when Berkeley came apologising, "was obliged to receive him civilly." Even Anne forgave him; and if the author of the Mémoires de Grammont can be believed, made the remark, with allusion to Berkeley's desire to perform a service for James, that nothing proves more signally the devotion of a friend than to tell a bit of a lie for friendship's sake. These personal and domestic items—glimpses of the Court idyl of the period—are not without historical significance. They help us to gain a definite idea of the state and tone of society which succeeded that of the manlier Puritan time.

Whatever he may have dreaded from the publication of his close relationship to the Royal family, Clarendon seemed at the time to suffer no detriment on account of it. The Restoration saw him exalted to a height of fortune and of rank towards which Mr. Hyde, the barrister of Lincoln's Inn, can hardly have dared to lift his eye. Charles had presented him with £20,000. An offer of 10,000 acres in land and a Garter he refused to accept. He was created Baron Hyde of Hindon and Earl of Clarendon, and while continuing Chancellor of the Exchequer was appointed

Lord Chancellor of England. To no man did the King pay more deference. Having never compounded with the Puritan Government, he had sold none of his land, and was able, therefore, to enter upon full possession of his estates. Neither his reason nor his conscience had ever been divested of the influence of that old persuasion—entertained by the great body of the political classes in the days of his youth—that a place in the Government might legitimately be the source to its occupant of very much larger emoluments than were ostensibly attached to it; and he fiercely repelled the idea that Parliament, in addition to voting supplies in the lump, had a right to demand an account of the expenditure in detail. He was able therefore to indulge those patrician tastes which had long languished unfed, and commenced building a magnificent mansion in London. He was not the man to veil his splendour in a too gracious modesty, or to let any of his contemporaries forget who was the foremost subject in England.

But that was a time of strong passions, and many strong passions were arrayed against the magnificent Chancellor. A host of enemies, a host torn by the bitterest internal animosities, made common cause against him. The Presbyterians owed him an ancient and deadly grudge. Those Cavaliers who had compounded with the Puritans, and sold part of their estates at prices often far below their value, had found him inexorable in his determination to leave such bargains alone. To have interfered with them would, in fact, have dislocated the general framework of property in England, and Clarendon's policy has been approved by authors; but not the less did the straitened Royalists impute to him as an unpardonable offence the ingratitude with which they believed themselves to have been treated by the King. It might be thought that the most High Church Parliament which ever sat in England could not have withdrawn its favour from the friend and follower of

Laud; but the Restoration Parliament scornfully repelled and resented Clarendon's attempts to confine it to what he thought its proper functions.

By the nation he was cordially detested. No sooner was the business of administration fairly in the hands of the new Government, than that drama of turpitude and disaster, which had been suspended during the administration of Cromwell, but which England had played under the first and second Stuart, began to be re-enacted. The reverses of the Dutch war, the sale of Dunkirk, the embezzlement of the pay of the navy, the acceptance of bribes from France, irritated a nation whose haughty intolerance of misgovernment had been one main cause of the troubles. The bitterness of self-contempt gives place to the sweetness of conscious virtue when we inflict upon another the punishment due to our own stupidity and baseness; and the English nation promptly avenged upon Clarendon its own preference of ignominy and defeat under Charles II. to honour and predominance under Oliver. Clarendon was implicated in the general maladministration only in the sense that he possessed no practical genius, and was incapable either of devising or conducting a great policy; but he was held guilty of all. He incurred the dangerous enmity of the King's mistresses because, though he meanly tried to prevail on Queen Catherine to receive Lady Castlemayne as one of her "maids" of honour, he drew the line somewhere, and would not let his wife visit the ladies of the Royal seraglio.

But he might possibly have weathered the storm, if he had not given mortal offence to Charles. The Portuguese Princess whom the King had espoused was childless; he had fallen in love with pretty Fanny Stewart, and, finding that she was not otherwise accessible, had thought of marrying her in the event of his being able to procure a divorce from Catherine. Before he had matured his

scheme, Miss Stewart married the Duke of Richmond, and Charles believed that Clarendon, bent on securing the throne for his grand-children, had brought about the match. Charles was clever and cool-headed, and had enjoyed unusual opportunities of knowing men and of knowing Clarendon; it is unlikely that he would be wrong on this point. Wrong or right, he believed that Clarendon was playing a dark and profoundly selfish game, and the Court became aware that the frown of the Sovereign had fallen inexorably upon the minister. A thousand painful experiences then informed him of the change that had taken place. The Whitehall beauties tittered at him; Buckingham and Killigrew mimicked his strut and gestures. There was something in the atmosphere of the Court of the Restoration intensely alien, even in its frank and honest badness, to consequential, sanctimonious virtue. It was hard to convince Clarendon that he was in danger. He loved England, and clung to her as a vigorous boy of six might cling to a nurse or mother who, having received him back with caresses after he had been long from home, suddenly changes her mood into fury, and attempts to cast him from a precipice into the sea. If the King had stood by him, he would probably have run all hazards of meeting the fate of Strafford rather than leave the country. But Charles had made up his mind that he should go, and it at last became plain to him that he must choose between exile and death.

He embarked at Erith on the 29th of November, 1667, and sailed for France. He was tossed about for three days and three nights before setting foot on shore. The continuation of his journey by land was still more calamitous. Between Dieppe and Rouen, his coach was stopped by armed men, and M. le Fond, an officer of the French Court, informed him that he must leave France, but offered to conduct him to the frontiers. With much difficulty he

obtained permission to live at Avignon, and proceeded in the direction of that town under M. le Fond's escort. At Evreux he halted to take some rest, and to seek alleviation of the gouty maladies by which he was tormented. A number of English sailors were employed at the place in connection with the French artillery service, and when they heard that the great English minister was in the town, they came clamouring for their arrears, and threatening to take his life. The door of the room in which he lay in bed was secured, but the infuriated men entered by the window, inflicting several dangerous wounds upon M. le Fond, who stood in the breach and displayed signal courage until overpowered by numbers. The frantic ruffians now rushed upon the fallen statesman. One inflicted a sword-blow on his head, which deprived him of his senses. His trunks were broken open, his clothes rifled; and he was in the act of being dragged out to be murdered in the court-yard when the magistrates of Evreux, with the city guard and the French officer in command of the artillery, effected a rescue. The incident affords curious illustration of the universality and intensity of the hatred with which Clarendon was regarded by his countrymen.

He never ceased to wish and to hope that he might return to England, and humbled himself so far as to beg piteously for permission to do so. In 1671 he wrote to Charles from Moulins, imploring that he, "an old man who had served the Crown above thirty years, in some trust and with some acceptation," might die in his own land amid his children. In 1674, from Rouen, he uttered a last wail of entreaty, using the argument that "seven years was a time prescribed by God Himself for the expiation of some of His greatest judgments." Charles took no notice of either of the letters—he might surely, even if unable or unwilling to recall the outcast Minister, have

let fall a drop or two of comfort into the cup of one who had served him so well. It was a grave addition to Clarendon's distress that his daughter Anne professed herself a Papist, finding probably that life with her obdurate and uxorious bigot would otherwise prove intolerable. He wrote to her in a tone of earnest expostulation; and in his letter there is a warmth of Protestant feeling which, during the long and internecine war in which he had been engaged with Protestants of a different type from his own, might be thought to have cooled down or to have died away.

And yet Clarendon was not beaten. Amid exile, obloquy, bodily pain, old age,—with the edifice of his ambition lying shattered round him,—denied a hole in his dear England wherein to die,—he held the fortress of his soul invincible, and showed that a man true to himself can smile at fate. In a fine form, without vanity or arrogance, he exhibited in those years that humour which is the habitual mood of reason, the very bloom and aroma of practical philosophy—a humour which has little or no connection with fun, or wit, or audible laughter; but consists in an unsubduable capacity to make the best of things; a clearness and azure serenity of the soul's atmosphere which *cannot* be clouded over; a steadfast realisation, against optimists and pessimists alike, that life on earth is neither celestial nor diabolic, but, under all conditions possible for a wise man, is worth having. Ready to welcome any enlargement, any dawn of royal favour, he did not pine for the want of it, nor did he court the delusive but subtly seductive opiate of egotistic brooding over his virtues and his wrongs. He addressed himself to wholesome labour, wrote his autobiography, studied the languages and literatures of Italy and France, carried on his commentary on the Psalms, and, looking up his controversial harpoon, attempted to fix it in the nose of leviathan Hobbes. He felt and wrote of his dear Falkland with a

poetic tenderness which almost makes one love him. In his loyalty to the laws of a universe which had not been for him a garden of roses, and his filial reverence for a Divine Father who had, he believed, afflicted him, he presents a notable illustration of the tendency of sincere religion to promote mental health. He "was wont to say,"—the words are his own,—"that of the infinite blessings which God had vouchsafed to confer upon him," he "esteemed himself so happy in none as in his three acquiescences" or "vacations and retreats" from political business; the first in Jersey, the second in Spain, the third in France. This last, which to common observation seems the most desolate of all, he describes as "his third and most blessed recess in which God vouchsafed to exercise many of His mercies towards him." Though he "entered into it," he tells us, "with many very disconsolate circumstances, yet in a short time, upon the recovery of a better state of health, and being remitted into a posture of ease and quietness, and secure from the power of his enemies, he recovered likewise a marvellous tranquillity and serenity of mind, by making a strict review and recollection into all the actions, all the faults and follies, committed by himself and others in his last continued fatigue of seventeen or eighteen years; in which he had received very many signal instances of God's favour, and in which he had so behaved himself, that he had the good opinion and friendship of those of the best fame, reputation, and interest, and was generally believed to have deserved very well of the King and kingdom." He died in France in 1674, but was laid in Westminster Abbey.

"In that temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried," it was perhaps well that he should rest; though the work of his life was not reconciliation but profound and malignant division, and the clash of controversy has rung around his grave. To

him, more than to any one man, it was due that the policy shadowed forth in the Grand Remonstrance, a policy of magnificent breadth and far-stretching consequence, never came to an experiment. Statesmen of consummate ability, and of loftier moral character than any who have helmed affairs in Great Britain, were prepared to constitute a Patriot Ministry, which might have finally wedded the liberty and law of England to the forms of her ancient monarchy; placed the Church of England once and for ever, without destruction of her Episcopal framework, at the head of the Protestant Churches; and passed an Act of Union binding England and Scotland together in links of enthusiastic amity. It seems impossible that Clarendon, if he had possessed but a little more strength of intellect, a little more magnanimity of heart, should have frustrated, instead of promoting all this. Not much was required of him. It was only to refuse with sharp decision to be ruled by the suicidal wilfulness and foolish irritation of Charles—to post himself and his party in the Parliamentary arena, where they might have stood impregnably—to tell the silly King that, if he and his wife were resolved to fight, they must storm the batteries alone. Clarendon missed the right path narrowly, but he did fatally miss it. Lacking intrepid clearness of insight—wavering as a wave of the sea—he moaned and drifted into ruinous blunders. Bewitched by Laud with superstitious fancies about the divine right of bishops and kings, tempted by the forbidden fruit of the Premiership, he deserted the good and great men with whom he had long acted, stole to midnight interviews with Charles and the Queen, and devoted all the energies of a genius powerful at least in persuasion to the task of painting up a cause, which his own facts prove to have been bad, and which his own words declare to have been hopeless. In all except the re-establishment, at the Restoration, of Laudian Episcopacy, his statesmanship was a failure. He

may be described as an abstract of the weaker parts of two strong men, Strafford and Laud. He had some of the nobleness of both. Let amplest justice be done him; but let it not involve injustice to Pym, to Hampden, to Cromwell, to Vane, to any of those patriots whom he opposed in the matter of the Grand Remonstrance. They were wiser, better, greater men than he, and they deserve at our hands that we should vindicate them from the calumnies with which he attempted to blast their names.

THE END.

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